

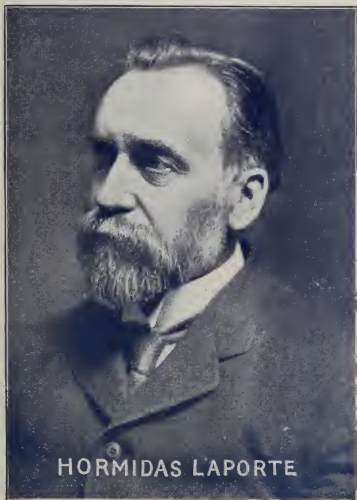
THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

THE CREAM OF THE WORLD'S MAGAZINES
REPRODUCED FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

Vol. XI. No. 6

APRIL, 1906

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THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

(Formerly "Business" and "The Business Magazine.")

Reproducing for Busy Men and Women the best Articles from the Current Magazines of the World.

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PUBLISHERS:

The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

Inside With the Publishers

Our readers will doubtless note the increase in our advertising patronage this month. The Busy Man's Magazine is not only "taking on" with the reading public, it is also attracting the attention of advertisers. This is as it should be, for our magazine offers a splendid field to the man who desires to advertise his wares. We appreciate the service our advertisers are rendering us by their support and we bespeak for them consideration from our many readers.

It is gratifying to note the interest that is being manifested by the publishers of other magazines in The Busy Man's Magazine. In a letter from the circulation manager of one of the most noted American monthly periodicals, he wrote in most kindly terms of the March number of The Busy Man's Magazine, referring particularly to the excellence of the character sketch of Mr. Frederic Nicholls, by Augustus Bridle.

* * *

Busy men all over the world are noting the advent of the Busy Man's Magazine and inquiries and subscriptions are coming in from all directions. In our mail recently we came across a letter from one of the officers connected with the Isthmian Canal, written from Ancon, C.Z., with the result that this gentleman is now a reader of The Busy Man's Magazine. The initials C.Z., are new to many of our readers. In fact, they represent a new territory; they stand for Canal Zone.

The value of the department devoted to listing the contents of the magazines of the month is undoubtedly. To the reader, it is a great boon. We believe there is only one periodical in the world which supplies a list in any way as complete as ours, and, as the periodical in question is published in London, it is of little service to Canadians in this connection.

But not only do readers welcome this department, but the publishers of magazines realize its worth. Only the other day the publisher of an American magazine wrote us inquiring why we did not refer to his publication in our March issue. The answer was that we had failed to receive a copy of his magazine, it having evidently gone astray in the mails. But this is proof positive that magazine publishers recognize the value of a notice in The Busy Man's Magazine.

* * *

In this issue we have somewhat enlarged the scope of the department of magazine contents. Heretofore we have simply referred to articles that would be of interest or value to business men and students of affairs. But this month we have gone a step further and are giving the titles of all the articles in the magazines, whether they treat of science, art, literature or commerce. This means a considerable enlargement of the department, but we feel that the increased space is well utilized.

My Symphony

By William Henry Channing

TO live content with small means & to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion & to be worthy, not respectable and wealthy, not rich & to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly & to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart & to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never & in a word to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common & this is to be my symphony. & & & &

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No. 6

Hormidas Laporte—Municipal Reformer

BY J. G. LORRIMAN.

From rail-maker to Mayor of Canada's greatest city, seeing a sleep climb, even in this country of strange reverses. Asleep, traced through each intermediate stage as grocery clerk, retail grocer and wheelmaker, it represents the story of Hormidas Laporte.

THE lives of men who have risen from the masses to occupy positions of honor are often pointed out as encouragement to young men of the present day. But they are so often examples of what a combination of luck, bluff and graft can do, that conscientious young men derive little inspiration from them. Such, however, is not the case with the subject of our present sketch. A hard and almost unceasing worker, a man of great ambition and high ideals, Hormidas Laporte so won the confidence of his fellow citizens by his honesty and courage, that he became their natural leader in the campaign against municipal corruption. It is as the municipal reformer of Montreal he is known from end to end of Canada.

The little French-Canadian village of Sault-au-Roccollet was the birthplace of Laporte, on the seventh of November, 1850. His early education was limited to a short course in the parish school of that place, as his parents did not possess the means to give him better advantages. If

Laporte had not possessed pluck beyond the ordinary measure he would no doubt have remained in that station of life, but at the age of fourteen he made his first independent move, when he came to Montreal and engaged as nailmaker with a manufacturing firm.

Although his work was particularly burdensome, nothing could break the spirit of young Laporte. He entered a night school and enthusiastically began the study of commercial subjects. His natural talents were sharpened by this training, and inside of four years he found himself capable of accepting a clerkship in a wholesale grocery.

Some men look upon such a position as the summum bonum. Once perched upon the dizzy stool of a ledger-keeper or accountant, they settle down to a life of contentment. The future to them is a long vista of figures in column and trial balances that refuse to balance. Still more—the vast majority, perhaps—accept a clerkship with visions of roll-top desks, but, lacking some element of aggressiveness, they, before long,

subside into the same rut as their fellows.

Laporte belonged to the other class—the clever, the ambitious, the aggressive. He was not satisfied to receive his monthly pay in a yellow envelope, even though it did get fatter from year to year. The sight of "the boss" behind the glass partition had no terrors for Laporte, who feared not to "walk the carpet." Rather, it inspired him with the desire to become a "boss" himself. He applied himself even more closely to his work, carefully nursed his savings, and in 1870 hung out his sign on the corner of St. Martin and St. James streets, as the full-fledged proprietor of a grocery store. True, it was small, but the man behind the counter was not. He soon made customers, and his business policy was so thoroughly popular that his trade grew to large proportions.

Likewise, Laporte grew as well. If the majority of men would have been satisfied with a good retail business, he differed from them. He saw its limitations, and he could brook no hedges about him. So he jumped the hedges, and assailed greater possibilities, entering upon the wholesale grocery business in 1881. As time went on, and his business increased, he took in various partners until, finally, in 1894, the partnership was converted to a joint stock company, having as its president Hormidas Laporte. There is to-day no better-known wholesale grocery house in Eastern Canada than that of Laporte, Martin & Co.

Such, in brief, is the story of Mr. Laporte's business career, but the public is far more interested in his successful fight against municipal impurity. That Montreal to-day enjoys a comparatively clean and honest civic government; that the giant

trusts are no longer plundering the people of that city with impunity; that streets are better paved, and parks more numerous and more attractive, is due, more than anything else, to the persistent struggle of Mr. Laporte and the party of which he was the leader.

To understand the difficulties under which Laporte labored, and to appreciate the sweeping reforms effected during his term in the council, it will be profitable to review briefly the conditions existing previous to that time.

The period in Montreal's history when graft and corruption reigned supreme may be placed as between 1882 and 1899. During this time the city's debt increased by \$18,000,000. A carnival of the most reckless extravagance prevailed. The elvie treasury was the happy hunting ground of the asphalt and paving contractor. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended in widening back streets, by a system which permitted the expropriation fund to busily plunder the public chest. And yet, in spite of the tremendous disbursements, the city's streets were becoming worse and worse, with the inevitable result that claims for damages of all kinds were constantly being filed against the city. Judgments aggregating more than six hundred thousand dollars were thus charged to its rapidly growing debt. And even these damage suits were seized upon as an opportunity of distributing patronage, so that the law costs and witnesses' fees constituted a formidable item in the grand total of extravagance. The columns of the daily papers were ever exposing scandals innumerable.

Under this regime of corruption and bossism the city was brought to the verge of bankruptcy. Indeed, on

one occasion the humiliating spectacle was seen of a bailiff seizing the furniture of the council chamber for debt. This incident, though partially in jest, yet serves to illustrate the hopeless state into which the city's finances had fallen. Many pages could be covered with instances of misgovernment, but a few will suffice to indicate them. The gas company secured a ten years' franchise to supply gas in the city, at \$1.20 per thousand feet, when it should have been but 60c., or, at most, 75c. The city council, despite numerous protests, and without calling for tenders, passed the reports of the light and finance committees, giving the electric company a ten years' extension of its contract for street lighting, at a rate of \$119 per are light per annum, when it was known that an offer of \$100 existed. The difference meant voting away a round million of the peoples' money. Contracts for paving were frequently let in a similar manner, and an attempt was made to have the city pay the whole cost of the St. Lambert Hill expropriation, which was finally accomplished with half the cost payable by the proprietors.

In the midst of these transactions Mr. Laporte, in 1896, was nominated for the Centre Ward, to oppose Ald. Rainville, who was one of the mainstays of the old regime. The contest was very sharp, but Mr. Laporte was defeated by about forty votes, his supporters claiming that this was due to the staffing of voters' lists with the names of French colonists who had no right to vote.

In 1897 the alderman who held the second seat in Centre Ward resigned on account of absence from the city, and Mr. Laporte was elected by acclamation to fill his place. Under these circumstances he took his seat

in the council, with the avowed intention of opposing illegitimate expenditure of public money and he was not long in showing his color. One of his first steps was to support a motion abolishing the patronage system in purchasing supplies for civic departments, and substituting a single buyer. Later on he strongly opposed a motion to abolish the requirement that aldermanic candidates should be able to read and write.

He thus became identified with the movement for reform which was then setting in more strongly. In 1898 he was re-elected in the Centre Ward for two years, and found himself associated in council with a little knot of aldermen who were the genesis of the reform party. There were Aldermen Ames, Martineau, Lefrivere and Gagnon, but Laporte's natural qualities of leadership soon made him the recognized head of the movement.

The connection thus formed between these aldermen was the turning point in Laporte's political career. Comprising some of the ablest men in council, the little reform party, although outnumbered, made a brave struggle against the methods then in vogue, and gained a large share of public sympathy. From that time on the five worked together, in election campaigns as well as in sittings of the council, and the impetus given to Laporte's cause by the magnificent organizing ability of Ald. Ames was no doubt the factor that made sure his succession to the mayoralty.

One incident must be mentioned, in passing, to show how effective the efforts of Laporte's reform party became. One of his followers, Ald. Gagnon, was elected a member of the water works committee and, as such,

discovered many irregularities in the administration of that department. The superintendent seemed to be pulling wool over the eyes of the committee, and Laporte demanded an investigation. The disclosures made were sufficient to cause the resignation of the official.

Similar good work was done in other departments, and the hands of the reform party were greatly strengthened for the election of 1900. Laporte was now universally considered the leader of good citizenship and reform. He and his followers made a vigorous stand in this campaign, and when council first met he found himself at the head of eight men instead of five. Still better work was done during the term of that council. In fact, although the municipal reform party was still in the minority a distinct improvement was noticed in every department except that of roads.

But the triumph of Laporte and the reform party came in 1902. Nearly all his old followers were returned and he now found himself for the first time at the head of a majority. It was a reform council, and therefore a Laporte council. He was the animating spirit, and his the quiet personality which swayed all administration for the next two years. He accepted the presidency of the committee of finance, and in this position was one of the most successful aldermen who ever sat in the council of Montreal. Under his management some of the most important suits in years were settled in the city's favor. Trusts and monopolies were humbled, and the finances were so ably managed that Mr. Laporte was able to say at the conclusion of his term:

"When the movement for reform began the revenues were and had

been so badly managed that there was no money left for street improvements, and the city was very much down at the heel. Last year we were able to spend \$977,323—almost a round million—on road works."

On the approach of the 1904 elections the reform party naturally turned to Mr. Laporte as its candidate for mayor. He was opposed by two candidates, one of whom was supported by the large corporations and the liquor interests. But Laporte was so popular that no private or corporation interests could defeat him, and he went in by the largest majority ever given in Montreal. Both his opponents lost their deposits. It was a case of "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere," and the whole city—French and English, Roman Catholic and Protestant—rejoiced at his success.

As mayor he fulfilled the promises of his apprenticeship. No more methodical man has ever presided over the destinies of Montreal. He was invariably punctual at meetings, and the manner in which he attended to the immense correspondence entailed by his position won the admiration of all. To all civic employes he was courteous personified. No words but those of praise are heard of him at city hall. And, as ever, he was a hard worker. He would not let slide any of his duties, and as a result of the long-continued strain his health broke down in November of last year. He was compelled to give up heavy work and spend a vacation in Florida, whence he has just returned within the past couple of weeks, much improved but not yet fully restored.

To a stranger, ex-Mayor Laporte lends an impression of a somewhat cold and unresponsive nature. But

his friends know that this is but a mask by which he protects himself from impostors.

Of infinitely mild disposition he possesses in a marked degree all the tact common to born leaders of men. And he has ever been remarkable for his diplomacy in dealing with opponents. These he does not try to crush with invective, but rather to win over by persuasion.

Mr. Laporte has been a municipal reformer indeed, but he must not be confounded with the fire-eating revolutionists who have conducted abuses in other large cities. His victories have all been won quietly, systematically, inevitably, impairing no friendships. If any proof of this were needed it would be furnished by the fact that the Montreal Council, Board of Trade, Chambre de Commerce, and other commercial and social organizations in which he is interested, are at present combining in a testimonial, which will be tendered him shortly.

In public speaking, Mr. Laporte has never shone. His addresses are nearly always read, and in speaking to his constituents he has generally preferred to use his native tongue. On the occasion of his nomination for mayor, although his opponent addressed the meeting in both French and English, Mr. Laporte was content to present his claims in French alone. His temperament is naturally a retiring one, yet he was practically forced to the front of the reform party by reason of his fine grasp of finance and his innate qualities of leadership. The newspaper man and professional interviewer alike have found him all but hopeless for he cannot be prevailed upon to talk about his own achievements. His dislike for social functions is as well known as is the pleasure he

finds in his own home life. He is a man of the people, made great by the people, almost against his own wishes.

And yet there is a strange contradiction in his character. Modest he undoubtedly is, but in the face of opposition or personal attacks he becomes at once watchful and aggressive. A good instance of his sensitiveness to attack occurred when he was president of the finance committee. It was during the time of the great coal strike, after Mr. Laporte had been successful in organizing a civic coal supply to relieve want on the part of the poorer citizens. The management of this fund was criticised in some quarters and Mr. Laporte bitterly resented the imputations. In fact he even threatened to resign his presidency, whereupon the criticisms were at once retracted.

In appearance Mr. Laporte is rather above medium height and gives the impression of one who has taken undue advantage of a good physique by over-work. The ill-health from which he has suffered of late months has left him without the springy step that formerly characterized him, but his strong mentality remains. His full beard throws into great prominence the penetrating eyes which, with his ample forehead, give evidence of an intellect keen and receptive.

Immediately on seeing him one expects him to go right to the point—and so he does. He wastes no words and will tolerate no hedging. This is largely the secret of the attention he is able to give to his wide activities, for besides the offices already mentioned Mr. Laporte has been closely identified with the social, benevolent and financial institutions of his native province. He has

at various times occupied, among others, the positions of president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, president of Alliance Nationale, president of Union St. Vincent, and harbor commissioner. He is still president of the Dominion Grocers' Guild, president of St. Jean Baptiste Society, director of the Provincial Bank of Canada, of Le Credit

Foncier Franco-Canadien, of the National Life Assurance Company, and of 'La Saavegarde' Assurance Company.

The career of ex-Mayor Laporte should teach young men of the present day that distinguished positions await men of great ambition, of tireless energy and of unimpeachable honesty.

A Strategic Movement

BY CLO GRAVES IN WINDSOR MAGAZINE

It was under a remarkable scene upon which the returned seaman, William Jupp, entered of the paternal home in Kentish town. To the reader it is very amusing, but probably the victims of the strategic movement did not feel very funny about it.

WHEN Mr. William Jupp, mariner, late of the tramp-
ing clay-steamer Lucy of Looe, from Stockholm to London Docks with a return-cargo of fresh meat and middle-aged eggs, had drawn his pay as A.B.—a title hotly contested by the captain and mate of the Lucy of Looe—a desire to inhale once more the health-giving breezes of his native Kentish town and renew old ties, somewhat rudely broken a few brief years previously, led the returned prodigal to board a 'bus bound for the northwest.

To nostrils fresh from the ocean breezes, the perfume of haddock in the Queen's Crescent could give no sensation that was new, and after traversing a grove of these saline articles of diet, tastefully interspersed with cheap haberdashery and old ironware, Mr. Jupp steered down a narrow turning, pausing at the corner public-house to inquire the time, and finally brought-to at the middle house of a squeaky row of five. Unmistakable signs of festivity distinguished the dwelling: the muslin cu-

tains were stiff with recent starch, and the doorsteps were dazzlingly clean. A postman from the public-house at the corner was in the act of delivering such a number of frothing quart pots at the area door that Mr. Jupp's first solo on the front-door knocker, which wore a white calico favor of huge proportions, was rendered faint by emotion. Upon a repetition of the knock, his sister Lizzie, a fresh-colored young woman of twenty-three, in a state of excitement and ribbons which even Mr. Jupp hesitated to attribute to joy at his return, opened to the wanderer.

"What ho, Liz!" said Mr. Jupp with easy playfulness.

"My gracious!" remarked the fresh-colored young woman, without perceptible rapture, "it's Bill!"

"The same as ever," said Mr. Jupp, by a brotherly salute convincing the young woman that his fraternal feelings and the bristles on his chin were as strong as ever. She squealed, and at the shrill sound the upper half of the body of another young woman—in a similar condition

as to ribbons and excitement—appeared above the landing of the kitchen stairs.

"We don't want no coal to-day," cried the second young woman. "Get off my clean doorstep, will you? Here, Rover! Ro—"

"It ain't the coalman," said Lizzie, as a chain rattled in the back yard and a hoarse bark responded to the second young woman's call. "It's Bill come home from sea!"

"Don't make as though you didn't know as what I was a-coming, both of you," said Mr. Jupp in an injured tone, "when you've 'ad a letter to say."

The young women exchanged a glance and shook their heads. "That's another of yours, Bill," said the first young woman. "We haven't 'ad no letter."

"Nor you didn't write us none, neither," said the second young woman. "If anything came, it was a post card!"

"It were a post card," said the injured Mr. Jupp, "with a pictur' of the King o' Sweden on it."

"And no stamp," said the second young woman. "The postman wanted me to pay tuppence for it, so I wouldn't take it in. It was just like you, he said."

"The pictur' of the King of Sweden?" inquired the flattered Mr. Jupp.

"No; the meanness of posting it without a stamp," said the second sister.

"I'll remember that postman when I see 'im," said the injured Mr. Jupp. "Meantime, are you two gals a-going to let me come aboard—in, I mean—or ain't you?"

"I suppose we must," said Bessie, the second young woman, who was the elder of the Misses Jupp. "Troubles never come singly," she added.

"It never rains but it pours!" remarked Lizzie, as she economically opened the hall door just wide enough to admit the form of the returned wanderer, and warmly urged him to wipe his boots once more upon the mat which adorned the sacred threshold of home. "No, don't you go in there!" she added hastily, as Mr. Jupp extended his hand towards the knob of the front parlor door. "That's where it's all laid out an' waiting!"

"Not a corpse!" said Mr. Jupp, hastily withdrawing his hand.

Both the girls giggled, and Mr. Jupp, who had a rooted aversion to corpses, felt relieved.

"I noo if it was, it couldn't be neither o' you," he explained, as he followed his sisters to the basement kitchen, "cos the best ones of a family are them what always gets took fast. Elfred, or Joe, I expected it 'ad 'ave bin, or father. 'Ow is the old man, since we're talkin'?"

"You may well ask how father is?" said Bessie, tossing her head. "You wouldn't need to ask if you knew where he is."

"Why, where is 'e?" inquired Mr. Jupp's puzzled son.

"He's at church!" replied Lizzie. She exchanged a knowing wink with her sister, and together the young women enjoyed the pictorial changes of expression which rapidly succeeded one another on the mobile countenance of their elder brother.

"At church!" gasped Mr. Jupp at length. "Father! Why, what's come over 'im?"

"You may well ask," said Bessie. "Do you call to mind the little sweet-an'-tobacco shop in Railway Lane, kep' by a widow what never really was one—a Mrs. Clark, with a red nose an' a lot o' little ringlets of

"Ohurn 'air? You do? Well, that's what's come over father!"

"Sweet-an'-tobacco shop in Railway Lane! 'Ow could that come over—f?" Mr. Jupp was beginning, when an inner light dawned upon him, and he heavily smote his knee.

"You mean the widdler!" he cried. "Well, I'm blowed! An' so father's up to a bit of a lark at 'is age! Well done, 'im!"

"If you call gettin' married to a red-nosed old cat a bit of a lark," said Bessie, "that's what he is up to this minute. Joe an' Elfred 'ave gone to be bridesmaids," she added, as Mr. Jupp gave vent to a piercing whistle of astonishment, "as me and Liz couldn't be spared from 'ome."

"You could 'ave got a gal in," suggested Mr. Jupp, whose protracted abstinence from malt liquor—his last pint having been absorbed at the corner public-house previously mentioned—rendered his brain preternaturally clear.

"I reckon we could, silly," retorted Lizzie; "an' left her to look after the weddin' breakfast an' take in the beer."

"I could 'a' done that for you," hazarded Mr. Jupp.

"I lay you could," said Bessie, with an unostentatious emphasis that brought a flush to the brow of the returned prodigal; "and watch the furniture, too."

"Watch the furniture!" echoed Mr. Jupp. "For fear of bluffs, d'yer mean?"

"For fear of stepmothers, which is worse," said Lizzie Jupp, her ribbons bristling with defiance of the lady who was at that moment receiving the vows of the elder Mr. Jupp. "You've no idea what a underanded,

artful thing she is, for all 'er mealy-mouthed talk."

"But we've got the better of 'er, mealy-mouth an' all," said Bessie, "or we shall when her and father 'ave started on the wedding journey to their new 'ome. There's all 'is clothes, packed in that corded box in the passage, ready to go away."

"'Ome!" echoed Mr. Jupp. Why, an't this their 'ome?"

"Not while me an' Liz an' Elfred an' Joe are inside of it, whatever you may be pore-spirited enough to think," said Bessie.

"Why, an't it—am't it big enough?" hazarded Mr. Jupp, his eye questing furtively in search of the beer-cans.

"No!" said Bessie plumply.

"It used to be, when mother was alive," said Mr. Jupp, whose tongue clave to the roof of his mouth with thirst.

"But it isn't now," said Lizzie. "The first thing me and Bess done, when father broke the news of 'is engagement, was to move 'is bed 'ar chest of drawers an' washstand an' things up into the little attic in the roof, an' take his large first-floor front bedroom for ourselves. Then we divided the other two bedrooms between Elfred and Joe, an' dared 'em to move out. Father tried 'ar to come over 'em to change with 'im, and once or twice he managed it; but we always changed his things back to the attic whenever he moved 'em out, an' at last he got resigned an' took a little furnished house at 'Ighgate Clayfields for himself an' his bride."

"But what about the rent o' this one?" asked Mr. Jupp with bluntness.

"There's only two quarters more to pay to the Building Society," said Bessie, "and then the house is ours."

"Father's, you mean," Mr. Jupp was going to say, but the look in Bessie's eye silenced the words upon his tongue, and he turned the conversation, dwelling upon the dryness of the weather and the thirst-provoking properties of the air of Ken-tish Town. The arid lack of sympathy with which his hints were ignored was fast converting him from a man and a brother into a mere man, when the legs of a cab-horse were seen to pass the window of the basement kitchen, from which all light was immediately afterwards blocked out by the body of a four-wheeled cab. A moment later Mr. Jupp's late-key was heard in the door, which his daughters had thoughtfully bolted.

"I thought it might be you," said Lizzie, as, after a protracted interval, during which Mr. Jupp senior had been heard to swear, she admitted the happy couple, followed by the bridesmaids, Joe and Alfred; a sandy-haired, middle-aged niece of the bride, attired in the blue serge and poke-bonnet of the Salvation Army; a stout lady in a velvet mantle and feathers, who had taken over the lease, fixtures, stock, and goodwill of the little sweet-and-tobacco shop in the Railway Lane, and who had brought her little girl; and three of Mr. Jupp's male cronies and club associates, who had come to give their friend countenance and support.

"If you thought it was me—us, I mean," said Mr. Jupp, with a fatherly scowl, "ow is it you didn't open the door?" He led his blushing bride past his daughters, threw open the door of the front room where the wedding-breakfast was spread, and smoothed his corrugated brow as he viewed his well-spread board. "Eliza, you set at the 'ead,

side o' me," he continued. "Missis Jecks, you an' Lotty come 'ere on my left. Clarkson, look after the bottom of the table; there's a cold loin o' pork out o' your own shop what we'll look to you to carve. Widdget, you git on the left 'and o' Clarkson, an' Blaherry, you set on 'is knife side. Joe an' Elfred, stow yourselves where you can. Now, then, gals, where's the beer?"

But neither Mr. Clarkson, who was gallant, as are all butchers, nor Mr. Blaherry, who was a builder, nor Mr. Widdget, who kept an oil and hardware store, would be seated before the Misses Jupp, who natural charms, heightened by ribbons and indignation, had created an instantaneous impression.

"We're coming directly," said Bessie, with a fascinating smile, he stowed impartially upon all three men, "an' so's the beer. No wonder pore father wants a drop, after all he has gone through this morning."

"Gone through?" echoed the stout lady, who, having acquired the sweet-and-tobacco shop upon low terms, was temporarily an enthusiastic partisan of the new Mrs. Jupp. "Gone through?"

"You're a bit deaf, ain't you?" said Bessie, bridling. "So's father, in one ear, and both when sensible people try to offer 'im advice. I've half wished I was, more than once o' late, when I've 'appened to over-ear remarks as 'ave bin made. What was it, Liz, the cabman said when you took 'im out 'is fare?"

"No fool like an old fool," I think it was," said Lizzie, serving out the beer and accidentally passing over the bride, an instance of neglect which the increased bridegroom remedied by wresting the jug from his rebellious offspring and helping his wife himself. "But 'e 'ad a

shilling in 'is mouth, and it didn't come out clear. Move up a bit more, Joe; another plate 'as got to get in at this corner. Ain't it pleasant," she continued brightly—"we shall be just thirteen at table—with Bill?"

Mr. Jupp senior's loaded fork had been arrested on its way to his mouth at the sound of the prodigal's name. As the door creaked modestly open, his jaw visibly dropped, but he shook hands with the thirteenth guest with some show of cordiality, and introduced his eldest stepson to the new Mrs. Jupp by the simple process of jerking his chin at the gentleman and immediately nudging the lady in the side. Rendered venomous by the attacks of the sisters, the late incumbent of the sweetstuff-and-tohacco shop saw in the awkward form and embarrassed countenance of the returned wanderer a suitable sacrifice, and immediately proceeded to offer him up, by asking how long he had been away.

"Five years!" said Mr. William Jupp with brevity.

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated the new Mrs. Jupp, "and did they give you as much as that?"

"Did who give him what?" queried Mr. Jupp senior in some surprise.

"The judge and jury I mean, but I was afraid it 'ud wound 'is feelings to mention 'em," explained the new Mrs. Jupp delicately.

"What maggot 'ave you got into your 'ead now," demanded the bridegroom, "bout judges and juries? Bill 'as bin away to sea."

"I'm shore I beg pardon," apologized the new Mrs. Jupp, as her eldest stepson commanded his swollen feelings and addressed himself to cold pork and beer. "I must 'ave him thinking of your pore wife's brother Ben what broke the jeweler's

winder with a brick an' stole a trayful o' wedding-rings."

"I wonder at 'im, if 'e did," said Mr. William Jupp, glaring pointedly at his new parent over a chop bone, at this untimely reference to the undeniable blot on the family scutcheon. "One weddin' ring's enough for most men."

"An' too much for some!" said his younger brother Joe, stimulated to the sally by the shrill giggles of his sisters.

"Are you a-going to set by and hear me insulted at your—at my own table, an' on such a day as this?" demanded the bride shrilly of the elder Mr. Jupp.

"Joe," said that gentleman in a voice rendered thick by emotion and mashed potato. "You an' me'll 'ave a word in the back yard by an' by. You ain't too old an' too big to whop—whatever others may be."

"Come, come!" said Clarkson, who loved peace, "Birds in their little—you know! Who'll 'ave a bit more pork?" and he smiled genially as he contemplated the fast-vanishing joint, which he had supplied.

"Not for me!" said the second Mrs. Jupp, in a faint, ladylike voice, as she pushed away her empty plate. "I don't wish to put anybody off of it—but it tastes a bit measly, to my mind."

"Measly!" gasped the outraged butcher, crimson from his throttling collar to the tips of his large ears. "Me sell measly meat! Look here —"

"Don't pay no attention, Mr. Clarkson," said Lizzie in a loud, bright, cheerful whisper. "Don't you know them as ain't used to 'ave no fresh meat are always the 'ardest to please? Bloaters all the week round, an' 'block ornaments' on Sundays—that's about 'er mark!"

"If you're a man, Jupp," panted the incensed bride, "you'll show it now, by standing up for your wife!"

"What's the matter now?" growled Mr. Jupp senior, looking up from a plateful of apple pie, as his spouse sank back in her chair, making noises in her throat suggestive of clucking poultry and clocks running down. "What 'as anybody bin an' said now? You're too feeling, Eliza, that's what you are."

"There, there!" said the stout lady soothingly, as the poultry and the clocks continued: "there, there's a dear! Give 'er a drop of beer, Mr. Jupp, sir—the jug's your way. See, now," she continued, as Mr. Jupp's compliances promptly flooded the table-cloth, "he's 'elded you as 'e loves you—as the saying is!"

"There's nothing in the glass but froth," sobbed the bride, after an unavailing attempt to drink out of the tumbler.

"Give 'er the jug," suggested Alfred, who had not yet offered any contribution to the general conversation. Reading in his father's eye an appointment in the back-yard similar to Joe's, the youth choked, and the elderly young lady in Salvation Army uniform patted him obligingly upon the back.

"That's what comes of eatin' in a 'urry," said the stout lady rebukingly.

"Don't blame the pore boy," said his new mother in a sudden access of affection. "You'd holt if you was kep' as short o' food as Elfred is. Ribbons an' fal-lals has to be paid for at the draper's, if two young women as ought to know better want to be took for worse than what they are." This homethrust delivered at the Misses Jupp rendered Bessie, for the moment, incapable of speech. Lizzie was about to plunge into the

arena, when the passage of an enormous furniture van down the narrow thoroughfare without shook the small house so violently that she was obliged to cling to her next neighbors for support. These being Mr. Clarkson and Mr. Widdett, who, manifested gratification at being clung to, the indignation of Mrs. Jupp was raised to boiling-point.

"Well, I'm sure!" she said, with a scandalized glare at the offenders. "Nice goings on!"

"Nice goings off, you mean," said the humorous Mr. Widdett, pointing with his unoccupied arm to the word "Removals," which was painted in child-high yellow letters on the passing vehicle.

"Somebody's doin' a quittin' today, ain't 'em?" observed the stout lady.

"Prob'ly them Gadgers at Number Five," said Mr. Jupp hastily. "Told me yesterday 'e thought o' movin', Gadger did."

"The van's stoppin' 'ere!" squealed the little girl who had accompanied the stout lady, as the house left off trembling and the grinding wheels stopped.

"It's a mistake," said Mr. Jupp, hastily bolting the last mouthful of pie. "I'll go an' tell 'em—" He rose, but not as quickly as his daughters.

"Don't you trouble, father," said Lizzie, with unmistakable meaning, as she turned the key in the door, withdrew it, and placed it in her pocket.

"You sit down and finish your beer, father," said Bessie warningly. "You'll have to start in a few minutes now, if you want to get into your new place by tea-time."

"Out away by 'ighgate Clayfields, ain't it?" queried Mr. Blabery.

Some secret emotion impeded the

speech of Mr. Jupp and flushed his countenance, as he replied that the localization of Mr. Blaberry was in every way correct, and opened a bottle of unsweetened gin.

"Such a dismal, lonesome, out o' the way kind o' place to settle in, I should 'ave thought," said the Salvation niece of Mrs. Jupp hesitatingly.

"Not for a moo married couple, my dear!" said the stout lady, taking a little cold water in a glass of gin.

"It's what I call a hideal situation—that's what I call it!" said Mr. Jupp, sipping at a tumbler he was mixing for his wife and openly winking over the edge of it. "Down near the bottom of a nooily opened street with a railway embankment blockin' up the end, an' a reclaimed bit o' waste ground at the back. No shops cept a chandler's, which is also a greengrocer's an' a butcher's an' a baker's an' grocer's in one. No drapers, no thesater, no singin'-all, no cookin' club nor Young Women's Friendly, which is another name for sweetheartsin on the sly. Quarter of a mile to walk to catch your train, an' a 'bus every 'arf-our to the places you needn't want to go to."

"Well, I hope you'll both be 'appy there!" said Bessie, laughing unstrainedly. "How those vanmen are bumping the things about next door!"

"They've done now!" said Mr. Jupp, lighting a large, pale cigar in a red wastband, as the heavy doors of the van banged to, and the vehicle lumbered away. "They 'adn't much to take," he added incautiously. "'Ere! Where are you off to?" For Lizzie Jupp, with cheeks some degrees paler in hue, had risen and hurried to the door.

"I—I thought I'd 'ave a look at the kitchen fire!" she faltered, her

uneasiness increased by the discovery that the new Mrs. Jupp was smiling.

"Blow the kitchen fire!" said Mr. Jupp lightly. "Eliza, get your bonnet on. Joe, you run and fetch a cab."

"There's one waiting at the corner outside the 'Frothing Pot,' said Bessie affectionately. "Me and Lia saw to that!" She produced a large bag of paper confetti and a second-hand boot from a drawer in the sideboard, and, in a pelting blizzard of colored paper, Mr. Jupp, his box, and his newly wedded wife, hurried through the hall, down the doorsteps and into the cab, into which Alfred was hauled at the last moment by the author of his being. The door banged, the second-hand boot shattered the window, and the married couple had started on their honeymoon.

"Father feels shy, I suppose," said Lizzie, giggling as she settled her ribbons and exchanged a look of triumph with her sister, "or he wouldn't have took Elfred."

"He may keep him if he likes," said Bessie Jupp. "Always too much of a favorite, Elfred's bin, to please me. Now, Mr. Clarkson, will you have a cup of tea after all this excitement, or something better?"

The gallant Mr. Clarkson said he would have something better, and took it in the shape of a kiss, Messrs. Widdett and Blaberry following the example of the bold butcher, in claiming like tribute, the payment of which was ungrudgingly witnessed by Joe and Mr. William Jupp, while rousing shivering emotions of disgust and contempt in the bosoms of the stout lady, the Salvation niece, and the little girl, whose expression of outraged virtue was wonderful for so immature a performer.

These undesired guests had just reassured their discarded headgear and taken an unregretted leave, and the suggestion of spending the rest of the evening at the theatre had just been mooted by the popular Clarkson and hailed with rapture by the two young ladies, when a thundering tattoo at the hall door caused the stout lady to start and scream, and the unfastening of the portal revealed the boy Alfred, hatless, crimson, splashed with mud, and gasping for breath.

"My gracious goodness!" cried the stout lady, "there's bin a accident!"

"Anything happened?" demanded Clarkson.

"What's up, Elf?" said his elder brother.

"Can't you speak?" urged his sister Lizzie. "You're frightening everybody."

"Gasping like a —" Bessie did not say like a "fish," because fish have done all their gasping before they come to be sold in Kentish Town; she substituted "like a bellows," which satisfied everybody. "Is anybody ill—or dead?" she ended.

The boy Alfred gasped once more and said "Father!"

"What?"

"No!"

"You don't mean—"

"I do," said Alfred loudly—"that is, leastways, 'e ain't quite," he continued glibly. "'E's 'ad a sudden stroke, an' they've carried 'im into Bickford, the chemist's, in the Kentish Town Road; an' 'e've sent me 'ome to say as what's 'appened is a judgment on 'im for marryin' agin' 'is dear daughters' wishes. An' he wants the one what always loved 'im best to come an' witness 'is will, 'cos 'e means to leave everything to 'er. You're to 'urry there at once

without goin' upstairs to put on your 'ats, he says, in case he changes 'is mind."

"The one what always loved 'im best. That means me," said Bessie, as she snatched her errand-going hat from a peg in the hall. "I was always the one pore father liked best of all."

"Ah, but I was the one what made the most of 'im!" said Lizzie. She wrested the hat from her sister's grasp, and darted out of the house, down the steps, and round the corner in an instant.

"Cat!" ejaculated Bessie. Without an instant's delay, she forcibly deprived Alfred of his cap, and ran down the street after Lizzie. Messrs. Clarkson, Widdett, and Blaberry, left standing on the steps, exchanged dubious glances.

"I wonder which of 'em he thinks loves 'im best?" said Mr. Blaberry, who was naturally a reflective man.

"I wonder which o' them Jupp'll leave his bit o' money to?" said Mr. Clarkson. "I wish I was quite sure. As to their love for 'im, it seems to me there's more bone than meat about it—not that I wish to prejudice you against 'em."

"You couldn't if you tried," said Mr. Widdett ambiguously. He started at an amble, and Clarkson and Blaberry guessed that his destination was the chemist's in the Kentish Town Road. Mutually on their guard against the meanness that strives to grasp an advantage, they captured their hats and followed. The boy Alfred, grinning cheerfully, watched them depart.

Joe, who has a soft heart, snivelled.

Mr. William Jupp, who had hastened back into the banging chamber to fortify himself against approaching bereavement, helped himself to

the beer that was left, and then halanced the gin bottle, in which a small quantity yet remained, upside down upon his underlip.

"It's what 'appens to all on us," he remarked piously, his eyes still riveted piously upon the ceiling. "Slipped 'e cable by now, 'e 'as, I expect. Floorisy or pewmonia, or 'plexy or 'paralleks, or one o' them sicknesses what all seems to begin with the same letter. What did the chemist say it was, Elfrod?"

"The chemist said," growled the familiar accents of Mr. Jupp senior, as his horrified son, with a yell, dropped the bottle and reeled backwards into the fortunately empty fireplace—"the chemist said it were the best joke 'e ever 'eard of in all 'is life, played on two o' the frazzest-faced 'ussies what ever laid their 'eads together to turn their own father out of 'is own 'ouse an' 'ome. Come in 'ere, Elfriz; you're in your own place. Bolt the front door, Elf; I see them two a-running down the street." He threw up the parlor window and leaned with dramatic carelessness upon the sill, as the flushed faces of Bessie and Lizzie appeared above the level of the area railings. "Bin 'aving a bit of exercise?" their parent queried, with a sarcastic grin. "Nice warm day for a run if you don't overdo it. I see you 'ave, an' upset yourselves," he added kindly, as the outwitted sisters burst, with one accord, into

loud sighs. "Better git 'ome an' lay down an' 'ave a cup o' tea—least-ways, the one that lays down," he added; "the one what don't'll 'ave to git the tea."

"Fa-father!" sobbed Bessie. "Oh, what a wicked trick you've bin an' played us!"

"Oh, father," wailed Lizzie—"making out as you was dyin' an' all!"

"You're drawin' public attention to the 'ouse," said Mr. Jupp severely. "Go 'ome an' torse up for that cup o' tea!"

"This is our 'ome!" sniffed Bessie.

"You know it is!" added Lizzie tearfully.

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Jupp genially, his arm affectionately round the waist of the second Mrs. Jupp. "Your 'ome is now the little 'ouse at 'ighgate Clayfields, in the new street. You'll find all your clothes an' things there," he added; "I 'ad 'em took away while we was 'aving breakfast—lent the van-driver my spare latch-key, I did, an' two pair of old socks what 'Im an' 'is mate put on over their boots, so as not to be over'ard. Now, git along 'ome. The rent's paid in advance for a 'ari-quarter. I make you a present o' that."

"Oh, father!" wailed the outcast Peris. "O-oh, father!"

"You go to Highgate!" said Mr. Jupp, and shut the window down.

The Policy Holders' Champion

TIMES MAGAZINE

The man whose going to try to straighten out the life insurance tangle in New York, Stuyvesant Fish, is spoken of as very much the same thing as Abraham Lincoln. Physically he is big, big six feet and full of energy. Morally he is clear-sighted and stout. He is even-temperamentally qualified to direct the efforts of policy-holders to safeguard their rights.

WHAT manner of man is this to whom the million policy holders of two great life insurance corporations are turning with the plea that he lead them into effective exercise of their new-found rights?

People who know him make the plain reply: "Stuyvesant Fish." The name appears its own sufficient answer to the Nation's question. It is deemed a name to conjure by; so it has been on a thousand tongues all Winter, and any explanation of the phenomenon has seemed out of place when the known events of the past five months told so forcibly their own story of the man and his doings.

Yet there is always a desire to look behind the curtain that portrays the record of things done and see the worker at his task. Sometimes there is an inspiration in this, when it has appeared that great men doing great things rightly are but following out with their clearer vision and more potent strength the processes laid down to govern the humbler undertakings of life. And if they succeed there is also the teaching that success in itself is not to be attributed to special advantages, which means the injury of one for the profit of another. Will Stuyvesant Fish succeed, if he undertakes, as all believe that he will, the cause of the life insurance policy holders? Curiously enough, it is for the million policy holders themselves to answer that question.

Let us see what qualities Stuyvesant

ant Fish has displayed for leadership. In a recent address on "Economy" to the Louisville Board of Trade, he advocated a rigid restriction of numbers in the directorates of great financial institutions so as to localize the responsibility, and then concluded:

"In the household, in the State, in the corporations, it is we, who, as breadwinners, as taxpayers, and as stockholders, provide the where-withal, that suffer because we have set others to rule over us without holding them to a strict accountability for the discharge of their trust, which the common law and common sense alike demand. Indeed things have come to such a pass that it is now considered indecorous and ill-bred for us, the many, to even discuss, much less correct, the shortcomings of the elect few. Such was neither the theory nor the practice on which our forefathers ordered the economy of the Republic."

"And so," said Mr. Fish finally, "without going the length of those who, from motives of personal vanity or of personal gain, are so freely preaching and writing vain doctrine, let me ask you to join with all our intelligent and conservative fellow-countrymen in demanding sound, patient, and discriminating economy."

But it will be said that he who speaks thus of being among the "many" as apart from the "elect few" is the president of a great railroad system, a man horn here to millions and reckoned one of the score of richest financiers in New



York. Attention will be directed to The Crossways, the Fish estate at Newport, which has been one of the show places of that colony ever since it was built, to the "Venetian Palace," so-called, which affords shelter for the family at Seventy-eighth street and Madison avenue, and to the vast estate at Garrison, slightly referred to as "the farm."

Very well. And when one has examined all these evidences of the luxury that great wealth brings, he is invited to look in his mind's eye into a plain corner room on the thirteenth floor of 135 Broadway, just big enough for a good-sized desk, three chairs, and a wall cabinet for records and filing. The desk and chairs are of simple oak without ornamentation, and on the walls hang a few railroad maps and a picture of this engine or of that train which sometime in the history of the Illinois Central Railroad accomplished a feat big enough to entitle it to a write-up with cuts. Seated behind the desk, so he may swing around and look out on the broad expanse of the Hudson with its never-ending stream of commerce, is the man himself, a big, plain, unassuming American, who happened by accident to be born with the opportunities that great riches afford and who has improved them to the material benefit of himself, his stockholders, and his fellow-citizens. Why, therefore, is he not of the "many" who go to make up the aggregate strength of the country?

And to look for a minute at the record of his work as dates and facts display it. He was graduated at 20 from Columbia, in the class of 1871, and took a clerkship in the offices of the Illinois Central Railroad, with which his family had been identified from the time when Abraham Lin-

coln was its general attorney. This he left in a year or so for a position in the long-established banking house of Morton, Bliss & Co. Gov. Morton, then the leading man in the firm, found Stayveant Fish a valuable young man, sent him to the London office, and then brought him back here at 24 as managing clerk. At 25 he was a member of the Stock Exchange, and at 26 a director of the Illinois Central, and agent for the purchase committee of the New Orleans, Jackson & Great Northern Railroad. The next year he became secretary of the Chicago, St. Louis & New Orleans Railroad, and in 1883 was made second vice-president of the Illinois Central. The following year he was first vice-president, and in 1887, at the age of 26, he was president of the system with which his name has ever since been identified.

It is not the purpose here to try to trace the growth of the Illinois Central Railroad under the Fish regime. In most railroad properties the results of any given administration speak for themselves, and it may be safely assumed that the proposition applies to the Illinois Central as to others. But one phase of the policy that has controlled may be noted because it throws considerable light on the fundamental question here under discussion. Stayveant Fish early laid down the proposition that the Illinois Central was going to be administered in the interest of all the stockholders so long as he was at the head of it. He held as a corollary of this that so long as the stockholders were satisfied with the results of this policy they would probably keep him in office, and admitted just as freely that whenever the stockholders became dissatisfied they would have a per-

fect right to throw him out and put in another man.

Many stories are told in Wall Street offices of developments that have resulted from this policy. It is recalled, for instance, that a dozen years ago Norman B. Ream and another equally sizable financier who had been directors of the Illinois Central for some time, developed the fact that they represented in the board certain blocks of stock—certain "interests," as Wall Street knows that word. Mr. Fish informed them that all the Illinois Central directors that he would personally stand for must be in office as representatives of the whole body of stockholders and not of any limited coterie. There was a difference of opinion, and Mr. Fish, enjoying at that time, as usual, the approval of the stockholders, threw out Mr. Ream and his associates. It was done very pleasantly, but quite firmly, nevertheless.

Recent events bearing upon the control of the Illinois Central and the fight that has been started now in earnest by Mr. Harriman and his allies to get the property have been so thoroughly discussed in the news columns of the daily papers that they hardly need detailed consideration at this time. It is interesting, however, to note the talk of bankers that when the Harriman interests offered, before the battle was fairly started, to make terms with Mr. Fish on whatever basis he might decide to dispose of his personal stock holdings in the railroad, he replied that whatever his personal interests might be, the interests of the stock-

holders who put him in office were many times greater, and that so long as they chose to keep him there he would protect their interests and take whatever personal consequences might be involved.

The connection of Mr. Fish with recent developments in the Mutual Life Insurance Company is another matter that has been publicly discussed with enough detail to enable people to understand it pretty well. But it may be reckoned the same kind of "4-o'clock-in-the-morning courage" that made him go up against what as known as the most powerful financial interests in the world when they attempted to get control of \$500,000,000 of policy holders' money, which prompted him to throw down the gauntlet to Harriman, the resourceful, persistent fighter, whose "Not Yet," as an announcement that another financial battle was on, has kept the Street agog and watching for developments for a sixmonth. And the need for courage did not lessen when it was considered how close were the ties between the men who were fighting for the life insurance money on the one side and those who wanted the Illinois Central, with its wealth of strategic and financial resources, on the other.

It is safe guess, therefore, that there has been a "mighty lot of sitting" done out in the back lot on the "farm" lately, for which the policy holders on the one hand and the stockholders on the other may have occasion to be sincerely thankful before certain pending financial questions have been adjusted. B.

Election Expenses in England

BY A PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE IN GRAND MAGAZINE.

When a man offers his services to a constituency as its Parliamentary representative, one would suppose that he would not have to pay any large sum for the privilege of representing that constituency. But that is not the case. The writer gives some startling particulars derived from his own candidature, showing how it was necessary to spend money right and left.

THE English are a curiously practical people, so practical that when they have become accustomed to something uncommonly like legalized fraud they stick to it as tenaciously as the sick man of the street to the medicine of the plausible quack. Why members of Parliament—with the remedy in their own hands—submit to periodical and systematic extortion, why candidates, with, in so many cases, limited means, and Governments placed in power to remedy unrighteousness, continue to ignore one of the greatest blots on a "free and independent" electoral system, I suppose those who like myself, have paid for experience, cannot understand.

The occasion is the general election. The constituency is the Levertown Division of Saxonschire, with its 8,000 odd voters. Each candidate may expend a given maximum in accordance with the provisions of the law.

How is the sum arrived at?

The amount which may be spent in a constituency in which the electors number more than 2,000 but less than 3,000 is £710. For an additional 1,000 voters another £50 is allowed, and so on thousand by thousand. The result is that in the Levertown Division £1,070 may be spent, and this is the maximum. Before the campaign commences, therefore, the candidates know precisely the limit of their expenditure, and they probably realize that they will have to spend it all, first because each man feels that he

must leave no stone unturned to obtain votes, so far as money legally spent will help him, next because, whatever his personal wishes, his agents are certain to spend up to the hilt and in many cases to exceed the maximum if he is not sufficiently wary to prevent them.

A candidate for Parliament before commencing his campaign should lay down in cold blood his directions as to expenditure, and require agents and sub-agents to religiously abide by them. He should, indeed, bind them to do so, and require them to tie with equally tight bonds those who are commissioned to do the work of billposting, printing, advertising and the like. There is one thing, however, which he cannot do—he cannot bind the returning officer, and here we come to the chief problem, the problem which must some day be solved, and the sooner the better.

In the Levertown Division the charges of the returning officer reached nearly £600, or slightly less than £300 per candidate. The reader of average intelligence will be excused if he exclaims "Impossible!" for what could such an extravagant figure be demanded? The charges, subject to the rules of the Ballot Act, are practically for:

1. The preparation of the election and nomination papers.
2. Traveling charges.
3. Providing ballot-boxes.
4. Polling stations—which have to be provided and fitted.

5. The presiding officers; and
6. Notices apart from those of the election; and we ought to add
7. The "advice" of the returning officer.

Not a very pretentious list. Nos. 1, 2 and 6 are hagatelles. Nor is the provision of ballot-boxes a serious affair, although many among us might be amazed if some of the charges were published; still more if we learned that the boxes are sometimes used and paid for over and over again. This, however, is a matter about which more light is needed. What do these insignificant boxes cost to make? At what rate are they charged to each candidate? Are they or are they not employed by the responsible officials for each election not being on the same day in the county over which the sheriff presides? Let us introduce a little bit of experience in this matter. In 1900 a certain candidate fought an East Anglian constituency. The sheriff's charges included the ballot-boxes, for which the candidates paid. In 1906 he was again charged for new ballot-boxes, and he paid for them again. He not unnaturally asked what had become of the set for which he had paid in 1900, and the reply he received was that they were lost! The same gentleman being under-sheriff. Are we to suppose that the sheriff of each county in Great Britain provides new and complete sets of ballot-boxes for every county election—I am not dealing with the boroughs—at each dissolution, and that each candidate is charged with them? If not, what becomes of the once-used boxes which are conveyed from place to place with such scrupulous care? Whichever way we look at the question the officials concerned in such cases are placed on the horns of a dilemma. If the boxes are not de-

stroyed—an almost impossible feat—for they are usually constructed of japanned metal—they should be employed again. If, being in existence, new ones are provided, it is difficult to magnify the offence. If, on the other hand, they are destroyed, being the property of those who have paid for them, the offence is no less serious, and under the circumstances might be described as one which comes within the scope of the law. Further, has the under-sheriff, or whoever the responsible official may be, any right to remove material for which he intends to charge, or, having removed it, to charge for and retain it? At the Levertown election the charge for boxes was a moderate one.

Let us, however, look at No. 4, "the provision and equipment of polling-stations." Every voter is aware that these apartments are simple in the extreme. The officers sit at a table usually placed in a schoolroom or some similar and easily obtained building for which the charge is but trifling. A box or screen is erected to enable voters to mark their X in secrecy and peace. This primitive structure is commonly, quickly, and cheaply put together with rough timber, which is practically unharmed and employed again by the builder, whose charge is thus limited to a few hours' labor, the loan of the wood, and some nails and screws. The charges, however, are apparently appropriate to the occasion. All is regarded as fair at an election, as in love and war. How far the sheriff's representative can be compelled to ensure fair charges, or to give his orders for the equipment of polling-stations on the basis of contracts submitted to the judgment of someone who knows, has, I believe, never been determined. Certain it is, how-

ever, that the candidate is very much in the hands of this official, and that the opportunities for dealing with the business side of the work demanded during the throes of an election are extremely limited. Hence the importance of preparing a programme before the campaign commences. At Levertown these polling-stations cost, in round figures, £130, or £50 more than they ought to cost, while the material used and wasted cost £30, including stationery, which worked out at 5s. 6d. per 100 votes, and ballot-papers, which cost 3s. per 100—possibly ten times their cost—to print. These charges are, however, insignificant beside the exorbitant cost of presiding officers and poll clerks—some forty of each—the former costing £5 10s. apiece and the latter 30s., this little phalanx of officials being supplemented by a squadron of counters, who appropriated a goodly number of golden guineas. The sheriff, however, does not end here. Profuse in his allowance to others, he is no less profuse in his own method of appropriation. He advises—and charges for his advice—apparently at the rate of a guinea a minute—if the term is not too expressive. He prepares and publishes a notice for which he charges at a still higher rate, a rate which would shame a lord chancellor, and to these items he adds general charges—including that for declaration of the poll, a fee of a princely nature—but altogether excluding his traveling expenses, which amount to a sum so exorbitant that the choler rises even during a cold-blood examination of the figures. In a word, apart from the cost of statutory notices and out-of-pockets, the sheriff appropriated £100, and all for "services and assistance." What a splendid institution is an election for

the under-sheriff of a county with a number of divisions!

So much for the sheriff and his charges. Next, let us examine the heads of expenses which are, or which should be, under the immediate control of the candidate, but which are so often left to the discrimination or indiscriminate of his agents. At the Levertown election each vote cost seven shillings. What will our descendants say of such a monstrous position? They will probably regard it with the same amazement with which we look upon the pocket horologe of a century ago, the wholesale purchase of votes, and the titles bestowed by ministers as a form of payment to those who supported them in the House of Commons. It is, however, not surprising that such a figure should be possible when we examine the data. First comes the agent with his retainer and expenses, his petty cash disbursements, his hotels and traveling, alone an item which, extravagant or not, can scarcely be excused in spite of its formidable character. Next in order are the fees and expenses of the four sub-agents, which, combined, actually doubled the total cost of the agency. Here, however, a word of suggestion may not be inappropriate. A sub-agent may be an enthusiast, or he may not. His appointment may be due to his position, to the fact that he is the son of his father, that he is an officer of the local branch of the party, or that he is a friend of the agent or the chairman. He may or may not earn his fee, and he may spend "out-of-pockets" in putting the actual work for which he is paid on other shoulders. These five gentlemen, however, accounted for one-quarter of the entire charges to their candidate.

Polling agents are a necessary evil,

and, in view of the handsome fee "for one day only," the enthusiasts abandoned their moral creed, and to the number of nearly forty relieved the candidate, to whom they professed to be bound by political loyalty, of the material for which that loyalty is given. The greed of party men is an abominable characteristic of professional politics. Macaulay's lines are not true of to-day:

"Then none were for a Party,
Then all were for the State."

The exactions of the smaller fry employed during a contest are hut upon a par with the views of the higher officials and the practice of all concerned in the "wholesale" circulation of money at such times.

Curiously, a county contest demands, if it does not need, the assistance of an army of clerks. The competent and the incompetent, the useful man and the man to whom it is "desirable to give a turn," the faithful and the suspect, are all employed without regard to their industrial value or even the necessity of their assistance. In Levertown fifty such men were paid at the rate of 7s. 6d. a day upwards. What were their duties? I do not think the majority ever discovered. The chief item of a clerical character was the addressing of envelopes, a form of labor which in such hands becomes disgracefully expensive, but which is nominal in trained hands. Whether an agent is justified in flooding a constituency with literature and polling-cards by post is a matter for his chief to determine, but that chief should nevertheless be consulted, especially when he will be called upon to pay. Here, then, is a blot on the electoral system upon which every business man should place his finger.

Our clerks, however, are supplied

by a battalion of messengers, thirty in number, paid in most cases at the rate of 10s. a day. Was there ever such an imposition either in number or remuneration? The motor and the cycle in the hands of half a dozen trusty friends of the cause— young fellows glad to gain experience and to please the candidate— would sweep away this almost ludicrous, if not always useless, band of parasites. I remember one instance which illustrates the value of an electioneering staff. The candidate was to speak at a village meeting. A messenger was sent—it was many miles away from the headquarters—with the necessary posters and handbills. It was subsequently discovered that the arrangements made were imperfect, with the result that a mounted messenger was despatched to correct the error so soon to be made public by the first. On the following morning—Sunday—a further revelation was made which involved the correction of the work of the second messenger, and a third was despatched, with the result that tempers, like money, were lost.

We have already accounted for 120 agents, clerks, and messengers, but still they come. Twenty-five persons were employed in billposting, so that the sequel—the printer's accounts—will not come as a surprise. In a few cases these handy men were asked to do very little, nevertheless their remuneration averaged more than a pound apiece. The election billposter is not always an edition of Caesar's wife; if his bona-fides are not suspected, his political opinions often are. The candidate in perambulating his constituency has many causes of complaint in this costly department. In Moortown village he finds that paper and printer's ink are distributed so profusely that he counts the

cost of the waste, while in Bridge-foot he looks almost in vain for a poster of any kind on walls which are plastered with his opponent's broadsides. And yet billposting is a necessity, if it is not an art. Brown's name must be kept prominently before the electorate; it must, indeed, be made a household word, and if the free and independent can only be induced to regard him as "our Brown" the victory is won.

Let us sum up our campaign budget:

Agent and sub-agents	5
The agent's staff	145
The sheriff's staff, presiding officers, clerks, and assistants	96

240

The remaining charges become insignificant by contrast, and yet they are of the essence of extravagance as viewed by the man who sets the blundering work of the blundering machine. Here they are: Agents and sub-agents for postage and telegrams and miscellaneous, £130. Printing,

stationery and advertising, distributed among a large variety of shopkeepers at a cost of 8d per vote, or nearly £250 in all. The miscellaneous items comprised the very convenient traveling expenses.

Committee rooms — which would have made up a little village — totted up to £50; while to complete the catalogue of sins we set "sundries" supplementing "miscellaneous," amounting to another £30.

We have seen that our election staff numbered 240 persons. If to these we add the owners of committee rooms, the printers, stationers, advertising agents and the very plentiful persons to whom miscellaneous sums were paid apparently on the principle of the employment of the unfittest, we complete another hundred.

Thus the Levertown election involved the payment of money in more or less exorbitant sums to over 340 persons and there are wicked men who say that they were cheap at the price.

An English Protectionist on Free Trade

BY ALFRED MOWLEY IN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Mr. Alfred Mowley, who was an energetic member of the Chamberlain Tariff Commission, expresses in the following article a disapproval of the tariff legislation in England. He believes that the real issue has been obscured by a party policy on one hand that British business men will soon come to understand the vital necessity for tariff modification.

IT is, of course, an absurdity to speak of England as a free-trade country. The great difference between our two systems is that, while the United States seeks to safeguard her manufacturers by imposing duties on what she can produce at home, England, on the other hand, has taxed largely what she draws from abroad, while she has left her own ports free to the surplus prod-

ucts of other nations, with the result that England has suffered as the dumping ground of the surplus products of the world. And it is a curious thing that, while free-trade England pays, per capita of the population, some \$4.50 per head, the United States, the so-called protected country, pays only \$3.45. Mr. Chamberlain's great object is to rectify this anomaly and to change the tariff, by

taking duties off some articles and placing them on others, so that our manufacturers may, if possible, have a market that is to some extent safeguarded from an unnatural condition of affairs in the matter of dumping. In no case, under existing conditions, will the average tariff on manufactured goods exceed 10 per cent.,—and by this I mean, not an all round 10 per cent, but a very small duty (or, perhaps, none at all), on certain articles, while the duty may rise to 10 per cent. on certain manufactures where England is subject to unfair competition. Raw materials, of course, will enter free. But, to sum up the whole situation, the truth is there is no finality in anything in this world. Free trade may have been good for England in the past, but since the Cobden theory was put into practice conditions in England have entirely changed. Those who were formerly our best customers are now our greatest competitors, and Mr. Cobden's dream that if England demonstrated that free trade was beneficial the rest of the world would follow suit has not eventuated. As a matter of fact, the rest of the world, instead of leaning more and more to free trade, has gone entirely in the opposite direction, and has gradually become more and more protectionist, until England now finds herself isolated and surrounded by a tariff wall throughout the world which steadily increases rather than diminishes, and the various nations (especially continental) seek free access to our market while denying it to our own manufacturers.

I venture to think that the business men of England who have accepted Mr. Chamberlain's proposals from an unpartisan standpoint, entirely free

from politics, are very largely convinced that the time has come for England to overhaul her affairs and bring her tariff up to date. By this I mean, of course, a scientific tariff, not a blind ad valorem. But, unfortunately for the movement, politics has entered into this great question, as it does into all questions in England, and instead of business men asking themselves whether the tariff would be good or not for the country, they are arranging themselves either in favor of or against largely on political lines. This is a great misfortune for the movement, as, although it cannot retard in the long run the success of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, it makes it difficult for the time being and puts a large strain upon his supporters to educate those who are now opposing it to the true state of affairs and the advantages to be gained.

Many industries, however, are strongly in favor of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. For instance, iron and steel, which has just published its report, shows that something like 85 per cent. of the producers of this commodity are in favor of a modification of our system, and as the various industries' reports are published, from time to time, I have little doubt that somewhat similar results will be the outcome of the inquiry by the tariff commission. This, however, does not apply to all industries. For instance, the cotton trade has, so far, not been attacked seriously, and the manufacturers at present do not feel the necessity for any serious revision; but the report published by the textile section of the Tariff Reform League shows that the future is full of peril and that sooner or later the

textile industries will begin to feel the pressure from without.

Mr. Chamberlain has always held that time,—and considerable time,—must be given to the movement, inasmuch as the English nation as a whole is extremely conservative, slow to make any radical change, and, of course, the masses have yet to be educated and shown that their true interests lie, not only in protecting labor, which alone may be harmful, but in order to make their movement a success they must be prepared to safeguard the product of labor. So difficult a programme as bringing home to the masses the necessity for a scientific tariff in the general interests of humanity is a problem which will tax the energies of a large number of gentlemen who have associated themselves with Mr. Chamberlain's movements to the utmost, but one and all are sanguine of ultimate victory and realize that victory is to be accomplished only through the medium of education and patient spadework. How long this will take to accomplish no one but a prophet dare give an estimate, but there is one point upon which I may be forgiven if I make a prophecy, and that is, that, come what may, the question now before the public will be fought out and made the central plank in the programme of the Conservative party, and that they will be prepared to fight on until success crowns their efforts.

Mr. Chamberlain himself is indeed a magnificent leader—full of energy, resource, fighting capabilities, and organizing power—and holds the imagination of the people through his strong personality as few statesmen of modern times have succeeded in doing. His health is excellent, his

energy without limit, and his belief in his work unbounding; and, although he is somewhat advanced in years, barring unforeseen circumstances there is little doubt that he will carry his programme to victory within a reasonable period, and, with such vitality as he possesses, it may come sooner than some imagine.

Of course, our colonies have been foremost in welcoming Mr. Chamberlain's proposals and offering him both sympathy and aid. In Canada, his views are completely understood, and the bulk of the thinking population are backing him and will be prepared to help him in his endeavors to enlarge the scope of the empire. South Africa is also heart and soul with him, as has been expressed by the premier of Cape Colony over and over again, while New Zealand and Australia are offering him every encouragement. Next year the colonial premiers meet in London, and there, no doubt, substantial progress will be made toward the realization of Mr. Chamberlain's ideals. In the meantime, those who associate themselves with Mr. Chamberlain remain confident and hopeful, and, so far, as one can see, such proposals as Mr. Chamberlain desires the empire to adopt are in no way detrimental to the United States, and should, in many respects, tend to increase the understanding and business relations between the two countries and give them a basis on which to deal—which is Mr. Balfour's aim and object. Both these gentlemen are heart and soul in favor of the United Kingdom reconsidering its position, and with so vast a change facing the public we must be content to wait and progress by slow degrees. A hasty movement in

any direction would be a misfortune, and probably be detrimental to the cause, but with the thorough thrashing out of the question by the tariff commission who are now investigat-

ing the subject all parties, it is to be hoped, will ultimately agree upon a common programme for the betterment and prosperity of the empire at large.

From the Factory to the Front Bench

BY ROBERT DONALD IN PALL MALL MAGAZINE

The career of the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P., President of the Local Government Board in the new British Government, may best be understood by regarding him as a factory hand at the age of ten, for he is today a cabinet minister at forty-seven. Seeing the reform he has passed through many serious experiences, as this article shows.

MR. JOHN BURNS, who began life in a factory at the age of ten, is now a Cabinet Minister—in charge of a great department of State—at forty-seven.

A few nights before writing this article I called at the artisan's house—the lower part of which he occupies—in Lavender Hill, Battersea, and the president of the Local Government Board himself opened the door. Mr. Burns is his own footman, and in that capacity is kept busy when at home. During my visit he was continually answering the bell. All sorts and conditions of people seek his advice. First there was a call from a woman who had walked from Hackney to know if she could get help from the unemployed fund. Then a local politician looked in, and was no sooner disposed of than a ring announced another visitor, who turned out to be a sturdy tramp with a suggestion to show how the president of the Local Government Board could begin a division of his salary. A municipal official next came, seeking advice, followed by a woman who wanted to get her daughter out of a county council asylum. And so on, a never-ending procession of visitors, to all of whom Mr. Burns opened the door.

And the evening callers are fewer than the morning's list. It is known that Mr. Burns is at home in the morning—or was until he became president of the Local Government Board. It was during the morning that he attended to his correspondence, and read his paper and his blue books, before his visiting and committee work, county council or Parliament, began. He had not many minutes of continuous quiet, as visitors took up most of his time. Mr. Burns has long been regarded as the "guide, philosopher and friend" of the Battersea people, and callers from other parts of London are numerous. It is one of the penalties of being a labor leader; he is expected to be at the service of every one. American and German professors of political economy, who come to London to study the county council, run down Mr. Burns and commander his services as vicarone.

Mr. Burns was born—the son of Scottish parents—in Wandsworth Road in 1858. His father, Alexander Burns, hailed from the Western Lowlands. John was the second son, and the two boys had early to come to the support of their mother, who was left a widow in 1865. John Burns, then ten years old, left school

and went to work in Price's candle factory, Battersea. The first collective congratulation he received when appointed president of the Local Government Board was one from the directors, staff and workmen at Price's factory. He worked in many capacities to help his mother in his young days. His occupations varied from that of "buttons" to "pot-boy" on Sundays. Burns, who had a mechanical turn, elected to be an engineer, and served his apprenticeship at works in Vauxhall and at Millbank. He continued to live with his mother at Battersea, and to make up for the absence of a school education by diligent reading at night. He had a good voice, and was for some time a chorister in the parish church. While cultivating his mind, he did not neglect the body. His genius for leadership was early shown, as he was captain of the local cricket club before he was eighteen. His interest in the condition of the working classes was soon apparent, and he wrote his first letter to the press—on the life of clerks and mechanics—when he was seventeen. About the same time he began to speak in the open air on Sundays on Clapham Common and elsewhere. He had been brought up in the midst of poverty, and began to revolt against existing conditions. He was a born speaker, and had a gift of expression in these early days which soon made him popular as a speaker in the people's forum. He did not, however, neglect his work as an engineer; and when his apprenticeship was over, accepted an offer of the post of foreman-engineer on works which were being executed on the delta of the Niger. His robust health withstood the deadly climate of the West of Africa. He had plenty of time to read, and more time to think, as

working hours are short in the tropics.

Mr. Burns' West African experiences led to others. Part of the money which he saved he spent in making a tour of Europe, visiting the picture galleries and seeing the sights in Continental cities. On his return he settled down as an engineer, and threw himself in earnest into the work of agitation. He was a leading light at Radical clubs, a member of the local Parliament, spoke frequently on Clapham Common, and it was not long before he came into conflict with the police for maintaining freedom of speech. He joined a Socialist organization, and was recognized as one of the lights of the movement. In 1885 he lost his situation for taking part in the National Industrial Remuneration Conference, where he met for the first time some leading political men, whose acquaintance he was destined to make later, including Mr. Balfour, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Burt, and Mr. Frederic Harrison.

In the same year he stood as Socialist candidate for Nottingham, and polled 598 votes. He declared during the election that "frock-coats and high hats have had their time. Now is the time for fastness and corduroy to have their innings," which was somewhat premature, as Mr. Burns was before his time.

He took a leading part in the unemployed agitations of 1886 and 1887, and was prosecuted in both years. He defended himself on each occasion with marked ability. He escaped in the first instance, but in 1887 was sentenced along with Mr. Canninghame-Graham to six weeks' imprisonment, for rioting in Trafalgar Square, as he himself represented, for espousing the causes of freedom of speech and of the unemploy-

ed. As was testified at his trial by his employer, Mr. Burns was a model workman, and he proved to be a model prisoner, receiving sympathy from his warders and his fellow-prisoners in Pentonville. Perhaps it was the sympathy of his gaolers which enabled him to get into the infirmary, and gave him more opportunity for reading. He came out of prison cheerful, hopeful, delighted with his new experience, and more of a popular hero than ever. To judge by the number of ex-prisoners who have called upon Mr. Burns since to claim acquaintance through being brothers in adversity in Pentonville, and to ask help to make a new start, the prison must have been exceptionally crowded during the period of his incarceration.

In January, 1889, Mr. Burns was elected for Battersea on the new London County Council, and in the same year took a leading part in organizing the famous dock strike—one of the greatest industrial struggles of the last century. His strenuous work as organizer and leader turned his dark hair grey, and it is now almost white. From the trade unionist point of view the strike was a signal success, and led to the organization of what is known as the New Unionism, consisting of unskilled workers, with Mr. Burns at the head of the movement.

It is not necessary here to enlarge on his work on the London County Council. He has been one of the most active members, useful in all the multifarious departments of municipal activity. He began by giving his attention specially to the interests of labor, and these have always had his first thoughts; but he broadened as he gained experience, and few members have a better grasp of the whole of the council's

work than Mr. Burns. He always took a large share in its work, but declined offers of chairmanships. Before he had been long on the county council he was elected by Battersea to Parliament, and has now served eighteen years on the one body and fourteen years on the other.

As a Member of Parliament he enlarged the scope of his public work. He soon proved a clever debater, and spoke only on those subjects of which he had some special knowledge. The older members resented his self-possession and breezy confidence. "The hon. member is not in the London County Council," interrupted a racing member of the House when Mr. Burns was speaking. "Nor is the right hon. gentleman on Newmarket Heath," retorted Mr. Burns.

Mr. Burns likes to produce dramatic effects when he is speaking. On one occasion at the county council, when he was denouncing a builder's brickwork, he produced samples of the bricks. On another occasion he exhibited samples of defective steelwork. He has attained a great reputation as a speaker. He has a voice of wonderful power—trained by long practice in the open air; he has a rare gift of epigram and of happy illustration. He is racy and humorous, but is naturally a hard hitter. In his relations with his constituents he maintains an independent attitude. No labor leader has spoken more strongly against gambling and drinking. Mr. Burns has specially denounced working men who are addicted to these vices. On one occasion, he said, "Many homes were vile because the workers' wages went to the publican, the pawnbroker, and that curse of modern society the hookmaker. It made all the difference to the appearance of a home whether a little will, soap, and love

were brought into it, or whether the leisure hours were spent in spotting winners and catching losers." Addressing a gathering of his constituents on another occasion, he said, "From whom am I to take my marching orders? From men who fancy they are Admirable Crichtons, Pitts and Bellinghrokes, hat who have not in reality got enough brains to run a wheel stall." When he met his constituents after he was president of the Local Government Board a candid friend recalled his state-

ment, once made jestingly at the county council, that "no man was worth more than £500 a year." "Wot about that 'ere salary of £2,000?" was the question.

"That is the recognized Trade Union rate for the job," said Mr. Burns. "If I took less I should be a blackleg."

"What are you going to do with the £1,500?"

"For details," answered Mr. Burns, "apply to my treasurer, Mrs. Burns."

The Habit of Getting Rich

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Up to a certain point it is a good habit; beyond a certain point its virtue becomes debatable; but where the point is may not rashly be asserted, for one man's limit is not necessarily the proper limit of another. About as much as a cautious observer will venture to say is that a good many of our neighbors in this generation of Americans seem to bestow an amount of effort on getting rich which is disproportionate to the value to them of what they acquire. And we can also say without much danger of contradiction that some of the neighbors are getting together much bigger piles of money than it is profitable either for them or for the community that they should control.

To most people the idea that wealth should be distributed equally among men is an idea as distasteful as it is impractical. We rather like inequalities of means and condition. We don't at all like the idea of eliminating the good chances from life. Life is much more entertaining with the chances left in. We

want a chance to do better—much better—than the average, and we are quite willing that others should have and improve the chance to do much better than we do. We don't mind how rich a few of the neighbors get provided the rest of us have a fair show. We Americans are not an envious people. Opportunity has been too free here for that. The absence of envy among us is observed with emphasis and some wonder in a book lately written about us in German for German readers by a German professor here resident. But when it begins to appear that some of the neighbors are getting together such inordinate and preposterous accumulations of wealth as threaten to diminish in important measure the mass of wealth that the rest of us may try for, then we begin to knit our brows. If the great money-makers seem to be playing their great games with such success as threatens to deny us reasonable opportunities to play our little games we shall begin to have serious views about unrestricted money-making being a bad habit.

The Scotchman in America

BY HERBERT N. CASSON IN MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Pre-eminent in all the lighter walks of American life is the Scot. The characteristics of the race have made themselves felt in every epoch of the nation's career. To-day the Scotch occupies a high place in commerce, in statesmanship, in finance, in medicine, in law, in journalism, in literature, in education and in the church.

THERE are not so many men and women of Scottish birth in the United States—not more than three hundred thousand. But every Scot counts. Probably no other nation has sent us so many men of mark and so few deadheads, in proportion to the number of its immigrants. As the following pages will show, there has never been any other body of citizens, of equal number, that has stamped its record and its traditions so indelibly upon our national life and character as have the sons of Scotland.

Of course, it is practically impossible to draw a precise line between the Scottish-Americans and the other Americans. In the making of every State in the Union there has always been some Scottish raw material. And the Scot has invariably figured in all social and public affairs. He has never lived apart, nor felt himself bound to marry one of his own race. The average American, consequently, has become Scottified, as we might say, to a greater degree than he imagines. No doubt his bones are larger, his will is stronger, and his conscience speaks with more decision and authority, because of the Scottish corpuscles that have filtered into the blood of his ancestors.

The problem of disentangling the Scots is still further complicated by the fact that so many have come to the United States by way of Canada, England, or Ireland. Being gifted with an instinct for globe-trotting, they have arrived from all directions. To distinguish between the Irish and

the Scottish-Irish, after two centuries of mixing and blending, has become the most difficult task of all. The Scottish-Irish were originally Scots, but they have become practically a distinct nationality—one that is neither Scottish nor Irish. They have their own traditions, their own heroes, their own fraternal societies. Five of our Presidents have had in their veins the blood of these sturdy people—Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Arthur, and McKinley. But to avoid confusion, this article will be confined, as strictly as possible, to the men and women of Scottish birth.

There are a few Caledonian institutions for which Americans have never shown any fancy. It is difficult for us to believe, for instance, that haggis is food, that kilts are clothes, and that the noise of the bagpipes is music. Not to appreciate these is the misfortune of those who are born outside of the Land o' Cakes. But Scottish songs, on the other hand, make the whole world kin. They seem to be almost as much a product of nature as the ripple and splash of the herons that plunge down the heathery sides of Ben Lomond. Who needs to be a Scot to join in singing "Annie Laurie" or "Comin' Through the Rye"? The birthday of Burns was celebrated last month in more than sixty American cities. Trust the Scots to remember the 25th of January!

Taking up the directory of New York, I find thirty-three pages of "Maes," probably not one in fifty

of the owners of these names was born in Scotland, but the Scottish strain is undeniably there. Mayor George B. McClellan, for instance, was born in Germany, and his father in Philadelphia; but if you dig down to the roots of his family tree, you will find the Clan McClellan, of Gallo-way. Besides the five Scottish-Irish Presidents, three more—Monroe, Grant, and Hayes—were of Scottish ancestry; and so is President Roosevelt on his mother's side.

Within the limits of this article it would be impossible to call the roll of the host of Scots who have figured in American public life. To name some of the living men, Governor McLane, of New Hampshire, is a Scot; and New York has a Bruce as Lieutenant-Governor. When Massachusetts astonished the whole country, two years ago, by the election of a Democratic Governor, it was found to be a Douglas that had worked the miracle in the old Bay State. The new mayor of Buffalo is a Peebles man who bears the oldest of Scotch names—J. N. Adam. In New York, a Glasgow man, John Kennedy Tod, holds the purse for the Citizens' Union, and carries worthily the honor of being one of the most vigilant foes of municipal corruption in the metropolis.

Among our statesmen of national prominence, the leading Scot is James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, who was seventeen years old before he had seen any other place than Ayrshire, the home of Burns. The Scots have always been unusually skilful farmers and gardeners, and they have good reason to pride themselves on the fact that a Scottish farmer is now pre-riding over the vast agricultural interests of the United States—the most responsible position of the kind in the

world. Ex-Speaker David B. Henderson, too, was six years old before he left the land of the heather; and Congressman James McLachlan, of California, is a native of Scotia who has climbed to prominence upon the ladder of self-help.

The solid handiwork of the Scot is especially conspicuous when we turn to our system of education. No race, not even the Jews, has a greater reverence for learning. If John Knox could have had his way, there would have been a grammar-school in every Scottish parish, a high school in every town, and a university in every city. The second American college—preceded only by Harvard—was founded by a Scot, James Blair. In fact, two historic colleges of William and Mary, as it is still called, is several years older than Harvard, if we reckon from the date upon which it received its grant of land.

The Presbyterian Church, which, with its two million members in the United States, is mainly a product of Scotland and Scottish influences, has established not only Princeton University, but forty-eight colleges as well. Looking down the long list of its eminent ministers, we might select George A. Gordon, of the famous Old South Church, Boston, as the one who best represents both Scottish birth and American self-help. Arriving from Aberdeen thirty-five years ago, a penniless boy, Dr. Gordon has risen to the most historic pulpit in New England.

Lindlay Murray, a Scottish-American, gave us our first English grammar, and Henry Ivison our first American series of school readers. Thomas Hutchins was our pioneer geographer. Samuel Mitchell founded the earliest scientific magazine. William McLece has been called the

"father of American geology." Fanny Wright, of Dundee, was our first woman lecturer. Ormsby McKnight Mitchel, a Scottish-American of the most varied accomplishments and amazing energy, was the first to popularize astronomy. Two of our most eminent naturalists have been Alexander Wilson and Spencer F. Baird. An Ayrshire man, James McCosh, was for a quarter of a century one of our most famous philosophers and educators. Under his presidency, Princeton rose to a first-rate place among the universities of the world. Dr. McCosh was one of the few of his generation who foresaw the scientific discoveries of to-day, and labored like a Titan to prepare the way for them.

Among the Scottish-born educators of the present day, there is none, perhaps, so widely known as Dr. McCosh. But there is John Muir, of California, whose name will be perpetuated in the great Mair Glacier, which he discovered, in Alaska. He might fitly be called the American Livingstone because of his explorations, and for the work he has done to preserve our forests and establish national parks. Other Scottish-Americans well known in the educational world are Dr. William Keiller, of the University of Texas; Duncan Black Macdonald, of Hartford Theological Seminary; Robert Edgar Allardice, of Stanford University; James K. Patterson, president of the Kentucky State College; John S. Reid, of Cornell; Alexander Smith, of the University of Chicago; and James Cameron Mackenzie, formerly head-master of Lawrenceville.

Arriving at the field of literature, the first Scottish-American name is that of Washington Irving, whose father was born and bred in Orkney. When European writers remarked

upon the fact that the young American republie had continued for more than forty years without producing an eminent man of letters, it was Irving who removed the stigma. Edgar Allan Poe was also of Scottish ancestry.

The founder of modern American Journalism—the man who broke away from European traditions and originated the system of giving as much of the news as possible to as many people as possible—was a thorough Scot, James Gordon Bennett. Seventy years ago he printed his first issue of the Herald in a Wall Street cellar. It was an insignificant little penny sheet, which the great editors of the day contemptuously ignored. It made enemies of the few and friends of the many. It was written like a conversation, not like a book of philosophy. And—here was an absolutely new idea in the newspaper world—it as published, not to gratify the literary vanity of its editor, but to please the people by obeying their wishes and expressing their opinions.

The late John Swinton, friend and associate of Charles A. Dana on the New York Sun, was nineteen before he set sail from Scotia. Among other journalists of Scottish ancestry but American birth, the best known are the redoubtable Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal; Whitelaw Reid, now ambassador to Great Britain; the learned Patterson, of the Chicago Tribune; the masterful McLane, of the Cincinnati Enquirer; and the brilliant Arthur Brisbane, of the New York Journal. Four weekly papers are published for the sole benefit of Americanized Scots, one of them, the Scottish American, having had Dr. A. M. Stewart as its editor for nearly half a century.

Of the Scottish-American doctors

there have always been several at the top, from Dr. James Craik, the family doctor of George Washington, to Charles McBurney, who is to-day a leader of his profession in New York, and S. Weir Mitchell, the eminent author and nerve specialist, of Philadelphia. Among the actors, the veteran of the American stage is James H. Stoddart, who was born in England of Scottish parents when John Quincy Adams was the President of the United States. And a well-known younger player is Robert Bruce Mantell. Our first great portrait painter belonged to the noble family of Stuarts—Gilbert Charles Stuart, who painted Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and scores of their famous contemporaries. He was born in Rhode Island, but both his art and his ancestry were Scottish. Another Scottish-American is the sculptor, Frederick MacMonnies, whose work was described in an article published in this magazine last month.

But it is when we come to the realm of commerce that we find the Caledonian names scattered most thickly. Business, after all, is the Scot's delight. It may be fairly said that in the activities of legitimate business, he has never had a superior. He is a born trafficker. He can buy low and sell high. He wants "gear and siller." The joys of poverty and the simple life he may appreciate, but not until the day's work is over and the cash is in the bank. Yet he does not want money for money's sake. Very seldom is he a gambler or a schemer of the get-rich-quick species. To him, the main charm of business is the business itself, though his eye is ever fixed keenly upon the profits. John D. Rockefeller, for example, is a man of the true Scots type. He does not

claim Caledonian descent, but there must surely be a strong infusion of Scottish blood in his veins.

It is this rare blending of sentiment and shrewdness which gives so much interest to the Scottish national character. It is hard to tell which has done the most to mold it, the Shorter Catechism or the multiplication table. From his ledger and his Burns, the Scot takes equal pleasure. From the stubhorn soil of Caledonia he has learned to be thrifty. Every hawbee has meant a spadeful of earth—perhaps a dozen spadefuls. To waste anything, however trifling, is a crime. And yet, on the other hand, his nature has been indelibly influenced by the picturesque beauty of his native land. The heathery hills, embroidered by foaming rivulets; the tranquil lakes that reflect the rugged crags above them; the little gray cottages that nestle sociably in groups beside the winding road, and the long, hazy twilight that follows the busy day—these are the things that make the Scot romantic and sentimental.

Ever since our earliest far-trading days, the success of the Scots in business has been phenomenal. Among the cities they have founded are Paterson, Pittsburgh, and Chicago. Henry Chisholm might appropriately be called the Father of Cleveland, for the reason that it was he who established its steel manufactures. Until recently, Charles Lockhart, Robert Pitcairn, and Andrew Carnegie were the "big three" of Pittsburgh, representing the three chief industries of oil, railroading, and steel.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, from Col. Thomas A. Scott to Alexander Johnston Cassatt, has been mainly built up by men who were either Scots or of Scottish descent. Among the shoemaking towns of New Eng-

land, no name is better known than that of Gordon McKay, the Scot who invented the sole-stitching machine and revolutionized the shoe trade. In Chicago the first banker, George Scott, was a highly respected Scot who piled up a fifty million fortune. And one of the leading western bankers at the present time is James Berwick Forgan, a thorough Scot by both birth and training, who succeeded Lyman J. Gage as president of the First National Bank of Chicago when Mr. Gage became Secretary of the United States Treasury.

Besides James Wilson, the city of Washington has at least two other well-known Scots—Alexander Graham Bell, of telephone fame, and James Duncan, first vice-president of the American Federation of Labor. In New York there has always been an influential Scottish element since the days of Philip Livingstone. Robert Lenox, founder of the Presbyterian Hospital and the Lenox Library, was one of the wealthiest New Yorkers for years before his death in 1840. Henry Burden, inventor of the horse-shoe machine, and founder of the Burden fortunes, was born in Dunblane. Robert L. Stuart and Archibald Russell have had high rank among philanthropists, as John Stewart Kennedy has to-day. The handsome United Charities Building was a gift from Mr. Kennedy to the various societies which it houses.

And what shall he said of Andrew Carnegie, the richest and most free-handed Scot who ever lived? Never in the whole length of her heroic history has "Auld Scotia" produced a son who has wielded so wide an influence, or worked so mightily to shape the destiny of the human race. Sixty years ago he was a wee harfooted laddie in the streets of Al-

legghy, the son of a poor weaver, who had been driven from his home in Scotland by lack of work. Five years ago he retired from business the second richest man in the world. To climb from the cobbles of poverty to the throne of dominion over a vast industry—to abdicate this throne at the height of his power and become a sort of human Providence—such, in a sentence, has been the story of Andrew Carnegie.

But the "star-spangled Scot," as the British call Carnegie, did more than make three hundred millions for himself. In addition to this, he made about two hundred millions for his friends and partners, and a large proportion of these fortunate men are of Scottish birth or descent. George Lauder, Carnegie's cousin and a typical Scot, is now living in quiet retirement in Pittsburgh, with at least a score of millions at his disposal. Thomas Morrison, also a distant relation, and Alexander R. Peacock, another son of Dunfermline, are two of the Carnegie lieutenants who awoke one morning to find themselves wealthy beyond their dreams. Other partners of Carnegie with names that are undeniably Scottish, are Blackburn, McLeod, Kerr, Lindsay, Galley, Ramsay, and James Scott. And among his earlier associates were David McCandless and David A. Stewart.

Such are the Scots—a few of them—who have wrought well both for themselves and for the United States. They are said to be clanish, and the charge is true. A Scot will always help a Scot. Centuries of struggle and hardship have taught the Scottish people to be "in all chances of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another," to use the beautiful phrase of Robert

Leuk Stevenson. No amount of world-wandering can make them forget their national traditions. Even if their little home-land were to be rolled out flat, it would be smaller than Indiana; yet to Scottish eyes there is no land like it.

"Of course, Heaven maun be verra like the Highlands," said a Highlander of those patriotism Carnegie loves to tell.

But however much the Scot may

sing of his native heath and its heroes, the non-Scots notice that when once he is established in America he seldom goes back. Of all the Scots who have won fame in the United States, only four have returned to Scotland with their laurels. "Few of us really care to go home again," said W. Butler Duncan, president of the New York St. Andrew's Society, himself born in Scotland of Scottish-American parents.

Modern Get-Rich-Quick Schemes.

BY JOHN MOODY IN MOODY'S MAGAZINE

Endless are the ways in which the public may be duped by clever swindlers. Mr. Moody gives two or three examples, in which the deception was so apparent that it was a wonder the victims did not discover it. A few rules are given by which a person can test the worth of any financial scheme.

THERE are many methods in vogue for inducing people to part with their money, but the most effective way to interest a certain very considerable portion of the American public in propositions with this ultimate purpose in view is through what is known in Wall Street as the "get-rich-quick" scheme. It is an old saying that the American public likes to be fooled, and judging from the way these many fraudulent schemes keep hobbling into sight with never-ending regularity, it would seem that the saying has lost none of its truthfulness.

There are get-rich-quick schemes of many kinds, and they are exploited in many ways; sometimes through the columns of newspapers, sometimes in financial or mining journals, but more often through circulars or other advertising matter. The most successful are usually mining propositions, although many other kinds have flourished equally as well.

One of the most notorious promotion frauds of this kind was a "guaranteed egg company," the stock of which was offered for sale in New York City a few years ago. The promoters of this company sent broad-cast a roscate prospectus, offering the sale of 7 per cent. guaranteed preferred stock at par, with a large bonus in common stock. Careful inspection of the prospectus revealed the fact that the prospective earnings, which were to amount to a fabulous sum, were to result from the sale of eggs at high prices, the said eggs to be laid without fail at a certain unceasing rate by several thousand hens, which were the entire stock in trade of the company. These hens were supposed to do the double work of hatching new broods of chickens and at the same time laying their regular guaranteed proportion of eggs. It was also assumed that only hens and not roosters would be hatched and that every egg would be good.

The essence of the "guarantee" on the preferred stock appeared to be wholly based on the theory that the hens had somehow been forced into a promise to lay eggs night and day, if need be, in order not to allow the preferred stock dividends to lapse in any possible way. The company was capitalized in the neighborhood of a million dollars and its only tangible property, aside from the chickens, was a farm of twenty acres located about thirty miles from New York.

Absurd as this whole proposition was, there were enough investing idiots walking around loose in New York City to "nibble" at this bait to the extent of over \$80,000 in cash. And it was stated on good authority that most of these subscriptions came from New York City people who had never seen a chicken farm in their lives, and probably didn't know any more about the chicken and hen-laying business than the chicken themselves knew about the preferred stock on which they were assumed to be guaranteeing the dividends. Shortly after this exploitation, the promoters quietly folded their tents and stole away, as certain kinds of promoters have a way of doing, with the result that the innocent but superficial investors are still waiting for their dividends, and are holding their stocks as "permanent investments."

Another instance of the get-rich-quick scheme which fooled a large number of supposedly sane investors was the promotion of the "sea water gold" enterprise a few years ago. A certain man named Jergensen, who was more avaricious than honest, happened to discover an article in an encyclopedia which brought to his knowledge the fact that sea water contains a small percentage of gold, but that no method has ever been dis-

covered whereby the separation of the two could be brought about. He then devised a scheme for pretending that he had himself invented a secret process for doing this very thing, and thereby induced investors to pass their ready cash his way. He built a small plant on the water's edge at South Lubec, Maine, a portion of the plant being constructed out of sight, and under water. He then secured a small quantity of gold bullion (a small, genuine gold brick) and exhibited it to certain people in the city of Boston, at the same time making the statement that it was the result of a test of his secret process for washing gold from sea water. His incredulous listeners were invited to go to the government assay office with him to test the genuineness of the little brick. This they did and, to their surprise, found that it was all pure gold. Then, as a further proof of his discovery, Jergensen invited them to go to South Lubec with him and see his plant. They did so and saw the mysterious looking machinery, part of which was under water. They were duly impressed. He then explained that he could not let them see how he did it, as he must naturally guard his secret. But the next morning he appeared with a small can full of new gold dust, which he said he had secretly washed out during the night. After that, for a whole week, while his visitors remained, he appeared every morning with a moderate quantity of gold dust which he exhibited as a result of the previous night's work. As this production steadily continued his audience grew. Others came on from Boston, and the wonderful discovery was on the lips of a steadily increasing number of people. When he next went to Boston, taking the gold dust with him,

and converted it into cash at the assay office, many apparently shrewd people were thoroughly convinced and regarded his claims as absolutely proven. He then organized a company and began to sell stock, and, as the snowball had begun to roll, it very quickly increased to gigantic proportions.

Within a short period, investors in Boston and vicinity were sacrificing good bonds and stocks, and savings bank deposits, and generally falling over each other in a mad race to get in on the ground floor in this sea water gold bonanza. It was afterwards estimated that before the fraud was publicly exposed, Jørgensen and his accomplices had secured nearly a million dollars. The final outcome was, that Jørgensen secretly escaped to Europe with most of the money, and his victims are whistling for their "great profits" to this day.

Many other schemes, equally fraudulent, have been worked during recent years in Wall Street and elsewhere; and, though constantly exposed in the newspapers, new ones crop up nearly every day, and the public continue to bite. The advertising columns of the newspapers and magazines are full to overflowing with rosy proposals for the investment of money; gold and copper mines; industrial undertakings; new railroad projects; traction companies, and various other promotion schemes. Millions of dollars are invested every week by small investors in this country, and a large proportion of it is constantly "steered" into unsafe channels, with a resultant loss to thousands of investors. As an illustration of how persistently and easily unsuspecting people are misled and swindled, instance the following:

A very conspicuous concern has

been operating for the past five years or so one of the largest and cleverest mining swindles ever known in the United States. Sumptuous offices are maintained in Broadway, New York, and about forty branch offices have been established in various cities of the United States and Canada. A number of honest men have been drawn into the scheme by baits of alluring commissions, and have peddled the rotten shares of this firm of stock-jobbers among their friends and neighbors, to the loss of their own peace of mind and reputations. The plan of this swindle is neat and comprehensive. The firm announced that it would operate on the law of averages, and by handling many mines the good ones would make up for the failures. Considerable bluffing has been done in the way of crude mining operations, but none of the "mines" have proven successful, and none are likely ever to be successful.

This firm of sharpers began paying dividends on shares, when no profits were earned, for which they should be jailed for the common swindlers that they are. Stock in the worthless companies was exchanged for stock in equally worthless companies whenever shareholders grew tired, and the victims of conspiracy were tolled along by the "dividends" paid out of the money they had themselves furnished. Recently cash dividends have been suspended, and "scrip" dividends substituted therefor. It is reported that this firm has bilked something like 16,000 small investors, in the United States and Canada, to the tune of several millions of dollars.

The methods for promoting all kinds of swindles have in recent years been refined down to an exact science. Experience has proven that the most

vulnerable class of people to be attracted by investing swindles, aside from women, are ministers, doctors, teachers and other professional people. There are in New York a number of concerns who make a business of supplying classified lists of possible investors for the use of those who wish to exploit mining swindles and other schemes. These lists are classified into ten dollar investors, twenty-five to one hundred dollar investors, one hundred to five hundred dollar investors, and investors having \$10,000 or more available. The "ten dollar investors" are mostly made up of a class of people who are in the habit of taking a small "flyer" occasionally of not over ten dollar, investing this amount on the theory that it may turn out with a big profit, but that in any event the loss cannot exceed ten dollars. This class appeals to the swindler also, in spite of the fact that the amounts invested are small, for the reason that even if the scheme is exposed as a swindle, the individual amounts invested are so small that it would not pay any single person to resort to law for the recovery of his money. True it is that a large number of such investors, if acting in concert, would become a menace, but as a rule such investors are too widely scattered, or too unintelligent or indifferent to make any move of this kind. In number, these ten dollar investor lists run into the hundred thousands, and are the main avenue for floating schemes of the cheaper and more openly fraudulent variety.

The "twenty-five to fifty dollar" list is made up of country investors, Methodist and Baptist ministers, country doctors and all classes of teachers; also barbers, waiters, hospital nurses and the general class of

people who are able in one way or other to set aside for a rainy day from \$25 to \$100 per year. These lists are used in slightly more pretentious schemes, of course, with sometimes a little more merit to them. The \$100 to \$500 investors consist of doctors of slightly higher grade than those referred to above; also college teachers and professors, small Wall Street lambs, Episcopal and Presbyterian ministers, mercantile clerks, some country merchants and other thrifty people who annually accumulate a few hundred dollars over and above their cost of living.

Such lists are used for more pretentious schemes, and, in addition to the promotion of frauds, they are sometimes used in perfectly sound and legitimate enterprises. The higher grade lists, covering \$1,000 to \$100,000 investors, largely explain themselves, and while they are as often used by schemers for offering their wares, yet as they are largely made up of more sensible and cautious people, they are not so popular in the "get-rich-quick" promoting fraternity as the larger lists of more modest investors.

While swindles are promoted to a gigantic extent through circulars and by mail, yet much business is also done through the medium of newspapers, magazines, and "class" publications. Many (but not all) of the large metropolitan dailies will sell advertising space in which notorious swindles are promoted; magazines, also of high-grade in other ways, constantly sell space for the exploitation of mining, real estate and other schemes; the columns of country dailies and weeklies are not only open, as a rule, to such schemes, but for a consideration they will often publish "write-ups" recommending

or booming a particular enterprise. The "write-ups" generally consist of editorial or other special articles which are prepared or endorsed by the promoters themselves, and they, of course, pass in the reader's mind as genuine and truthful.

These are, of course, frauds of the most palpable kind, and the publication of such matter is entirely unfair to the readers of the paper. It is a species of cheap and insidious deception which should, wherever found, be condemned in unmeasured terms.

In considering the roscate prospectuses and the various other plans which are constantly found in the public prints offering shares for sale, one of the rules of nearly universal application, which will usually go a long way toward the protection of the investor, is this: Always question any proposition offering stocks or bonds for sale where such offers are made directly by the company itself, and not through a banking house or other reputable concern. If no bankers are handling the sale of securities it is usually the case that there is something "shady" about the scheme. There are exceptions, of course, but not many. If the securities are offered by bankers and brokers, the next step should be to ascertain the standing, reputation and financial strength of the bankers or brokers themselves. Wall Street and the other financial centres of the country have their full share of irresponsible concerns of this class.

The apparently plausible statement is frequently made that money is saved to the company and its stockholders by avoiding the employment of a banker or agent to market securities. But this is not so in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. If a proposition has merit, the promoters

always find it much more economical to go to a concern who have specialized and have developed the proper machinery for the floating of securities, rather than undertake to do it themselves. The banker not only has the clientele, but he has the organization for handling the business effectively and economically; and, of course, his prestige and general reputation have, in many cases, much to do with making the flotation a success. For all this he frequently charges a good round commission; sometimes, but not so often as is generally supposed, too much. Indeed, it would, in most cases, upon investigation, prove to be a fact that, without the banking medium, the flotation would cost far more than the usual amount represented by an apparently heavy discount or commission. It is a part of the business of the banker to float securities, just as it is a part of the business of the trust company to pay coupons.

People sometimes think it strange that a large corporation, with an office in New York City, should pay a commission to a trust company to cash the coupons on its own bonds each six months, when it apparently might do this work itself. But the answer to that is that the trust company maintains the machinery and organization for paying the coupons of not merely one but of perhaps one hundred companies, and, therefore, can afford to do such work at a minimum cost and for far less than the corporation itself could possibly do it.

It will be seen, that the simplest and quickest way of avoiding the "get-rich-quick" scheme, so matter where or how presented or however roscate and plausible its promises and claims may be, is to never entertain

any proposition which is not offered through a banker or other agent, and then, having adopted this rule, to go one step further; never have dealings

with a banker, broker or financial agent until you have investigated and are satisfied as to his character, standing and general reputation.

The Tribulations of a British M.P.

BY MICHAEL MACDONAGH IN THE MONTHLY REVIEW

This is a portion of a charming article, which appears in the February Monthly Review, entitled "The Possession of Parliament," wherein Mr. Macdonagh, seeks to discover why it is that work of all kinds and tribulations of his position, there is a foundation about parliamentary life that leads men to suffer these things notwithstanding.

THE tribulations of an M.P. are undoubtedly many. There are, to begin with, the torments of the post. Cobden, in a letter to a friend, early in 1846, when his name as the leader of the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws was in all men's mouths, gives us an interesting glimpse into the contents, half laughable and half pathetic, of the letter-bag of an M.P. He says:

"First, half the mad people in the country who are still at large, and they are legion, address their incoherent ravings to the most notorious man of the hour. Next, the kindred tribe who think themselves poets, who are more difficult than the mad people to deal with, send their doggerel and solicit subscriptions to their volumes, with occasional requests to be allowed to dedicate them. Then there are the Jeremy Diddlers, who begin their epistles with high-flown compliments upon my services to the millions, and always wind up with a request that I will bestow a trifle upon the individual who ventures to lay his distressing case before me. To add to my miseries, people have now got an idea that I am influential with the Government, and the small place-hunters are at me."

Cobden enclosed a specimen of the

begging letters he was accustomed to receive. It was from a lady asking him to become her "generous and noble-minded benefactor." As she desired to begin to do something for herself, she hoped he would procure her a loan of £5,000 "to enable her to rear poultry for London and other large market towns." In another letter, written July 14, 1846, after the taxes on bread-stuffs had been repealed, and the Corn Law League disbanded, Cobden says:

"I thought I should be allowed to be forgotten after my address to my constituents. But every post brings me twenty or thirty letters—and such letters! I am teased to death by place-hunters of every degree, who wish me to procure them Government appointments. Brothers of peers—aye, 'honourables'—are amongst the number. I have but one answer for all. 'I would not ask a favor of the Ministry to serve my own brother.' I often think what must be the fate of Lord John, or Peel, with half the needy aristocracy knocking at the Treasury doors."

Things have but little improved, if at all, since the time of Cobden. The ordinary elector fails to see that his representative deserves any gratitude or thanks for his services in Parliament. On the contrary, he

thinks it is he who is entitled to some return for having helped his representative to a seat in the House of Commons in preference to another who was equally eager for the honor. The spectacle of so many men competing for the voluntary service of the State in the capacity of a member of Parliament cannot but make the ordinary elector feel that he is conferring a favor on the particular candidate for whom he votes. This being their state of mind, constituents are naturally exacting. As the representative, on the other hand, desires to retain his seat, he cannot afford to ignore a letter from even the humblest and obscurest of the electors. The general election may come round again with unexpected suddenness, bringing with it the day of reckoning for the member. Then it is that the voter, however humble, however obscure, can help to make or mar the prospect of his return to St. Stephen's. But constituents will unreasonably persist in asking for things impossible. In the post-hoc of the representative appointments are greatly in demand. There was a time when the M.P. had some patronage to distribute in the way of nominations to posts in the customs, the excise and the inland revenue, for which no examination was required, should the party he supported be in power. But that good time, or had, is gone and for ever. The throwing open of the civil service to competition has deprived the M.P. of this sort of small change, which he once was able to scatter among the electors so as to reward past services and secure future support. Now he has absolutely nothing in his gift, except, perhaps, a nomination for any vacant sub-post-office in his constituency. Yet numbers of the electors still imagine there are many comfortable

posts which are to be had by their representatives merely for the saying of a word to some minister. An example of what the M.P. has occasionally to put up with is found in the following blunt and abusive epistle, sent by a disappointed office-seeker to the mao he says "he carried in on his shoulders" at the last election:

Dear Sir,—You're a fraud, and you know it. I don't care a rap for the hillet or the money either, but you could hev got it for me if you wasn't so mean. Two posed a week an't any moar to me than 40 shillin's is to you, but I object to bein' maid a fool of. Soon after you was elected by my hard workin', a feller here wanted to het me that You wouldn't he in the House more than a week before you made a ass of yourself. I het him a Cow on that as I thort you was worth it then. After I got Your Note sayin' you declined to ack in the matter I driv the Cow over to the Feller's place an' tole him he had won her.

That's or! I got by howlin' meself Hoarse for you on pole day, an' months befor. I believe you think you'll get in agen. I don't. Yure no man. An' I don't think yure much of a demeract either. I lowers meself ritin to so low a feller, even tho I med him a member of parliament.

Electors also argue that as M.P.s are law-makers they should be able to rescue law-breakers from the clutches of the police. Accordingly there are appeals to have fines imposed on children for breaking windows remitted, and even to get sentences of penal servitude revoked. The respectable tradesman on the verge of bankruptcy, who could be restored to a sound financial position by the loan of £100, sends many a cading letter. He usually declares that he not only voted for his representative, but attended every meeting that gentleman addressed in the course of the election. The heat ruly the M.P. could make to such an

attempt to fleece him is to advise his correspondent to attend more to business and less to politics; but he probably never makes it, for he can rarely afford to speak out his mind to a constituent. Inventors are also of the plagues from which the M.P. suffers. The man who has discovered the secret of making soap out of sawdust writes glowing letters about the fortune to be made if a company were formed to work the process. Almost every post brings bottles of mixtures and boxes of lozenges, calculated to transform the harshest voice into the clearest and mellowest. "Send me a testimonial," said the maker of one mixture, "that, after you had used my specific, the house was spell-bound by the music of your tones." Tradesmen are also most importunate. Quite recently the announcement of an interesting event in the family of a member appeared in the Press. Next day a van pulled up at the entrance to the Houses of Parliament. It contained three different kinds of perambulators; and the tradesman who brought them was extremely indignant because the police refused him admission to the House to display their good points and advantages to the happy father. Poets ask for subscriptions to publish their works, or, enclosing some doggerel verses as samples, appeal for orders for odes for the next general election.

"If you would quote in the House a verse from my volume, 'Twitterings in the Twilight,' what a grand advertisement I'd get! [wrote one rhymester to his representative]. You might say something like this: One of the most delightful collections of poems it has ever been my good fortune to come across is Mr. So-crates Wilkin's 'Twitterings in the Twilight.' Could the situation in

which the Empire finds itself be more happily touched off than in the following verse of that eminent poet!—and then go on to quote some lines from my book, which I enclose."

Members who are lawyers and doctors are expected by a large section of their constituents to give professional advice for nothing. If one of these unreasonable persons has a dispute with his landlord as to the amount of rent due, or finds it impossible to recover a debt, he expects, as a matter of course, his representative, if a gentleman learned in the law, to help him out of his difficulty; or, if a doctor, he favors him with long and incoherent accounts of mysterious complaints from which he has suffered for years. The M.P. is also expected to throw oil on disturbed domestic waters. Here is a specimen of a communication which is by no means uncommon:

Dear Sir,—Me and the wife had a bit of a tiff last Saturday night, and she won't make it up. If you just send her a line saying Bill's all right, she will come round. She thinks such a lot of you since you kissed the nipper the day you called for my vote.

But pity the poor M.P. who receives such a letter as the following:

Honored Sir,—I hear that Mr. Balfour is not a married man. Something tells me that I would make the right sort of wife for him. I am coming to London to-morrow, and will call at the House of Commons to see you, hoping you will get me an introduction to the honorable gentleman. I am only 36 years of age, and can do cooking and washing.

AGNES MERTON.

P.S.—Perhaps if Mr. Balfour would not have me, you would say a word for me to one of the policemen at the House.

During the evening the member who received this strange epistle

cautiously ventured into the central hall, and, sure enough, espied an eccentric-looking woman in angry controversy with a constable, who was trying to induce her to go away. But she refused to leave, and ultimately found a sympathetic companion in the crazy old lady who has haunted the place for years in the hope that some day she will induce the Government to restore the £5,000,000 of which she declares they have robbed her.

The Member of Parliament is liable to receive other communications of even less flattering and more exasperating character. Bribes are occasionally dangled before him through the post. Will he allow his name to be used in the floating of a company, or in the advertising of some article of common use or patent medicine? Will he use his influence in obtaining a Government contract for a certain firm? If he will, there is a cheque for so-and-so at his disposal. In a recent debate in the House of Commons on the payment of Members, Mr. John Burns evoked both laughter and applause by reading his reply to an offer of £50 if he be obtained for a person in Belfast a vacant collectorship of taxes. "Sir," replied Mr. Burns, "you are a scoundrel. I wish you were within reach of my boot."

But the same and the righteous give the M.P. more annoyance than the knavish and the crazy. Think of the numerous local functions—religious, social, and political—to which he is invited. When a meeting is being organized in the constituency, naturally the first thought of its promoters is to try to get the Member to attend. The more conspicuous he is in Parliament, and therefore the more likely to attract an audience, the greater is the number of these

invitations, and the more widespread is the disappointment and dissatisfaction among his constituents if he fails to accept them. He is expected to preside at the inaugural meetings of local amateur dramatic societies and local naturalists field clubs and "to honor with his presence" the banquets of local friendly associations. The literary institution, designed to keep young men out of the public-houses, must be opened by him. He must attend mixed entertainments of a political and musical character, at which his speech is sandwiched between a sentimental and a comic song.

But perhaps the Member of Parliament is most worried by the appeals to his generosity and charity which pour in upon him in aid of churches, chapels, mission halls, schools, workmen's institutes, hospitals, asylums, cricket and football clubs, and in fact societies and institutions of all sorts and sundry. Of course it is only natural that if money be needed for an excellent local purpose the local representative should be included in the appeal. In some constituencies, however, many of these calls on the purse of the representative can only be described as barefaced extortions. Not long ago, Mr. Robert Ashcroft, one of the Members for Oldham, in his annual address to the electors, made a remarkable disclosure of the rapacity with which the M.P. is often preyed upon by constituents. He said:

"In my hands I hold a roll of paper, which is nearly twenty feet long, and it is covered with the names of applications for subscriptions since I became your member. The late Mr. Fielden, a week before Parliament rose, while we were sitting having a chat in the House of Commons, said to me, 'However do you manage in

Oldham?" And I replied, "As well as I can." He remarked, "Would you believe it, the first twelve months that I was elected I was asked to give"—and the sums were mentioned—"no less than £27,000." Now (continued Mr. Ashcroft) I simply mention this because I made a rule to send a cheque when I could afford to send it. But I am not an African millionaire, and I have no shares in Klondike. Therefore you must please to understand that when I do not answer these letters, and do not enclose a cheque, it is for the simple reason that I cannot afford to do so. I think that it is time one ought to speak out, and though one, as a Member of Parliament, is willing to do one's share for every good work in the constituency, do not forget that there are other men in the constituency, and of great wealth, from whom you ought to get a thousand times as much as you ought to get from me."

If a Member of Parliament should refuse to help his constituents in providing themselves with coats, hats, boots, footballs, cricket-bats; big drums, billiard tables, church steeples, sewing-machines, he is set down as mean; and numbers vow he shall not have their votes at the General Election. The representative is, by all means, to be commended in resisting these illegitimate demands. But there is something to be said for the constituents. Surely they may very properly ask, "From whom can we more reasonably seek aid for our deserving local charities than from our Member of Parliament?" They recall to mind his accessibility and graciousness while he was "nursing" the constituency. Was he not ever ready to preside at the smoking-concerts of the Sons of Benevolence, to sing songs or recite at the mothers' meetings, to hand round the cake

at the children's tea parties, to kick off at the football contest? Did he not regard service in the House of Commons more as a distinction and privilege than as a public duty? His speeches also are remembered.

Did he not tell the electors from a hundred platforms that for all time he was absolutely at their service? Did he not come to them literally hat in hand begging the favor—mind you, "the favor"—of their vote and influence? Yet to this cynical end has it all come, that hangered by requests for subscriptions to this, that or the other, he replies—to quote the prompt, emphatic and printed answer which one representative has sent to all such appeals—"I was elected for — as Member of Parliament, not as Relieving Officer."

In the House of Commons itself some disappointments also await the M.P. The motives which induce men to seek a seat in Parliament are, perhaps, many and diverse, but there is no doubt whatever that the main reason is an honest and genuine desire to serve the State and promote the happiness of the community. In the first flush of their enthusiasm after election our representatives zealously set about informing themselves of the subjects that are likely to engage their attention in Parliament. They soon find, however, that to do this properly would leave them very little time for anything else. The breakfast table of the M.P. is heaped every morning during the session with parliamentary papers, consisting of Blue books, Bills, reports, and returns. Blue books—ominously ponderous and portentously dull—are by universal admission not attractive reading, yet eighty of them are, on an average, issued every year, demanding the attention of the conscientious representative. The Bills

are more inviting perhaps, embodying as they do, the fads and hobbies of the 670 Members of the House of Commons. About three hundred of them are introduced every session. After the first reading they are printed and circulated among the Members, who are expected to make themselves acquainted with their provisions. Most of the representatives, perhaps, give up the task in despair; and instead of attempting to arrive at independent conclusions by personal investigation and study, they rely on their political leaders to direct them on the right path in regard not only to the measures dealing with the main public questions of the day, but to the Bills of private Members. But it is not all plain sailing even when that lazy course is adopted. "The worst effect on myself resulting from listening to the debates in Parliament," writes Monekton Milnes, "is that it prevents me from forming any clear political opinion on any subject."

So supreme has the Ministry become in the House of Commons that the power of the private Member to initiate and carry legislation has been reduced to a nullity. Only the Bills of the Ministers have any prospect of reaching the Statute Book. That is a cruel disappointment to the M. P. who desires to be a real legislator and thinks he has an infallible scheme for putting straight some twist in the scheme of things. The M.P. who aspires "the listening Senate to command" also soon discovers that the opportunities for discussion and criticism are outrageously restricted in the interest of the Government. Perhaps he has devoted days to the manufacture of flowers of rhetoric for his speech in a gerat debate. Night after night he sits impatiently on the pounce to "entch the Speak-

er's eye," but fails to fix the attention of that wandering orb; while he hears his arguments and his epigrams used by luckier men, who had probably got them from the same shelf of the library; and the debate is brought to an end leaving him with a mind oppressed by a weighty unspoken speech. Then his constituents say unpleasant things because they do not see his name in the newspaper reports. They think he is neglecting his duty or else he is a foolish "silent Member." There only remains for the representative the cold consolation of the old saying that "they are the wisest part of Parliament who use the greatest silence"; or the opinion of his leaders, should his party be in office, that he is the most useful of Members who never speaks, but is ever at hand to vote when the division bells ring out their summons.

The man who always votes at his party's call and never dreams of thinking for himself at all is to be found no doubt in the House of Commons. But to many an M.P. it must be a very sore trial to find his opinions often dictated by his leaders and his movements always controlled by the Whips. Party discipline is severely strict, and violations of it are rarely condoned. The speech of the Member, sufficiently sincere and courageous to take up an attitude independent of party in regard to some political question of the day, is received with jeers by his colleagues, and, what is, perhaps, more disconcerting, with cheers by the other side. Such a line of action is often conclusive evidence of a good patriot. But he who takes it is commonly regarded as a crank and a faddist, and his only reward is to be "ent" by his party. On the other hand, there are

representatives of the people to whom the House of Commons is but a vastly agreeable diversion. Imagine the feelings of such a Member when, on a night off, a strongly worded and heavily underscored communication from the Whips demanding his immediate attendance at St. Stephen's is delivered to him at some inopportune moment, perhaps as he is just sitting down to a pleasant dinner or is leaving his house for the Frivoly theatre. If, prone as he is to yield to the temptations of the flesh, he should ignore this peremptory call of party duty, like the crank, he is held guilty of a grave breach of discipline. His past services in the division lobby—on nights when the proceedings in the House were a regular solemn lecture from the Chief Whip on the enormity of his offence. Worse still, his name is published in an official "black list" of defaulters; or he meets with a nasty little paragraph exposing his neglect of duty in the local newspaper which most likely circulates among his constituents.

And yet, with all his attention to the desires, the whims, the caprices of his constituents, with all his surrender of private judgment to his leaders, of personal pleasures to the Whips, what M. P. can confidently feel that his seat is safe? It is hard to get into Parliament. To remain a Member is just as difficult. The insecurity of the tenure of a seat in the House of Commons is perhaps the greatest drawback of public life. Many a man with ambition and talent for office does years of splendid service for his party in Opposition. The General Election comes; his party is victorious at the polls. But he himself has been worsted in the fight; and he has the mortification of seeing another receive the portfolio which would have been his in happier circumstances. To such a man, with his keen enjoyment of the Delights and exultations of the Parliamentary career, life outside the House of Commons must be barren and dreary indeed. Yet never again may he cross its charmed portals.

A Reformatory for Loafers

BY EDITH SELLERS IN PORTUGUESE REVIEW

In Lower Austria there was recently established what is known as a *Reformatory for Loafers*. In other words it is a reformatory for the unemployed. Here they are taught to work and to understand the value of work. The results have been excellent and fewer beggars are to be found in Lower Austria than elsewhere in Europe.

SOME twenty years ago the Lower Austrian Landtag proclaimed war to the death against the whole loafer tribe. They were to be worried and harassed in all possible ways, it was decreed; no rest for their feet was to be given to them, so place on which to lay their heads. The charitable were exhorted to withhold from them all help, even bread and water; and the clergy were called

upon to denounce from the pulpit the bestowal of alms on them as a crime. Begging and vagrancy were forbidden under a penalty of three months' imprisonment, and orders were issued that any able-bodied man or woman found without visible means of support should promptly be arrested. Everything indeed that could be done was done to make life in the province eminently unpleasant

for lazy ne'er-do-weeds and sturdy beggars, with a view to forcing them either to mend their ways, or seek a home elsewhere.

To pass anti-vagrancy laws and frame regulations for the suppression of mendicancy is an easy matter, however; it is in the enforcement of them that the difficulty lies. The Austrian authorities were not long in discovering that, let them do or say what they would, the charitable would go on giving; and that therefore it was practically impossible, through sheer lack of space, to send to prison every man found begging. And what was still more serious, there was strong evidence that professional loafers—the worst class of all—would as a matter of choice rather pass a month or two in prison than work the whole year round. As often as not the very day these men obtained their liberty they betook themselves straight back to their old calling. Evidently if persons of this sort were to be dealt with effectually they must be kept under restraint for a much longer time than was possible, for their offence, in an ordinary prison. It was therefore decided, thanks in a great measure to the exertions of Dr. Schoffel, one of the five members of the Landtag Executive, to build a Zwangsarbeitshaus, or Reformatory for Loafers.

According to the official report on the subject, this Zwangsarbeitshaus was established not so much as a place of punishment, as a place where "Arbeitscheuen" should be "kept at work, made to understand the value of work, and have a love of work aroused in them." That in this it has succeeded it would be rash indeed to say; but at any rate it has certainly been the means of bringing about a remarkable change in Lower Austria. Before it was in existence

the whole province was the happy hunting ground of tramps, itinerant musicians, bear-leaders, comb-sellers, and the rest of the set whose natural inclination is to live at the cost of their fellows. Charity was demanded almost as a right, and in lonely districts threats were resorted to—even violence by no means unfrequently—if whining failed to extort alms. At the present time there is less chance of meeting an able-bodied beggar in Lower Austria, outside Vienna, at any rate, than in Middlesex. In the course of the year that followed the opening of the Zwangsarbeitshaus, the convictions under the Vagrancy Act decreased by sixty per cent.

This reformatory for loafers is at Korneuburg, a village a few miles distant from Vienna. It is a huge place; in the main building alone there is space enough for a thousand prisoners, or Zwanglinge, i.e., the coerced ones, as the inmates are called. From its appearance it might easily be mistaken for a fortress, for it is completely cut off from the rest of the world by high walls; and at the entrance guards with loaded guns are stationed; should anyone attempt to escape he carries his life in his hand. The most rigid military discipline is maintained; hard labor with scant rations is the order of the day, and he who will not work has but small chance of eating. The only advantage the inmates have over prisoners in the ordinary jails is that the length of their stay in the Zwangsarbeitshaus is determined, not by the sentence of any judge, but by their own conduct. The harder they work and the better they behave, the sooner they regain their liberty. In no circumstances, however, may they be detained longer than three years. While they are there every care is taken to treat each one of them so

far as possible according to his merits, but then it rests with them to prove that they have merits. The official assumption is that every man who enters a Zwangsarbeitshaus is worthless, although of course not irredeemably worthless, and it is interesting to note that, on this point, the opinion even of the populace is in perfect agreement with that of the authorities. Among the working classes in Austria a visit to a relief station, casual ward, or even a workhouse is held to entail no disgrace whatever, but a sojourn in a Zwangsarbeitshaus is looked upon as a most ignominious experience. To be sent there is regarded, in fact, as being stamped as one who wishes to prey on his fellows, to eat the bread for which they work.

The Korneuburg Zwangsarbeitshaus is reserved exclusively for males who are able-bodied, in full possession of their mental faculties, and above eighteen years of age. In order to be sent there a man must be convicted in open court of an offence against the Vagrancy Law which came into force in 1885, i.e., of wandering about without visible means of support; of begging or in any way appealing for charity; of sending children out to beg; or of refusing, while destitute and out of employment, to undertake work offered under conditions approved of by the local authorities. Although any able-bodied person found guilty under this law may be sent to a Zwangsarbeitshaus, whether he be sent there or not rests with the judge who in deciding the point is guided by the man's previous record. In no circumstances would this sentence be passed on anyone who could prove that he had been honestly trying to earn his own living and had fallen through no fault of his own. The Korneuburg institution is for the pun-

ishment of Lower Austrians alone, and should a native of any other division of the empire be sent there, he is promptly passed on to his own province, unless, indeed, as is often the case, the authorities of this province prefer defraying the cost of his maintenance at Korneuburg.

The inmates of the Korneuburg institution are divided into three classes, each of which is kept so far as possible apart from the other two. On his arrival a man is placed in the third class, and there is no chance of his being allowed to leave before the expiration of his full three years' term, unless he can make his way into the first. No matter to which class he belongs, he is kept hard at work practically the whole day long. At five in the morning the great bell rings, and by six all the inmates must be washed, dressed, have made their beds, eaten their breakfasts—bread and soup—and be ready for the day's task. They work from six o'clock until eleven, when they have dinner. At this meal the food served, although of the plainest kind, is good in quality, sufficient—in the opinion of experts—in quantity, and thoroughly well cooked. From half-past eleven until half-past twelve is the recreation hour, which the men who work indoors must pass walking about in the great courtyard. Those who have anything to smoke may smoke at this time, and they may all talk as much as they like to members of their own class, always providing they abstain from reminiscences of their former evil doings. From half-past twelve to six in winter—in summer seven—is work again; then comes an hour's recreation and the evening meal. Work goes on, too, in winter from seven to eight.

Whenever the nature of the work allows it a fixed task, proportionate to

his strength and ability, is allotted to each man every day, and this he must do or woe betide him; to the work-shirker no mercy is shown. He passes his days in solitude, with bread and water for his fare and a plank bed to sleep on, and if this regime fail to make him see the error of his ways, confinement in a dark cell is his portion. Strangely enough, considering the previous lives of these people, the great majority of them settle down to their work quite diligently when once they understand the measure that otherwise will be dealt out to them. It is the exception rather than the rule for them to be subjected to any special discipline either for idleness, or anything else. On an average only about one-third of the prisoners at Korneuburg are ever really punished at all, and of these fifty per cent. are punished only once. Still, there are, of course, black sheep among them; and, as we shall see later, a case has occurred of a man's baffling the authorities completely, setting them openly at defiance, and never doing a stroke of work during the whole time he was in the Zwangsarbeitshaus.

The prisoners have certainly every inducement to work, for it is by work and work alone that they can either shorten their stay in the reformatory or render their lot tolerable while they are there. So long as they show any signs of their old loafing propensity, they are kept in the third class, i.e., that to the members of which no indulgence of any kind is allowed; while if they throw themselves heartily into what is given them to do, they are soon promoted to the second class. Then, if they not only work well but behave well, and prove themselves to be trustworthy, they are placed in the first class after a time. And once there life is comparatively

pleasant. As a further incentive to industry, the men are paid regular wages for any work they do over and above what defrays the cost of their maintenance in the institution. They must, however, leave one-half of the money thus earned to accumulate until the time comes for them to leave Korneuburg, so that they may then have something wherewith to start life afresh. What they receive at the end of every week they may, if they choose, send to their relatives in the outside world; or they may, and almost invariably do, spend it on procuring for themselves little luxuries—tobacco, white bread, butter, cheese, coffee. In some few special cases the men are allowed to buy wine or beer, but only in very small quantities. The earnings of the best among them, however, are but meagre. During the year 1901-02, 330 prisoners were released from Korneuburg, and only 182 of them had managed to save more than ten florins each; 109 had each saved between five and ten florins; 23, less than five florins; and 18 had saved nothing at all.

The third class inmates work in the Zwangsarbeitshaus itself, and whenever possible at the calling for which they have been trained. Some are employed as carpenters, others as shoemakers, tailors, locksmiths, etc. About eighty are engaged at the great steam laundry, where the linen from most of the public institutions in the district is washed, and nearly the same number make baskets, mats, paper bags, etc. The men in the second class help to do the housework of the reformatory, to clean and cook, for women servants are, of course, never allowed to cross its threshold. Some of them are employed at the gas works; others in the garden; others, again, on the farm attached to the institution. With re-

gard to the first class inmates a rather peculiar arrangement is in force; the authorities hire them out in gangs of from ten to twenty to the various employers of labor in the district. With each gang an official overseer is sent to keep the employees to their work on the one hand, and see that they are properly treated by their employers on the other. The authorities make the contract, receive the wages, and are responsible for the work and good behavior of the men. If the distance be not too great, the gangs return to the reformatory every night; otherwise, only when the special work for which they are hired is finished. In the latter case the employers provide them with food and lodging. It is only the particularly trustworthy among the men who are ever hired out, owing to the opportunities it gives them for running away. Anyone, however, who is caught trying to escape, or who is proved to have connived at the escape of another, is at once put back into the third class, where he is quite secure from any temptation to repeat his offence. No one is ever hired out excepting at his own wish.

The full responsibility for the management of the Korneuburg reformatory, and for the well-being and safe-keeping of all who live there, rests upon the director, an official who has at once more varied and more difficult duties to fulfil than almost any

other man in Austria—barring the Emperor. Compared with his lines of life, those of an ordinary jail governor are cast in quite easy and pleasant places. The very raison d'être of the institution under his care is, it must be remembered, not so much to punish men for being loafers, as to take from them all wish to loaf—a much more appalling task. While, therefore, he is bound to enforce strict discipline, and to deal ruthlessly with the incorrigible, he must always be on the alert to detect and encourage any signs of improvement, even the faintest; for it is only by giving them a helping hand at the right moment, just when they are at the turning of the ways, that there is any chance of converting the sort of men who go to Zwangsarbeitshaus into useful members of society. As they are morally all more or less on the invalid list, they stand sorely in need of careful and delicate handling, and each one of them must be dealt with individually if any good is to be done among them. The success of the Korneuburg institution is due in a great measure to the fact that Herr Lunzer, who until quite recently was its director, was heart and soul in his work. He brought his personal influence to bear on his charges, dealt out among them encouragement, praise, and blame with nice discrimination, and he tried to humanize them, above all, to arouse in them a sense of self-respect.



The New French President

BY JOSEPH BRANDRETH IN LONDON MAIL.

That a scapegrace son does not always turn out a worthless man, is amply proved in the case of M. Fallieres, the new president of the French Republic. There was a light to his freckly in the Latin Quarter of Paris, and to his scandalous behavior later on at Bourges, and eventually he emerged from a nation's youth into a great servant of his Republic. His political career has been one long succession of triumphs.

THE strong desire of the Republican majority to place a strictly "safe" man at the head of the Republic has resulted in the election of M. Fallieres, the President of the Senate, as the chief magistrate of France. Perhaps, in existing circumstances, no better choice could have been made, for history is full of precedents of the danger a democratic republic runs from the placing of too popular or too strong a citizen in sovereign power.

It may be said of M. Clement Armand Fallieres that he has been placed in the supreme position entirely by the votes of Republicans, for neither the Monarchists nor the Nationalists, nor, indeed, the Conservatives of any shade of opinion, enter into the majority to which he owes his election to the presidency. In sending him for seven years to the Palace of the Elysee the Republicans know that they have secured a strictly constitutional president, one who will confine himself absolutely within the prerogatives of the chief magistrate of a democracy, who will in all things be guided by the advice of his responsible ministers.

To the great majority of his fellow countrymen, M. Fallieres is perhaps less known, and consequently less popular, than many other prominent Republican politicians, for though he has been a Cabinet Minister in no fewer than eight different administrations, he has never been a great popular tribune, and he is better known among legislators as a man who had

done yeoman service for his party than as a public orator who has swayed the masses.

M. Fallieres was born on November 6, 1841, at Mezin, in the Lot-et-Garonne, and he is therefore sixty-five years of age. His father, who was a wine-grower and likewise occupied the position of clerk to the justice of the peace and district land surveyor, was a staunch Conservative and anti-Republican, and was ambitious to make a lawyer of his son. Those who remember young Fallieres describe him as a lad of a somewhat melancholic and dreamy disposition, with great aptitude for learning and a good memory. The father, thinking his son wanted stimulating a little sent him to the Lycee at Angouleme, and here, at the age of eighteen, he took his degree as Bachelor of Literature. From Angouleme he went to Bordeaux, where in due course he passed his examination as Bachelor of Sciences.

In 1860 his father sent him to Paris for twelve months to study the law, but the frivolous manner in which the young man passed his time in the Latin Quarter, and the small progress he made, induced old Fallieres to remove his son from Paris and send him to Toulouse.

Two years later he was called to the Bar, and on returning to his native district he registered himself as a barrister at Nerac. Truth to tell, the records which have come down to us do not show that the young barrister went the right way to work to secure clients. With sundry other

young men of his own age and temperament he frequently scandalized the little easy-going town, and at times aroused the peaceful citizens from their sleep to the highest pitch of indignation by ringing all the door-bells in the town after dark.

Presently, however, the young man settled down to work in sober earnest. One day before an ironic and sarcastic judge he pleaded a case with such remarkable talent as to win it. People began to think that perhaps there was some merit in this young man after all. Another case which he carried to the Appeal Court at Bordeaux and won secured for him a strong local reputation. One day, in the presence of his staunch and easy-going old father, M. Fallieres ventured to assert his belief in Republican principles. This was too much for the Conservative clerk to the justices; he openly quarrelled with his son, and an estrangement was brought about which lasted for several years.

From that time forward M. Armand Fallieres became known as an active local Republican, and, thanks to his talent as an orator, he became in turn town councillor and mayor of Nerac. He was also elected a member of the County Council or General Council of the department. It was about this time that he married the daughter of a local attorney, Mlle. Bresson, the present Mme. Fallieres.

Later on M. Fallieres was dismissed from his office as mayor for holding opinions which were considered to advanced and democratic by the reactionary Government of the day. He was soon reinstated, however, and in 1876 he was elected as local member of Parliament to the Chamber of Deputies. He voted consistently with the Republican Left, and made his mark as a parliamentary debater of no mean order. In 1880 he was ap-

pointed Under-Secretary of State for the Interior. In 1882, in another moderate Republican Cabinet, he was given the portfolio of Minister of the Interior. In 1883 he became Prime Minister for a few months, but resigned because the Senate refused to vote a bill he had brought in for the banishment from France of all pretenders to the throne. He has since formed part of various Cabinets, and is known as a man of moderate and conciliatory views—in fact, an "opportunist." He refused at one time to vote for the separation of Church and State; but he has since shown himself favorably inclined, while President of the Senate, to M. Combes' measure, which has now passed into law. He was elected a Senator for his native district in 1880, and on March 3, 1898, he was elected by the Senate to preside over that somniferous institution in succession to M. Loubet, proclaimed President of the Republic.

Such is a brief outline of M. Fallieres' political career. Let us now consider the personality of the man. He is under the middle height, and very stout. There is an amount of "bon-homie" and gentle courtesy about his conversation which prepossesses one in his favor. Yet in manner he is, it must be admitted, somewhat ponderous, while his gestures are not devoid of a certain air of pretentiousness. He lacks M. Loubet's seraphic smile, but it is said that he is endowed with a certain firmness of character. To be quite impartial, I have also heard it said that he is sometimes lacking in political courage, and I must leave my readers to reconcile the two statements as best they can.

M. Fallieres is a capital shot, and there is nothing that pleases him so much as a day on the moors or

among the hills. He is a hearty eater, never partaking of less than three dishes at each meal, and he would hardly be a Gascon had he not a weakness for garlic in his food. He grows the wine he drinks at his own table, which is always laid for any of his personal friends who may "drop in" at meal times without ceremony. In justice it must be added that M. Fallieres does not expect his guests to drink his own wine, but provides them with whatever they may prefer. With a view to reducing his expensiveness as much as possible, M. Fallieres takes a long walk every morning, always making for some point of Paris which he has fixed upon beforehand. During the Summer, and whenever Parliament does not require his presence in Paris, he goes off to his country house at Loepillon, near Nérac, where he is a great local favorite. The wine-growers and vineyard owners all know him, and treat him familiarly. Without being a wealthy man M. Fallieres has put aside sufficient to bring him in a comfortable income for the remainder of his days.

He is ably supported by his wife, who is an accomplished hostess, and

whose natural refinement has been polished by a long period of official life in Paris. Mme. Fallieres, who is not above accompanying her cook to market occasionally, prefers women servants about her, and has never employed a man servant, though she will find the Elysee full of them. The new President has two grown-up children, a son and daughter. The son is a barrister in practice, and the daughter is still unmarried.

Those who would have preferred to see another man than M. Fallieres elected President say that he owes his success to the facility with which he has at all times been able to adapt himself to the circumstances of the hour. They apply to him the Italian proverb, "Mettere la coda dove non va il capo," but this is surely a compliment in disguise, for the man who, without losing his principles altogether, can yet accommodate himself to the progressive changes in his country's political tendencies is a good man to be at the head of a democracy.

It is better that the French Republic should have a great servant than a small master.



Tips and Tipping

BY CHARLES WINDHAM IN CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

Tipping has grown to such alarming proportions as to have become a menace to society, spread in the higher portions of the world. This question is universal; there is no locality in which it does not exist in various forms. Those who demand tips have at their disposal all who receive their gratuities and so independence is never known wherever it goes.

ALL things considered, it is perhaps as well that the identity of the man who first gave a "tip" has never been discovered. No doubt the individual in question was animated by the best motives, and had no idea of the heritage of annoyance and expense he was bequeathing to an innocent posterity. It may fairly be presumed, too, that he meant his ill-placed generosity to be regarded as a personal matter for that one occasion only, and not as establishing a precedent in either his own case or that of anybody else. Unfortunately, these praiseworthy intentions failed utterly, and the innovation spread promptly and to such an extent that what was originally an entirely optional custom has now practically become an obligatory one. From time to time, certainly, a few bold spirits have been daring enough to make a determined stand against the evil—for it is nothing less—but the attempt has never proved successful. Sooner or later the iconoclasts have, under pressure of the class whose vested interests are thus assailed, given way and fallen into line with every one else. Nor is this really to be wondered at, for to walk out of an hotel ignoring the outstretched hands of the army of domestics lined up in the entrance balls demands considerably more than an average amount of moral courage. Similarly with regard to every other instance where custom decrees that the insidious "tip" shall be bestowed. Per-

haps this explains in part why it is that although we all bitterly inveigh against the practice, yet we all subscribe to it.

One of the most irritating features in connection with "tipping" is that there is no rhyme or reason about it. Thus we see A, who does nothing, and pass by B, who possibly deserves recognition. When we dine at a restaurant the imposing headwaiter has a coin slipped into his hand at parting, although his labors on our behalf have commenced and ended with the presentation of the bill. Yet the cook who has prepared the dinner gets nothing at all. Again, we "tip," or "remember," as the individuals concerned, prefer to term it, the employees in a hairdresser's shop, but not those in that of a tailor or boot-maker. In the same way, cabmen are overpaid as a matter of course, while every halfpenny of change is firmly exacted from bus conductors. There may be some good and sufficient grounds for drawing these delicate distinctions, yet nobody seems to be aware of them.

That the practice of "tipping" is on the increase there is not the slightest doubt. New claimants for this form of recognition are continually springing up. In the old days, for example, when one stopped at an hotel the waiter, chambermaid, and "boots" alone expected a gratuity. Nowadays, however, these functionaries are joined by lift-boys, luggage-carriers, ball-porters, and waiters from all the various departments of

the establishment — smoking-room, drawing-room, reading-room, restaurant. Every one who has travelled must have a lively recollection of how, at the moment of leaving all sorts of individuals who have hitherto kept out of sight suddenly spring into existence. To ignore their snouts, but at the same time exceedingly eloquent, appeals is impossible.

It is said that a hardy Briton once left an ultra-fashionable hotel in Paris without bestowing so much as a single sou on any of the expectant throng gathered together to speed his parting. Waving them aside with a lordly gesture, he walked calmly through the front door into the street, ordering his luggage to be sent after him. The hall-porter was so taken aback that the daring visitor was safely out of sight before he quite grasped what had happened. Then, with great presence of mind, he transferred the luggage to a cab bound for the wrong railway station. It was the only possible method, he felt, of marking his sense of horror at the outrage committed on himself and colleagues.

A less drastic, but equally efficacious, manner in which hotel employees notify their uncomplimentary opinions of those with whom they come into contact takes the form of inscribing on the luggage certain hieroglyphics in chalk. Another plan is to arrange the labels in such a way that the staff at other establishments subsequently patronized will be able to decipher their hidden meaning. The code is rather complicated. Thus, according to whether an innocent looking label be pasted the right or the wrong way up, or on the top, the bottom, or the side, something different is meant. If only the system were known the traveler could en-

sure the command of special attention, for all he would then have to do would be to arrange the labels so as to read, "This is a generous man; treat him well," or something of the sort. It may possibly have been within the reader's experience on arriving at an hotel to find the servants extending him a welcome the reverse of cordial, and eyeing his trunks and boxes with apathy. For this the position of a tell-tale luggage label is responsible. At times, also, hall-porters, when they consider themselves inadequately rewarded, go a step further and chalk an offensive epithet on the baggage of the individual concerned. A place where this sort of thing frequently happens is Monte Carlo, and any one who falls below the standard of liberality laid down by the staff of the hotel he stops at there is liable, on departing, to find the words "salte" and "salir" scrawled on his boxes. The result is that when he reaches the railway station the porters, instead of attending briskly to him, all suddenly remember pressing engagements elsewhere. It often happens, too, that anything thus marked goes astray on the journey, rather leading one to suppose that it is thrown out of the window at the first convenient opportunity.

Ladies seem to be special sufferers from this unwelcome form of attention. A few weeks ago a letter on the subject appeared in a continental paper. The writer, a lady traveling alone, complained that on leaving a certain well-known Riviera hotel after a week's stay she dispensed gratuities on the following scale: *Femme de chambre*, hall-porter, and head-waiter, five francs each; "boots," four francs; lift attendants (two men), four francs; luggage porters (two men), four francs; omnibus conduc-

tor, three francs—total, thirty francs. Despite this really liberal expenditure she evidently failed to satisfy the greed of the staff, for when she reached the station she discovered that all her luggage had an insulting remark chalked on it. An experience of this sort is not calculated to give one a very pleasant impression of continental travel.

Just as the appetite grows on what it feeds upon, so does "tipping" increase with "tips." It is the lavish and ill-placed liberality of certain individuals that is responsible for the serious proportions which the system has now assumed. The moderate gratuities once given in rare instances and entirely as a matter of grace for services outside the ordinary no longer obtain. "Tips" have become many and large, and are looked upon by their recipients as their just due. If they are not forthcoming pressure is brought to bear by the class concerned, and pressure of a nature that few are bold enough to stand against. It seems that it is the wealthy tourist from the United States more than anyone else who has made "tipping" such a tax. Scattering dollars where shillings would be more than ample, they make the way very difficult for the equally well-intentioned but poorer individuals who come after them. It is only natural that when once a waiter has had half-a-sovereign for performing a trifling service, he turns up his nose when the next patron offers him half-a-crown.

One of the chief difficulties in connection with the whole system of tipping" is that there are no exact rules about it. Thus no one can declare with certainty either whom to "tip," when to "tip" or how much to "tip." It is all very well to say that the answer is "everybody," "al-

ways," and "liberally;" for, though excellent in theory, this does not work out in practice at all. Then some professed experts declare, with regard to the amount, that the proper scale of disbursements is, in the case of residence at an hotel, 10 per cent. of the bill. This, however, is by no means a safe calculation, as it generally means far too small a sum. Suppose, for example, a four days' hotel bill to be two and a half guineas. The "tip" percentage would then be a trifle over five shillings, a sum which it would be impossible to divide in such a manner as to satisfy everybody who expects to share in it. The number of these is often embarrassingly large. First and foremost is the lordly head-waiter; then comes at least one assistant. These two alone will leave very little change out of five shillings, while the hall-porter, chambermaid, lift-attendants, and luggage-carriers have also to be reckoned with. Then, if one stops long enough to run up a bill for 20 pounds, the 10 per cent. basis is equally inapplicable.

To lay down the precise amount to be bestowed on each applicant is scarcely feasible, as the distribution depends on many different circumstances. A long stay, for example, means larger gifts at parting than a small one; and, similarly, more is expected of the occupant of a first-floor suite than of the individual who contents himself with a modest bedroom at the top of the house, while the class of hotel patronized is also a governing factor. Striking an average, however, it may be said that, in the case of a week's residence, the following sums are ample: head-waiter, five shillings; waiter, half-a-crown; chambermaid and hall-porter, two shillings each; luggage-porter, eighteen pence;

lift-man, a shilling. They will all probably look as though they wanted more, but they will at least have the grace to say, "Thank you."

Sea-trips are closely bound up with sea-tips. Indeed, one cannot go on the shortest voyage without discovering that the passage money is not by any means the only expense to which the traveller is put. The different "tips" or gratuities may be small in themselves, but they mount up to a good deal in the aggregate. On a long journey—to Australia or China, for example—they are apt to make a considerable hole in the ten-pound note; while even on one of only a few days' duration they can easily run away with the best part of five pounds.

It is difficult to lay down any hard-and-fast rules about "tips" on board ship. They are governed by many different circumstances, such as the duration of the voyage, the class of cabin occupied, the amount of attention required, and the ideas on the subject of the individual concerned. First-class travellers are naturally expected to be more generous than second-class ones, and on some lines "tips" run higher than on others. This latter circumstance has very little to do with the length of the voyage, for the big Atlantic liners which run between America and England in five days call for more private disbursement of this sort than do many of the vessels plying to India and the east. Cruises on pleasure-yachts, too, mean larger gratuities than usual.

To the inexperienced voyager the task of discovering whom to "tip" is almost as difficult as that of discovering how to "tip." The novice is certain to give either too much or too little, while he is also very apt to press his parting gifts upon the wrong people. A wealthy but un-

travelled individual, in his anxiety to do the right thing, once took the captain aside as soon as he came on board and blandly offered him a sovereign to see that he was made comfortable. Another stood as much in awe of his cabin-steward that he passed him by altogether when the critical moment came.

The number of people on board ship who expect to be tipped (or "remembered," as they themselves more elegantly put it) is large enough to be a serious consideration. Roughly speaking, every one—except the officers—who comes into contact with the passengers thinks himself ill-treated if not pecuniarily rewarded at the end of the voyage. Of course there is no compulsion to fall in with this view; at the same time, those who hold aloof from the general practice are not likely to have their comfort studied to any great extent. Thus the non-tipping but strong-minded traveller never finds himself called at the proper time in the morning, the bath is always occupied when he wants it, his deck-chair gets washed overboard in the night, and portions of his baggage mysteriously disappear when he is leaving the ship. The next time he goes to sea he probably decides to subscribe to the custom, much as he may dislike paying for service that is nominally rendered free of charge.

First and foremost among these who are eligible for a "tip" is the chief steward. Unless he receives what he considers an adequate amount a bad seat at table is the result. On the American liners a sovereign is quite a usual figure to present this important individual with. The millionaire occupants of the best state-rooms and those who want the privilege of sitting at the captain's

table at meal times have to put their hands a good deal deeper into their pockets. A more modest scale obtains on the P. & O., Orient, and Union Castle lines, on any of which a sovereign is regarded as an outside gratuity even for the longest voyage.

After the chief-steward has been "remembered," the man who waits at table claims attention. Five shillings for a short voyage to the Mediterranean or Egypt, and ten shillings for a long one to India or the Cape, are the usual payments in this case. The cabin steward expects recognition on at least the same scale, and as he works harder for the passengers' comfort than any one else, often gets more. Then comes the bath-steward, who sees no reason why he should be left out in the cold when anything is being given away, although on board ship people almost invariably prepare their own baths. However, he generally receives half-a-crown from every one upon whom he is supposed to be in attendance. The last to submit a claim is the baggage-room steward. A couple of shillings meet it well enough.

So much for the staff below deck. There is another one above which has no intention of being overlooked when tipping-time arrives. At its head is the smoking-room steward, who seldom does anything more laborious than whistle down a speaking tube for cigars. In order that he may not collapse from overwork, he is provided with an assistant who fetches drinks from the adjacent bar as they are required. Each of these worthies thinks himself ill-used if he is not presented with at least four or five shillings by all who have used the smoking room during the voyage. The deck-

steward who is responsible for the accessories of the various games played on board, has also to be remembered and, finally, there is the quartermaster who looks after the deck-chairs. Half-a-crown apiece is enough on their account, although they themselves may hold a different opinion about the matter.

On some lines a practice prevails of placing a box in the smoking-room or saloon, in which passengers are requested to deposit such "tips" as they may feel inclined to give. The amount of these is then divided equitably among the staff. The plan spares the traveler a good deal of trouble and mental anxiety. It also has the advantage of ensuring that no one gets a larger share than by the accepted custom he is entitled to. Among the participants, however, it is not popular, for they consider that the total thus subscribed is below what it otherwise would be. The shipping-line which relieves its patrons of this taxation entirely (for the "tipping system" amounts to nothing else) has a great future before it. Unfortunately, such a line has not yet come into existence.

Perhaps the country where "tipping" is more deeply rooted than anywhere else is Egypt. The persistence of the demands for "back-sheesh" there is quite proverbial, and the appearance of a stranger in the streets of Cairo or Port Said is the signal for the immediate swarming round him of beggars, hucksters, guides, and trunks of every description. Even when one makes a purchase in a native shop one is expected to leave a piastre or two behind, nominally "for coffee." In Italy, too—and especially in Naples—touring and "tipping" go hand-in-hand. The only

thing to be thankful for is that throughout the entire country gratuities are smaller than anywhere else in Europe. An hotel hall-porter in Rome heaves when he is presented with a couple of lire, and equally moderate disbursements are gratefully accepted by waiters and chambermaids. There are, however, so many

of them to participate in the visitor's bounty that even these small sums form a serious item in the cost of an Italian tour. Altogether, protest against it as we do, the "tipping system" has come to stay, and not even the most resolute of passive resisters can stand against it for any length of time.

Letter-Scrappers and Their Work

BY L. J. BOSHROOK IN THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

What is a letter-scraper? It is possible that very few people on this side of the water know, but in England, where the typewriter is not used to the extent it is here, a letter-scraper is a well known and well remunerated trade. He, it is, who addresses the thousands and thousands of envelopes in which British merchants send out their circulars.

WHAT is a "letter-scraper"? The question may well be asked by those unacquainted with the dark side of London life, or, indeed, of life in any other of our great cities. The endless tide of humanity which flows into London every year, brings with it those who, from one cause or another, go down in the fierce struggle for existence, and sink into what is known as the "submerged tenth." These men, often of good education wander desolately through the streets, and are only too glad to turn their hands to anything which will afford them prospect of food and shelter. Some resort to Ham Yard, not far from Piccadilly Circus, which may be termed the headquarters of the "sandwich" men. Others, and particularly those who are physically weaker and educationally stronger, take to "letter-scrapping."

If you wish to know what this means, it can be told in one word. A "letter-scraper" is simply a man who directs envelopes, being paid at

the rate of from 2s. 6d to 3s. per thousand. It is dreary, monotonous work, and even a clever penman will find his hand soon tire as he tackles the pile of envelopes before him. By the time he has got through his thousand, the few shillings he has gained thereby are well earned. Anyone who has ever tried it knows what drudgery it is. To direct a thousand envelopes may appear a comparatively easy task, but it takes a much longer time, and is far more fatiguing, than most people would imagine.

There was a time when large firms employed their own clerks for this particular class of work, and it was only on rare occasions that the poor outcast of the streets got a chance to undertake it at his poverty-stricken home. But when the enormous increase of letters and circulars sent out by business establishments of all kinds, the demand for outside help grew, and was promptly met. More than one agency was started, and addressing envelopes has now become a regular business in itself, giving em-

ployment to a large number of men.

One of the first institutions to see the possibilities opened up by this demand, as a means of helping the outcast and homeless, was the Bessbrook Advertising Agency, of Queen's Square, W.C. This institution was founded by Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, who had taken a deep interest in social work in London, and had been associated with various agencies for the relief of the poor. The Bessbrook Homes, as they are called, were named after Mrs. Maynard's father, the late Mr. John G. Richardson, of Bessbrook, Ireland, who was the pioneer of what is now known as the Garden City movement, and who gathered around him a healthy and vigorous industrial community, free from the contaminating influence of the public house.

A start was made at the Bessbrook Homes, men were gleaned in off the streets, and envelope addressing soon became one of the staple industries of the institution. The work grew enormously. At the present time the number of envelopes addressed every year runs into millions, and for clearness of writing and accuracy the workers at the Homes have gained a high reputation. It is to this department that out-of-work clerks naturally gravitate; and Mr. Maynard Hare, who is in charge of the Homes can tell some strange stories regarding the life-histories of these men. One man, for instance, an American, who had been reduced to the lowest degree of destitution, found his way to the Homes in search of work. It proved the turning point in his career. He is now in a permanent situation and earning good wages. Instances of this kind, however, are by no means

uncommon. Many of the workers have found it meant a fresh start in life for them. They have been drafted into houses of business, and thus regained responsible positions.

At the Bessbrook Homes each man is paid every day for the work done. Out of this he pays a small sum for his bed, and buys his own food. He is treated, in fact, not as the inmate of an institution, but an employee of a house of business, and in this manner his self-respect is encouraged. Services are held at the Homes every Sunday and Friday, and in the long Winter evenings the hall is open as a library and reading room free of charge, and this tends to make the institution a home in the true sense of the word.

Of the outside agencies established for the purpose of envelope addressing, the oldest and most widely known is that of Messrs. Geo. Smith & Co., whose offices are at Gresham House, Old Broad street. The work is not carried on at this address, however. They have a large building in another part of the city, which resembles a huge warehouse, where many hundreds of men are constantly employed. They are the largest employers, indeed, in this particular business, and it speaks well for their treatment of their workers, when it is stated that some of their men have been with them for the last twenty years.

The late Dr. Barnardo, it may be added, was a good friend to the "letter-scraper," as well as to so many homeless waifs. He gave out a great quantity of this work, and generally paid higher rates than could possibly be obtained elsewhere.

Investing for Women

WORLD'S WORK

It is frequently a problem with women, having but slight knowledge of the world of business, how best to invest small sums of money. Some sound advice is given in the following short article. An brief character favors government or municipal bonds and disapproves buying stocks and bonds, considering the avoidance of securities, this is heavily advertised in the *Sunday* or *semi-weekly* press.

WHEN one of the greatest financiers of the United States was asked by the widow of a man who had been his secretary how she could invest the \$4,000 which her husband had left to her, the financier shook his head.

"Madam," he said, "I can name for you no investment that will give you more than four dollars a week in income from such a sum. To try to do so would be to expose you to danger that you should not run. Put the money in a savings bank. Use what you need of it to pay for a six months' course in stenography and I will give you a salary that will not you 20 per cent. on your whole capital."

The advice was sound. Small amounts of capital, owned by a woman or a man who cannot give skilful personal attention to it, cannot be invested in any securities with the same safety and the same profit that it will find if it be invested in useful, profit-creating knowledge. The advice was given four years ago. It cost the woman \$400 to live for six months, during which she became an almost expert stenographer. She took a position at \$15 a week. With the residue of her capital she soon afterward established a typewriting bureau.

She now has savings to invest—not large sums, but (say) about \$300 a year. How should she invest them? The problem is to invest \$300 safely, thereby increasing her income so far

as safety will permit and laying up for the future a capital asset—in other words, a safe though modest wealth.

The field for such an investment is very narrow. Undoubtedly the safest and most conservative investment of this kind is in city, county or state bonds. For such an investment railway bonds are utterly unsuitable. They are generally issued in \$1,000 or \$500 pieces. City bonds are issued in small amounts, and almost without exception they are perfectly safe. The law safeguards them. One does not have to pay taxes on the income derived from them. They will pay to the holder about 50 per cent. more than a savings bank will pay. The income will be from 3 1-2 per cent. to 4 per cent., according to the credit of the municipality that issues them. In New York they pay 3 1-2 per cent. or slightly less.

(The best way to buy them is at public sale. At least once a year New York City, for instance, sells bonds. They are advertised. One may put in an application for any amount of them, from \$10 upward. Generally, the man or the woman who bids for \$10 of bonds, provided the bid is good enough, will get them. Local bonds are better than the bonds of outside municipalities, because local bonds are exempt from local taxes, while others are not.

Failing a public offer of bonds, any reliable broker can generally find local bonds for the small in-

vestor. The fee for such a service is nominal, but the investor will do well to understand precisely what the fee is to be and to have it in writing before buying. The investment of such savings can, of course, be varied, as knowledge grows. A woman or a man who handles a few hundreds of dollars' worth of bonds will find that his or her knowledge will grow quickly.

Guaranteed stocks are very often recommended by the bankers to women investors of comparatively small sums. They, too, pay no taxes on the income. They sell, however, very high if the guarantee is perfectly good. It is not possible to get much more than 3 3-4 per cent. or 4 per cent. on them. Stocks of railroads guaranteed by the Pennsylvania, New York Central, or any other powerful and wealthy corporation, sell at least as high as municipal bonds of New York City. They can be bought with equal safety, but are hardly advisable in comparison with city bonds because it is more difficult to sell them when a sale is desired. Any woman who buys them should find out immediately what bankers will sell them when she needs to sell, and should "keep in touch with their market."

The unsafe ways to invest should also be pointed out here. If you have savings to invest avoid, as you would avoid the devil, the securities or insecurities that parade themselves week after week in the *Sunday* pa-

pers, on the billboards, or in the street cars, and in similar places. They are much advertised because they need to be much advertised to be sold. There are many associations throughout the United States—for building, for trading in real estate, and even for making investments—which are comparatively safe, but there is no telling when some new "interest" may take control and use them to unworthy ends.

Especially avoid mining stocks and bonds. Once out of two hundred times, let us suppose, you may get hold of something valuable. The stock of the Amalgamated Copper Company, which is the mining trust that controls the copper industry in the United States, has been as high as \$130 per share and as low as \$35 per share within the past four years. Being an outsider, you are just as likely to buy it at the high price as at the low—in fact much more likely, for at the high price it is much advertised and praised.

It is not wise to trust wholly to others. At the least, it will be found profitable in most cases to know precisely what has been bought with your money, how much was paid for every item, what every item represents, where it could be sold or pledged if need be, whether or not it is likely to advance greatly in price, whether its income is fixed by the law or can grow greater or less—in fact, to get a clear idea of the whole investment.

Millionaires' Advice to Young Men

LONDON'S MAIL MAGAZINE.

Three famous American millionaires, James J. Hill, Russell Sage and W. A. Clark, have just given to the world a series of their own plans of experience. Mr. Hill takes the ground that there are plenty of opportunities for every young man to succeed. Mr. Russell Sage believes that there is the basis of all lasting success, while Mr. Clark, the copper king, is an ardent supporter of hard and conscientious work.

MR. RUSSELL SAGE, the millionaire who has now practically retired from active work in American finance, has always been ready to advise young men, and his advice is always good.

He believes, also, that Providence helps those who help themselves, and that Providence is always looking out for the young man who thinks, plans, works, and economizes. Mr. Sage disputes the idea that any rich man becomes rich by trickiness. He says the great financiers of the world have become so by honest work and hard work. He told a friend once that his first £200 was made by small savings, and that he thought it better for a boy to be born poor than rich.

He believes that penny savings banks should be connected with the schools, and that thrift should form a part of every boy's education. He preaches the value of money, and advises every young man to live within his income, to spend less than he makes, and to invest what he saves. He thinks one should save one shilling out of every four, and more, if possible.

All his life until he was eighty years old he had good health—a very necessary factor in the fight for success, he says—and his good health was due, he believes, to careful eating, drinking, and sleeping. He does not believe in club life. He has all his life had a splendid physique. He attributes this largely to his work while a boy, and to the fact that he

has led, to some extent, an out-of-door life, having been fond of fast horses and driving.

He has always laid stress in his advice to young men upon the importance of saving money. From the time when he was an errand boy, earning four shillings a week, to this day, he is believed never to have spent a dollar on any luxury he could conveniently dispense with.

"Money was made to save," has been his watchword. A fancy dress ball given by some rich Americans at an estimated cost of £50,000 stirred within him all his New England thrift and prudence.

"Just think of it!" exclaimed Mr. Sage, to an interviewer, "£50,000 to enable a crowd of silly young people who need a sharp lesson in the ways of the world, and a crowd of grey-haired persons who are old enough to know better, to prance and caper and disport themselves, to the wonder and amusement of the men and women of New York."

"Fifty thousand pounds for a fancy dress ball! Well, I knew their father sixty years ago. He earned every dollar of the wealth he left. Fifty thousand pounds! It would make him turn in his grave if he could know of it."

A young Englishman on a visit to the States was introduced to Mr. Sage, and made bold to ask him what pleasures he derived from saving.

"Pleasures," replied the financier. "I have had one pleasure, and that

is to make money. The pleasure is in the making; the deal, the risk, and then the delight of winning. And then—well, I just put the money in the bank and look forward to the next deal."

He advises young people to spend little on dress. He pointed out to one inquirer that his own suit cost only 35s., and he was not ashamed to wear it.

Not long ago Mr. Russell Sage cashed a cheque for four cents (two-pence), and as he did so it is said that he remarked: "It was just like finding money; just like picking it up from the sidewalk." The cheque came in a letter. It was from a theatrical firm, calling his attention to their new play then running at the theatre, and enclosing this cheque to pay for the time used in reading the letter. This was the note: "Assuming that your income is 15,000 dollars a year, and that you appreciate the fact that time is money, we enclose cheque for four cents in payment of two minutes of your time at that rate, to be employed in carefully reading a brief and honest statement of the novel, applause-winning features in our new musical farce."

Such letters were sent to many wealthy New Yorkers; but it is said that Mr. Sage was about the only one who cashed the cheque.

What Mr. Clark Says.

"After having carefully determined upon an occupation or profession, which choice should depend largely upon qualification and congeniality—for a man must have his heart in his work if he must succeed—the most essential elements necessary for a successful career are fixity of purpose, unceasing industry, tem-

perate habits, scrupulous regard for one's word, perfect system in business, so as to be in close touch with all details, putting nothing off for the morrow, and courteous manners.

"Then there must be unflinching courage to meet and overcome the difficulties that beset one's pathway. If all these qualities be not inherent they may be and must be cultivated.

"Rather a host of qualifications, but the boy to make a thorough success in life must have them.

"I do not believe that a college education is necessary to qualify a man for a successful business career. I think that it will be found that few of the most brilliant business men have had such advantages.

"This, however, is probably accidental.

"A reasonable degree of proficiency I would consider absolutely necessary to successful management of a business, and I would consider that the highest education possible is desirable to fit a young man for any vocation in life.

"And toil. Yes, that's the word. But there is pleasure in toil. By toil you mean the suspension of hours devoted to pursuit of pleasure. A general after a battle may take a few hours to himself. He may muse and live over again the combat through which he has passed and feel joy in the victory that he has earned. He has worked hard, suffering agony of body and soul. It has been a hard fight, and the spoils belong to him. Don't you suppose that his soul rebounds with joy at having accomplished something?

"Take my case. I work hard; I take pleasure in my labors. I take pleasure in accomplishing something, in succeeding. I do not know that

you can call it the same joy that one obtains at grand opera or at diplomatic receptions, but it is a pleasure to know that your mind has been active in the solution of some problem or some commercial treaty, and that success has attended your efforts.

"What if I do work twelve, fourteen, and sometimes sixteen hours a day? My work is systematized, and, although it makes my brain tired, it does not to any great extent sap my strength. It is all a question of knowing how to go about it, and training does that. If you are going to get pleasure out of toil your mind and body must be in condition and developed to move like well-oiled machinery.

"I feel as young to-day as though I had just reached my twenty-fifth year. There is no limit to my capacity for work. Why should I spend my time in idleness when the world is moving on and on with giant bounds? I can do good by working. A captain may be able to give the helm to his mate in the open sea, but along the coast, in sight of scattered shoals, he himself is at the wheel. He knows the water and how to avoid a wreck. My business interests might continue without me, but not to my way of thinking. Thousands of men and women are depending upon my energies for their bread and butter. It is a trite remark, yet so true, that there is no pasture with a blade of grass that would not be stronger and richer with two blades in place of one. We grow and flourish as time goes on. Why should a man pause in his life's work?

"It requires capital, and lots of it, to extend commercial operations. But it is doing somebody some good, and it is doing the country some

good. Money makes it possible for a man to accomplish something for the benefit of his fellow man. These affairs are a part of my life's work.

"Does not my argument awaken in you a line of thought? Perhaps some will understand that to accomplish success in mining and railroad building there are great difficulties which beset the labor of organization. All commercial plans are not productive of gain. Some of them must fail. It is making them succeed that exalts me with the importances of making use of my time and money at this time, and I hope I may continue for many years.

"How can one retire and suspend operations that mean so much to those whose future he controls? It would be criminal."

James J. Hill's Advice.

"I'll tell you this: there are more opportunities than there are young men to take advantage of them.

"You say that life is more complex, and that as a result the personal incentive has vanished in proportion. That is perfectly correct except the conclusion. The world is bigger and life is more complex, but who will gainsay that if the world has grown bigger the opportunities have with it, and that if life is more complex, it at least results in a greater variety of opportunities.

"A young man has always had to help make his opportunities, and he must do that to-day as ever. But young men fail more nowadays than they used to because they expect to reap almost as soon as they sow. That is the very great trouble with the young men of the present. They expect opportunities to come to them without application, or proper shap-

ing of things so that opportunities will drift their way. You have to keep your eyes open and catch hold of things; they'll not catch hold of you, as a rule.

"Energy, system, perseverance, these are great components of success in a young man's life, and with them he is bound to succeed as well to-day as he ever succeeded. He must have a set standard of achievement; he must make up his mind what he is going to do in the world, and then keep fighting for this standard.

"But with that set purpose the young man must have the ability to go with the current of things. If a young fellow doggedly fights the world and circumstances without sense or reason all the time, he is liable to get nothing more than a sore head. He must know how to take advantage of opportunities—to use his brains, in short. A young man who has no brains ought to at least have enough animal sense to find it out, and learn to depend upon and get what benefits he can from the brains of others.

"Of course, the biggest chances do

not come to every young man. Some are born to lead, must lead, if the world's work is to go on properly. Wasn't it Artemus Ward who wrote of that very funny regiment composed entirely of brigadier generals? Well, that's the way the world would be if every one were a general. Men must obey others, at least, if that is the position in which destiny places them.

"But at least the young man who practices application, application, application, will get everything that he is fitted for, and maybe more.

"What is success? Man goes on and on and desires increase. My ambitious and designs as a young man were so moderate that it would interest no one to know what they were. But they increased with opportunities. Opportunities are waiting for young men to seize them. But they are not being grasped as they should be. Young men are not rising to occasions in adequate numbers. And it is all because they expect to slip to the top of the ladder before they know whether it has any rungs or not."



The Northwestern Wheat Trek

BY J. OSED SMITH IN APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE.

The enormous increase in immigration into the Canadian Northwest from the United States, and how it is reflected in the figures for 1904, with those of last year in the former year less than 50 people crossed the border; last year the number stood at the neighborhood of 50,000. The class of settlers seems to be one especially qualified to make the most of the opportunities afforded.

R EALLY more than three-fourths of America's total hard-wheat area lies north of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, that imaginary international line across which the farmers of the Western States are trekking in their thousands. From Minnesota, from the Dakotas, from Iowa, from Nebraska, from Illinois, from Wisconsin, from Kansas, from Montana, they are arriving and taking up land in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. This epoch-making movement of population is not without its literal claim to be described as the Great Trek, for it includes many hundreds of settlers who arrive across the boundary line just as their fathers came across the plains in tented schooners to the new lands of the Western States, a generation ago. Cross the Manitoba boundary in the month of July and travel northward by train or on horseback, and for fifty, for a hundred miles and more, you will be moving through a sea of wheat rippling to the wind, with the heavy yellow heads ripening to the harvest. Travel from Winnipeg westward, and it is the same story; nothing between your eye and the skyline but wheat, wheat! Leave the main lines of travel and strike off through the wheat fields that stretch to the circling horizon and the story is still the same. Here and there rise the red-bued elevators, where settlements have clustered into villages; but across the fenceless, unbroken ex-

pense nothing but wheat, wheat! New villages are constantly springing up. The network of railways radiating from Winnipeg grows like a many-branched vine, throwing out new shoots yearly. The total acreage under crop increases prodigiously from year to year. And yet the portion of the Canadian West which has been brought under cultivation is but small in comparison with the immense area remaining untouched. In Manitoba in 1904 there were a little over 2,500,000 acres under wheat. This is equivalent to a strip of land two miles wide and 169 miles in length. This strip produced nearly 55,000,000 bushels of the finest wheat in the world. Compare this area with only one of the many virgin districts in the Canadian Northwest—that of Saskatchewan Valley. This valley is 200 miles in breadth and 1,500 miles long—more than a thousand times greater than the cultivated area utilized for wheat in Manitoba last year—and nearly all of it awaits the seed.

I have made this somewhat general statement because it embodies fact with which the farmer of the States is rapidly becoming conversant, but to demonstrate the accuracy of the statistics quoted I may be permitted to include others from such authorities as Dr. William Saunders, director of the Dominion Agricultural Farms, as well as others who have made an exhaustive study of the Canadian Northwest and are familiar

with its possibilities of agriculture. They agree in the conclusion that in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta an area equal to 171,000,000 acres of land is available for the profitable culture of wheat, to say nothing of other cereals. In 1904 the wheat harvester passed over only 3,000,000 acres of this region although it yielded 60,000,000 bushels. To put it in another form, each acre of cultivated soil averaged twenty bushels. The farmer who reads this can appreciate the richness of land which thus responds to the labor of the husbandman, but for enlightenment of the lay reader I may be permitted to make a brief comparison with the harvest in some of the more notable wheat-growing districts of the United States. The grain grower of the Dakotas considers thirteen bushels to the acre an average crop in a fairly good season. That of Minnesota averages between fourteen and fifteen bushels to each acre. The standard of Wisconsin is thirteen bushels. Iowa and Nebraska range between eleven and twelve bushels to the acre. The figures for the States taken as a whole represent twelve bushels of wheat as the average harvest of each acre cultivated, yet this country still contributes a fifth of the world's supply of the cereal, and the States of Minnesota and the Dakotas more than one-twentieth in themselves, so extensive are their fields.

But the 200,000 Americans who have joined us in following the course of the furrow have been tempted by what the land of the Northwest produces as well as by how much it yields. Even the novice knows that the wheat sheaf has far more varieties than any other grain,

and that it is found springing from Russia's soil within the arctic circle as well as on the other side of the world in far-away Australia. Bread has been well termed the "Staff of Life," since humanity eats more wheat than any other food. When the machinery of the mills grinds "No. 1 hard," as it is called in the Canadian Northwest, the miller knows that his is the best flour that can come from between the grinding stones. It is admitted without argument that no richer variety—that is, wheat with a greater percentage of glutinous matter—grows on any part of the globe.

Why?

To best answer this question, let us accompany a home seeker in his quest. If he has been a tiller of the soil he notes its composition; but the loam or the mold or the clay is a single element contributing to his success. There are the climate, the moisture, the light as well as the heat of the sun to be considered. A literal translation of Manitoba is "The Land of the Great Spirit." So the Indians named it because of the deep black earth from which sprang the rich prairie grasses. Chemically speaking, this formation (which is found throughout the grain belt of the Northwest) is vegetable humus ranging from one to four feet in depth and containing nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and other ingredients which naturally fertilize it. But after the settler has built his cabin and turned under the stubble for his first planting, he is astonished at the rapid maturing of the plant. He can "make his crop" in less than four months after the seed has entered the ground. From the west come the warm Chinook winds, tempering the

atmosphere to the proper degree and preventing the frost blight. As the green of the stalk turns to gold, indicating the ripening of the grain, more and more hours are added to the light of each day. The many hours of sunlight and the prolonged twilight contribute not a little to the quality of the cereal, while in this latitude the climate is just cold enough to make it hardy, so that after harvesting the grain will withstand extreme changes in temperature without injury and can be sent away in the railroad car or in the hold of the vessel without other protection than its own delicate skin. In short, on these plains and in these valleys of the Northwestern wheat country nature in a kindly mood has arranged that the earth, sun, and air give forth the elements which bring the grain to the highest standard yet known to the world.

Thus it is that the human tide flowing northward has swelled wonderfully in volume since it began to set in toward the international boundary. Lured by the possibilities of the land, the number of settlers from the States who each year are seeking homes among us is so large as to seem to the uninitiated almost incredible, for only yesterday this peaceful invasion began. To again refer to the actual figures, our records show that as recently as 1896 less than fifty of these people settled upon land in Manitoba and the adjacent territory. Since then as many as 50,000 have come among us in a single year. But the immigration from other countries has increased also to a surprising degree. In 1897 only 10,864 were added to the number of our people. In seven years the figures had increased to 50,374,

while I believe I am safe in saying that during the year 1905 fully 25,000 new homesteads have been secured, furnishing a livelihood to an immense number of people. Nor have they taken up their abode too hastily. Carefully have they "spied out the land," as did the fathers in biblical times. Some of the prairie schooners which have crossed the line from Montana and Dakota have not stopped in Manitoba, but have continued on and on even to north Saskatchewan. Great as is the expanse of Northwestern Canada, little of it is entirely unknown to the land seeker. Already the modern path-maker—the railroad builder—has penetrated it so far with the steel highway that the traveler can go by rail 800 miles northwest of Winnipeg. From the railroad extend the wagon ways, so that really a very large proportion of this country is readily accessible. The frontier has been pushed back even to the northern limits of Alberta.

In the discussion of our topic, however, the character of this human movement is more important than its proportions, and deserves special consideration, just as the quality of the harvest is as essential as its abundance. I doubt if ever before the cultivators of virgin soil have attained such success at the outset, for it must be remembered that the rapid increase in our harvests has been almost entirely due to the addition to the acreage of production, caused by the influx of settlers. While, as already intimated, they have indeed entered into a favored land, in the main they have been of a class especially qualified to make the most of the opportunities afforded. This is emphatically true of the

newcomers from the States. Many of those from Minnesota and the Dakotas, for example, have already been schooled to the life in a new country. Experience has taught them how to avoid much of its hardships and to avail themselves of its advantages. They were quick to appreciate how the soil would respond to their efforts; they knew what seed to drop into the furrows, and the most economical methods to follow from plowing to harvest. They have been of the sort to attain the best results. But the same is true of nearly all of the American "invaders." It is only necessary to go through Manitoba, even far along the valley of the Saskatchewan, to verify this assertion. Where the grain rises to the horizon, shutting out all else to the one who stands amid it, there you see what the men from the States are doing. Where every acre is yielding its store and more of bushels, you find them beside the harvesters. They have come into the new land not because of failure with the old, but merely to better their prospects.

The traveler who chances into Manitoba, often comes to an agricultural settlement peopled almost exclusively by Americans. He will find perhaps a square mile occupied by a single family. The father cultivates one-quarter while his sons devote their effort to the rest of it, each having his individual farm. When the harvest time arrives, the sons come over and help the father get in his crop; then he returns the compliment. These family communities have done not a little in the production of quality as well as quantity, for friendly rivalry exists as to the one who can grow the most and best wheat to the acre. The same is true

of families that have been neighbors in the States and have found a home side by side in the new country. I have alluded to the economical methods they employ, but they are ever ready to expend liberally in the purchase of labor-saving devices, realizing that it is far more profitable to utilize the improved plow or harvester. Thus the traction engine has been a powerful factor in our agricultural development. It does the work of a score of horses in the various operations. In short, in the fields of the Canadian Northwest can be seen farm appliances equal in capacity and time-saving facilities to those employed on the great ranches of the States, and even in Russia, the "granary of the Old World," for the agriculturists of all classes who are accomplishing the results in the Northwest realize their value as well as the comers from the States.

It is worth while to allude to this feature of the industry of the soil since it has such a significant bearing upon our future. To calculate what Canada will contribute to the world's sustenance in the years to come is indeed fascinating when one analyzes the value of her present contributions. Thus far I have cited wheat as the one great product, but the success of the Americans and native folk has been due to the fact that they well know the importance of crop diversity. The individual harvests of thirty, sometimes forty, bushels to the acre so frequently recorded have been gathered from land which has not been exhausted of its fertility by continual planting of the seed. Consequently much of the acreage of the older farms is yielding grain as abundantly to-day as when its stubble was first turned

under and the earth exposed to receive the seed. The records establish this fact beyond question, so we may look for prolific crops from the older settled regions for an indefinite period. Undoubtedly predictions have been made of the Dominion's future as a cereal producer which are much exaggerated, but even a conservative estimate of its position a de-

cade hence contains statistics surprising in their magnitude. I will venture to say, however, that, considering the rapidity with which our waste places are being inhabited, the wheat crop alone, increasing yearly at the same ratio as the past four years, will at the end of the next fifteen years be fully 700,000,000 bushels.

How a Desk System Worked

WORLD'S WORK

The worried boy sits down with the blotting pad and the never-ending accumulation of work, and, if he follows the advice of the writer, of this article, find that there is a way of systematically clearing up everything day by day. The pleasure of work thoroughly done comes from the adoption of that system.

"THE way to despatch a day's work is to think of one thing at a time and to spend as little time as possible thinking about that thing," said the head of a large mercantile establishment. He was talking to the chief of one of his departments, who had asked for an assistant to help dispose of the mass of routine papers. As the business grew it began to look to the worried man as if the increasing tide would presently swamp him.

"The way to think of but one thing at a time and to acquire the habit of judging quickly is to systematize your desk. Come and see mine."

The manager, a little resentful, withdrew his head from the fortress walls of his roll-top desk, whose surface was strewn with letters, orders, memoranda and other papers, and whose pigeon-holes were filled to bursting, and followed his employer into his private office.

There stood a broad, flat-topped

desk covered with a thick plate of glass. On it were a telephone, a blotter, an ink-stand, and a pen-tray containing a pen, a blue pencil, pins, clips and rubber bands. At the back was a wooden rack with a half dozen vertical compartments. The sliding ledge on the right-hand side was pulled out and on it lay a little pile of papers.

"Just a moment," said the owner of the office. He seated himself, briskly transferred the pile of papers to the centre of the blotting-pad and seized the blue pencil. He picked up each paper in turn, glanced quickly through its contents and scribbled a few words on it. Some he placed in the different compartments in the rack. From time to time he pulled out the top left-hand drawer of the desk, lifted the cover of a portfolio that was the only object that lay inside, and quickly slipped a paper between two of its heavy leaves. Three or four times he pulled out a "tickler" pad with calendar leaves from

the top right-hand drawer and jotted down a memorandum against a certain day. In five minutes the desk was clear. He then pressed a button. A young man came in, gathered the papers from the rack and disappeared, evidently to distribute them to the heads of various departments indicated on the compartments of the rack.

"Do you understand?" he inquired of the manager.

"And now," said the employer, "how much of the stuff that litters your desk was there two hours ago? How much of the stuff in the pigeon-holes and in the drawers has been there six months? Suppose you clean house and then try a little personal system. We can talk about an assistant afterward."

After a little further instruction, the manager went back to his department. One month later the whole department presented a new aspect. It no longer had an appearance of confusion. There was no more shouting from desk to desk. The air of haste and worry had disappeared. No more hurrying pigeon-holes threatened to spill their contents down on family photographs, for family photographs and pigeon-holes had disappeared. There was not a roll-top desk in the department. Moreover, the manager and his clerks had acquired the habit of going home at half-past five instead of staying sometimes until half-past six to bring order out of a desk chaos as formerly.

The manager had installed a desk system and had directed his assistants to do the same. He had first gone through all the papers in his roll-top desk, and had sent every paper which he did not throw into the waste-basket to an appropriate de-

partment for final disposition. When he saw the number he threw away he was astounded. Everyone is who vigorously house-cleans a roll-top desk. He had provided himself with a flat-topped desk and with a portfolio which he kept in the top left-hand drawer. He had placed a rack at the back of the desk. He had then given directions that all papers to be brought to his attention be placed on the top of the desk in a neat pile to the left of his blotter, and that an office boy collect and distribute any papers placed in the rack.

On his arrival in the morning he would pull out the top drawer on his left and take from it a portfolio, which he placed at his right. He would then pull out the top drawer on his right, taking from it a memorandum pad and his "tickler." This "tickler" was merely a package of cards strapped together with a rubber band. Every card, however, bore a date and a memorandum. He would take from the "tickler" every card bearing the date of that day. Every card thus taken out was a reminder of something to be done. After running through these and making rapid memoranda, some of which he placed in the portfolio and some in the rack, he would tear up the cards he had noted and throw the pieces into the waste-basket.

He would next attack the pile of papers at his left, first placing them on his blotting-pad and then annotating them one by one, placing some in the rack and others in the portfolio. Having arrived at his desk at eight o'clock, he would have the pile finished by nine, though meanwhile another set of papers and letters had been gathering, but in a neat orderly pile on his left. It was now time to

take the portfolio from the right of his blotting-pad and place it squarely before him. A stenographer was called. The first compartment in the portfolio was filled with letters and memoranda requiring dictated answers. These were disposed of with the utmost brevity consistent with courtesy. But before beginning dictation the manager would turn to the second compartment of the portfolio, which was filled with papers held over from the previous day or held for a longer period, and decide whether the could be attended to at once, either by transference to the rack or to the first compartment of the portfolio. With the departure of the stenographer, he would turn to the third compartment of the portfolio, wherein lay memoranda of personal talks he must have, either over the telephone which stood on the desk or by a visit to the desk of someone else in the establishment.

A routine like this was maintained all day, in spite of such interruptions as queries from his subordinates, or telephone calls, or suggestions from his chief, on his periodical tours through the establishment, and reappearances of the stenographer to take more dictation. There was a place on the desk for everything that came. Permanent memoranda or papers for reference were placed in the second left-hand drawer in the desk, and the manager speedily learned to go through these at frequent

intervals and weed them out. Another drawer contained stationery, memorandum slips, cards, and other tools in orderly arrangement. Every night, when every paper that had come to the desk during the day had been properly placed where it belonged, the user of the desk placed his ink-stand and his pen-rack—like the one he had seen in his employer's office—inside the narrow drawer in the middle of the desk and closed the drawer. The conditions differed somewhat at the various desks in the department, but the manager insisted that a similar system, with the necessary variations, be established at every one. When the force had gone at night the department presented an array of clean desks bearing nothing but blotting-pads, telephones and drop-lights.

On one of his visits to the manager after the system had been established a month, the employer asked quizzically:

"Shall I get you that assistant?"

The manager looked down at his desk with the little pile of papers on one side and the portfolio on the other.

"No, sir," he replied, "I think I could now handle another department in addition to my own."

The employer glanced about and then looked thoughtfully back at the manager.

"I am thinking of giving one to you," said he.

How Railroads Make Public Opinion

BY RAY STANFORD BAKER in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

Mr. Baker is his contribution to the March McClure's, on the railroad industry to show how the railroad companies are seeking to mould public opinion. Several organizations have been formed for this purpose. Their methods are suggested by Mr. Baker, who holds that if the railroads have arguments to present to the public, they should present them openly.

RAILROAD men have a perfect right, in common with all other citizens, to present facts and arguments to the people. The more true publicity there is the better, for the public mind should not only be made up, but made up right. But the people have a duty to inquire concerning the sources of the information they are getting; they are entitled to know, when a man is presenting an argument, whether he represents himself or is paid by some one else. It is one thing to inform the public mind; another thing to deceive it. And finally the people have not only a right but a duty to inquire if the facts which they are receiving are true facts. Perhaps there was never before in our history and analysis upon the part of the such need of intelligent discrimination people as there is at this moment; it is a sort of supreme test of the nation. whether we know enough, whether we are brave enough, to deserve a real democracy.

Wall Street, accordingly, with characteristic thoroughness, organized a campaign; and a committee of three men was appointed to direct operations: Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern Railroad; F. D. Underwood, president of the Erie; and David Wilcox, president of the Delaware & Hudson.

Upon Mr. Spencer fell the main responsibility of the work, and for several reasons. In the first place, he

had for years made his headquarters in Washington, the central office of the Southern Railroad, where he naturally formed the acquaintance of many senators and congressmen; and he had come to know all the by-paths of legislative activity. An experienced, agreeable, discreet man—he was well fitted for the task. To him the railroads of the country, sharing the burden, contributed all the necessary money. The extent of the various enterprises of the organization will enable us to form some idea of how large a sum was required.

Several channels exist through which public opinion may be reached: newspapers and magazines, perhaps, first of all; speeches, lectures, and sermons; books; conventions; investigations.

The fountainhead of public information is the newspaper. The first concern, then, of the railroad organization was to reach the newspapers.

For this purpose a firm of publicity agents, with headquarters in Boston, was chosen. Their business was not extensive, but both members of the firm were able and energetic; and both had had a thorough training in the newspaper business. They had represented high-class clients; notably Harvard University.

Immediately the firm expanded. It increased its Boston staff; it opened offices in New York, Chicago, Washington, St. Louis, Topeka, Kansas—Kansas being regarded as especially



threatening—and it employed agents in South Dakota, California, and elsewhere. I can, perhaps, give the clearest idea of the scope of the work by describing the activities of a single branch office—that in Chicago.

The firm occupies rooms in the Orchestra Building on Michigan avenue. Its employees in Chicago alone number forty-three. Foremost among these are a corps of experienced newspaper men.

To this office comes every publication of any sort within the Chicago territory—every little village paper in Nebraska, Wisconsin, Illinois, and other states. All of these are carefully scanned by experienced readers and every article in any way touching upon the railroad question is clipped out and filed. But the bureau does not depend upon the papers alone. Traveling agents have visited every town in the country and have seen, personally, every editor. The record of these visits is recorded in an extensive card-catalogue. Here is the name of the town, the name of the editor, the circulation of his paper, whether he is prosperous or not, his political beliefs, his views on the trust problem, on the liquor question, even on religious subjects, the peculiar character of his paper, whether devoted mostly to local news, or whether expressing vigorous editorial opinions. Moreover, there are notations dealing with peculiar industrial and commercial interests of each town—its weaknesses and its strength. In short, reading some of the cards in this catalogue, I could almost see the little villages out in the Mississippi Valley, see the country editor in his small office, and understand all his hopes, fears, ambitions.

Possessed of this knowledge, how adroitly and perfectly the well-equipped publicity agents can play upon each town and influence each editor! Every card bears also, in columns, a list of numbers. Every number refers to an article sent out by the firm. Most of these articles are especially prepared by the staff writers for a certain town, or a group of towns. There is no confused firing of wasteful volleys; each shot is carefully aimed. It is really interesting material often mingled with valuable matter on other subjects, and the country editor, like every editor, is eager for the good things. In cases I know of the railroads have employed very able correspondents at state capitals, or at Washington, who sent daily or weekly letters on various subjects, but never failing to work in masked material favorable to the railroads. Often, perhaps usually, the editor has no idea of where this material comes from. It apparently drops out of the blue heavens like a sort of manna—for these publicity agents are careful not to advertise the fact that they are in any way connected with the railroads.

Having sent out an article to an editor, his paper is closely watched by the readers, and when it appears the number in the card-catalogue is checked in red. A glance at a card, therefore, will instantly reveal how much and what sort of railroad articles every paper in the country is publishing, how railroad information is running high in one community and low in another—whether a paper is "good" or "bad" from the standpoint of the railroads.

This card-catalogue is well named in the office "The Barometer." It is certainly as good an indicator of

the atmosphere of railroad opinion in the country as could possibly be devised. It gives the observer, indeed, an impression of hopeless perfection. What chance have feeble, unorganized outsiders to make and register public opinion in the face of such a machine?

Does it get results? Indeed it does. One of the members of the firm told me with pride of the record in Nebraska. In the week ended June 5th, last, the newspapers of that state published exactly 212 columns of matter unfavorable to the railroads, and only two columns favorable. Eleven weeks later, after a careful campaign, a week's record showed that the papers of Nebraska had published 262 columns favorable to the railroads and four unfavorable. A pretty good barometric condition!

But the work is by no means confined to the offices. If an editor is found to be radically antirailroad, as frequently happens in the west, an agent goes about among shipping and commercial organizations of the town and stirs up public opinion against the editor. Now, shippers and business men generally are peculiarly subject to railroad influence or discrimination. A very little thing will put them wrong with the railroad. Consequently, when the railroad asks a favor that costs nothing—like the signing of a petition, or the writing of a letter—why, they are inclined to yield and avoid trouble. Moreover, it is of familiar knowledge that the politicians in many towns are pro-railroad. Usually one or more of the prominent lawyers are retained by the railroads, and there is always the local railroad staff to be counted upon.

All these forces are so cunningly

marshaled that the recalcitrant editor is "smoked out" by his own people.

Now, I have no evidence that this particular firm of publicity agents had any "corruption fund" or that they paid editors to support the railroad cause. Moreover, I do not believe, knowing something of the character of the men, that they have done it in any instance. Their position was this: they owned a publicity machine—a highly intelligent one. They sold its services to the railroads and thereafter they sent out railroad arguments just as they would have sent out baking-powder arguments if they had been employed by a baking-powder company—without wasting a moment's thought apparently as to what effect their action might have upon the public welfare.

Two points must be emphasized. In the first place these agents conducted their operations secretly. It is a principle that the attorney must declare what client he defends. If these agents had appeared frankly before the court of public opinion as railroad employees, no one could have quarreled with them; and they would have deceived no one. And why, if the railroad men have a really good argument, should they not make it openly and frankly?

In the second place, against such an organization as this, supplied with unlimited money, representing a private interest which wishes to defeat the public will, to break the law, to enjoy the fruits of unrestrained power, what chance to be heard have those who believe that present conditions are wrong? The people are unorganized, they have no money to hire agents, nor experts to make investigations, nor writers to set forth the facts attractively. The result is,

that the public gets chiefly the facts as prepared by the railroad for their own defence. The case is exactly that of the rich litigant who goes before the court with lawyers, experts, and unlimited money to combat the poor litigant who must appear without lawyers or experts whom he has no money to hire. And in this case the rich litigant represents the few thousand railroad owners and those powerful shippers who are favored by railroad discrimination, and the poor litigant is the great unorganized public.

Besides the direct preparation of articles for newspapers, these publicity agents send out enormous numbers of publications in pamphlet and book form.

Now it is a good thing for the people to have all these arguments; provided, they know the source from which the arguments come and provided, the other side has an equal opportunity to present its case. Editors, professors in colleges, prominent lawyers, clergymen, and other public men, any one, indeed, who is likely to have seen a little influence in his community, have been supplied with much of this railroad literature. Most of the pamphlets are not on their face railroad arguments at all, but are seemingly perfectly dispassionate and unprejudiced discussions of the problem. I have a collection of fifty-six such books and pamphlets, all different, issued within the last few months. The literature varies all the way from a cloth bound book of 486 pages to a leaflet of four pages. Since I began my present series of articles on the railroad question I have had at least thirty copies of one of them, a small book prepared by H. T. Newcomb, of Washington, called

"Facts About the Railroads," sent to me from various parts of the country by people who wanted to know where it came from, and whether or not it was a railroad publicity pamphlet. These various publications are planned to reach every interest. One is addressed to the farmers, called "The Farmer and His Friends," another is for workmen, another is a book of 206 pages for lawyers, discussing the legal aspects of the question, with careful summaries of decisions. There are many pamphlets for editors, containing reprints from editorials published by papers in various parts of the country—some of them having been originally written in the office of the publicity agents and sent out to the newspapers.

Finally, there is the new book by Professor Hugo R. Meyer called "Government Regulation of Railway Rates." This book is being widely circulated by the railroads, and is regarded as one of the strongest arguments in their favor. Professor Meyer is connected with the University of Chicago, and is perhaps the only economist in the country who appears as a thick-and-thin defender of present railroad conditions. This book is well written and interesting, the result of twelve years of work; it bears on its face the marks of the sincerity of the author's convictions. But the work throughout is marked by singular bias and prejudice, a fact so evident that it comes in for censure from such a publication as the Railroad Gazette. The editor of the Gazette says in the issue of December 1, 1905: "We deeply regret that the learned professor should have approached his subject with such mistaken evidences of partiality and bias."

But this Boston firm, widespread as are its activities, does not by any means control all of the publicity enterprise of the railroads. The State of Iowa, for example, is exempt from its activities. Iowa has been called the "Q Reservation," from the political domination of a large part of the state by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. Its railroad dictator is J. W. Blythe, attorney for the Burlington. The railroads have their own publicity department located in Des Moines and headed by W. J. Garrison, who goes a step further than the Boston firm and actually offers to pay editors for printing pro-railroad literature. How can the people form a just opinion upon a subject if the very facts, which should be presented without bias, are warped by railroad money?

Concerning another publicity device of the railroads the Nebraska State Journal says, October 5, 1905:

"Editors of country papers have been surprised lately at receiving from some source a proposition to furnish them supplements of good reading matter free of charge, they

only to agree to run the supplement as a part of their papers. A few accepted the offer. The first supplement contained hidden in the reading matter an attack on the parcels post, which the express companies are fighting with might and main. The second contains a veiled attack on President Roosevelt's railroad policy.

"The headlines of this article quote Senator Ellkins as 'willing to co-operate with President Roosevelt in passing satisfactory measures to control the railroads,' but the body of the article gives the Senator's well-known pro-railroad views. It isn't polite to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but this seems to be one of the cases where politeness is not to be considered."

The supplement here referred to is published by a man who has long been employed by the railroads, chiefly in promoting Western agricultural development.

I could give the names of many other such agents, at Washington and elsewhere, but there seems no need of multiplying instances.

The Causes of Unemployment

BY THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK IN THE DAILY MAIL

Our readers will recall that the Countess of Warwick was one of the labor party's best workers in the recent bye-elections. She did not hesitate to reveal the relations between the employers and the labor unions. Her views on present conditions and on the relation of labor to capital are set forth in the following article.

UNEMPLOYMENT is generally regarded as (a) a passing social ailment or symptom of local disorder; (b) a natural phase of civilization; (c) the result of intemperance, indolence, or incapacity in individuals.

To those holding the belief last

referred to, however, one would point out that unemployment is not an individual state, but a social condition, a slough of despond, into which individuals are constantly being pushed. Personal conduct may decide which of two individuals shall be employed, but it does not decide

how many shall be unemployed. One discharges a workman only because there is, among the unemployed, some one better to replace him. A good workman is pulled out of the slough of despond, and an inferior man thrown in. The actual number of unemployed has been altered.

Indolence and vice are found in all classes, as much among the rich, if not more, as the poor. At least there is more excuse for the latter, who often drift into bad habits as the result of irregular work, low wages, and miserable surroundings, which breed in them disgust and despair.

Many regard unemployment as solely the result of "bad trade." It is little realized how large are the numbers of unemployed even in times of "good trade." It is a common thing for two per cent. of the members of a trade union of skilled men to be out of work. Among unorganized, and usually inferior, men in the same trade the percentage is very much higher. In times of best trade some 20,000 to 30,000 trade unionists are on the hooks of their societies, and it must be remembered that, as they are receiving out-of-work pay, elaborate care has been taken to weed out shirkers, for every trade society is a great labor registry and exchange. Since the non-unionists number seven to one, and since their percentage of unemployed is higher, there can seldom be fewer than 150,000 to 200,000 unemployed workers even in times of good trade. This would at once become apparent but for the evil system of casual labor. In such industries, for instance, as dock work one man is employed on one day, another on another. They are all reckoned as being "employed," but really on

any given day more than one-half of them would be found unemployed.

In such calculations no account is taken of the numbers of unemployed clerks, insurance agents, canvassers, and so on. Nor, of course, of confirmed tramps, beggars and criminals who, when reclaimed, only find employment by displacing someone else.

Those who regard unemployment as the result of "bad trade" should study the Board of Trade returns for last year, with their record figures of imports and exports. Yet there exists on every side of us such distress as would make us stand aghast were we not disposed to take everything for granted while things go well with our individual selves. "I am fed, I am clothed, I am housed; therefore all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds." So long as one can dine at the most luxurious of restaurants it is difficult to believe that men cannot get work if they want it, especially if one considerably abstains oneself from work so as to give them a fair chance.

"Bad trade," season work, or changes of fashion help to aggravate unemployment and produce alarming symptoms of the disease, but its roots lie deeper far, and no ameliorative measure can hope to succeed unless it be devised with some knowledge of how deep the roots do lie.

No members of the building trades need really be unemployed, so far as the need for their labor goes. A large proportion of our people are worse housed than the cattle of a decent farmer. Therefore real need for such labor is obvious. It is equally monstrous that the tailor and shoemaker should be unemployed, when, as Dr. Eichholz, of the Education Office, told the Inter-Depart-

mental Committee, there are 123,000 children in London alone going to school in an underfed condition. What sort of clothing are these unfortunate children likely to have when even bread is wanting?

Obviously, then, there is urgent demand for the services of all workmen, but the spending power to make that demand effective is lacking by the very classes that could and would use it.

It is clear that all incomes, whether wages, salaries, pensions, rent, dividends, or interest, come from our industries. What is not always recognized is that an increasing proportion of the nation's income goes to those who, already having more than they can spend, make no effective use of the increase. Out of our national income of £1,800,000,000 little more than a third goes in wages. Economies resulting from the concentration of an industry in fewer hands increase the proportion going to rent and interest. The people have to see an increasing proportion of the wealth they produce taken from them, not even to be spent on luxuries which other workers might produce, but simply to make other concentrations and economies, and so further to reduce the area of employment. The spending power passes from those who need to those who have long since satisfied every need except one—that of more wealth.

If all the cotton-spinning of the country could be done by a few thousand automatic machines and a few hundred operators, a group of financiers might corner the entire industry. They would not consider how to employ the army thus thrown out of work, but would use their revenues to conquer other industries irrespective of how many were thus

employed. Why not? The wrong lies not in the number affected, but in the fact that even a single willing worker can be debarred from employment while land, machinery, and tools are lying idle and others are in urgent need of the things he is able to produce.

This evil is an inevitable result of land and capital being used to enable a few individuals to live at the expense of their fellows, who are only allowed to live at all in so far as they minister to that end. As the means of life concentrate in fewer hands the problem will grow more acute, and the ranks of the unemployed will be swollen by increasing numbers of managers, clerks, agents, ruined merchants and shopkeepers—an already noticeable feature of the United States. There is no solution of the unemployed problem save in the organization by the community of its own resources for the common good of its citizens.

The better educated workmen clearly see this, and see also that an unemployed class is vitally necessary to the capitalist in resisting movements towards better conditions. Even the rank and file begin to recognize that unemployment is but one phase of the whole question of poverty. Hence the leadership of the labor movement is passing into the hands of socialists, in whose ideals the workers see their only hope. It is not out of mere weakness that they have so long endured want, hardship, anxiety, the sufferings of wives and children, but because they could not see how matters could ever be otherwise. The men to whom the term "class war" once seemed mere vaporing now realize that it may have a practical significance in the shaping of political programmes.

The World's Most Extravagant Women

SUN MAGAZINE.

The women of New York can well claim to be the most extravagant in the world. Their expenditure for dress and ornaments reaches almost a fabulous sum. Compared with the average their expenditures are very far in excess of it. And, incidentally, with a few fine dresses on, the so-called women in New York have done and done all that. Two thousand dollars a year is a luxurious dress allowance.

THE increasing splendor of New York's wealthy people in their clothes, their homes, their pleasures, their entertainments and the cost of maintaining this splendor are popular topics just now with persons both in and out of fashionable society, both in this and in other countries, for the fame of New York's prodigal expenditure crossed the ocean long ago.

A discussion of these topics always develops a big difference of opinion. Old World fashionables, for instance, lean to the opinion that, take them all in all, wealthy Americans are the most recklessly extravagant people on earth, and Americans who have lived for months at a time in European capitals and are quite at home in fashionable society of other countries agree with this opinion. Said one of the latter the other day:

"The expenditure of New York's wealthy women indicate an appalling extravagance not equalled in any other country."

Descendants of the Kniekerbockers who helped to shape New York's early history sometimes shake their heads warningly and hint that the same fate which overtook other high living, recklessly extravagant countries in the long ago will eventually overtake New York. To their minds the emulation among New York fashionables who wear costly clothes and exhibit them by costlier mediums proves that sooner or later they will tie up every dollar of surplus capital

in finery and furnishings in lace, furs, brie-a-brac and racing machines.

For the most part it is the older, more conservative element in fashionable society, the comparatively small section blent with more family tree than dollars, that entertains this view. Younger and richer and perhaps less pedigreed generations are not worried on that score. The fate of effete monarchies of centuries ago is left out of their calculations.

"Phaw," they say, "what parallel do those old countries offer for America? America is unique. Never before was there a democracy which multiplied over and over again its millionaire class in less than a quarter of a century. Never before was there a city like New York which includes multi-millionaires by the dozen in its population. Wealthy New Yorkers are lavish, but not extravagant spenders, and their lavishness is justified."

Naturally the average New York woman, wealthy or well to do, prefers the latter view. Talk with any woman of the fashionable class and she avows the idea that she herself is extravagant, even while admitting that some of her friends may be. Most of these women laugh at a comparison of past and present splendor in New York's clothes and style of living. Said one, whose clothes are the despair of her enemies:

"Compared with my great-grandmother the up-to-date woman does

seem to be a spendthrift. But think of how differently she lives.

"I remember being taken when a small child to call at the house of Commodore Vanderbilt in Washington place, considered a handsome dwelling in those days, and there were horsehair chairs and sofas in the drawing room, which was heated with a big stove. I presume that three or four servants were ample to look after the entire establishment.

"Before the late William H. Vanderbilt moved into his new house at Fifty-first street and Fifth avenue his menage was of the most modest description, and even after taking possession of his new home I can't remember that the family gave even one entertainment which would be called smart in these days.

"The late Cornelius Vanderbilt and his wife, both before and after moving into the palace they built at Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, lived unostentatiously. It was not till the eldest daughter, now Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, was almost grown up that they did more than give family dinners and days at home, and Mrs. Vanderbilt, despite her wealth, cared not at all for fine clothes.

"Mistress of one of the handsomest houses in New York, she continued to dress plainly rather than richly, and the sum the family spent in entertaining wouldn't make much of a hole in even a very small fortune. The circumstance is often quoted to her credit when comparing the mode of life of the older and the younger generations of Vanderbilts, although some of us think the younger, considering the size of their fortunes, are far more consistent in their spending—for no one can accuse Mrs.

Vanderbilt's sons, Cornelius, Alfred and Reginald Vanderbilt, or their wives of being parsimonious, or of showing any distaste for fine clothes.

"By many Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is considered the best dressed woman in New York. She spends fabulous sums on her clothes and gets the worth of her money, too, every time. As a result, when Prince Henry visited New York he openly expressed his admiration for her costumes, and German royalty, with which Mrs. Cornelius has since hobnobbed, shares Prince Henry's opinion—and justly.

"I doubt if the wardrobe of any member of the German imperial family could touch in style or cost that of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. In all probability her mother-in-law, Mrs. Vanderbilt, when a young matron spent a twentieth part or less of the sum Mrs. Cornelius spends on her clothes. Nevertheless, in my opinion, the latter doesn't spend a cent too much. She can afford to spend the money, so why should she not?

"Simple entertainments are not in fashion now, even young folk's parties costing a tremendous sum. Take for example the ball given by Mrs. Watts Sherman at Sherry's the other day to introduce her two daughters to society.

"It is doubtful if anything so fine was ever before given for a debutante. Many of the guests remarked that with one or two exceptions there had never been a costlier or handsomer entertainment given in New York. Hundreds of guests were present, including all the shining lights from the ranks of the debutantes up to the ranks of the dowagers.

"Sherry's whole place was engaged for the night. There were costly favors for every figure of the cotillon,

which was preceded and followed by an elaborate supper. The floral decorations were exquisite. I heard some one say that the affair did not cost a cent less than \$15,000. I am of the opinion that it cost much more.

"My friend who spends about \$2,000 a month for entertaining does not give balls nor hire high priced soloists to amuse her guests, nor does she give continuous house parties at her country house in the season, nor take her friends off on trips in a private car. If she did probably \$10,000 would have to be added to her entertaining account.

"Last March I took a party of six friends with me on a trip to California and around home by way of Mexico in a private car. We were gone not quite seven weeks, and the jaunt cost \$6,000. This is almost a common way of entertaining now.

"I could name dozens of my friends who never spend less than \$50,000 a year for entertaining, and that does not include the amount spent in keeping up their automobiles and other accessories, like an opera box and two or three out of town cottages, which are maintained quite as much for their friends as for their own diversion."

When these figures were quoted to a man whose expenditures are large he reflected a moment and then said slowly.

"Small, very small; that is, if one is estimating the amount spent on his acquaintances and friends by the very rich men of this city—the men who have built the couple of miles or so of palatial dwellings in the section above Central Park East and West, and most of whom count their fortunes away up in the millions. In fact, I don't see how any one can

separate the sum he or she spends in entertaining from the sum total of living expenses outside of clothes perhaps, for the reason that, willy nilly, the wealthy are bound to entertain, and their houses, furnishings, and equipages are means to that end. From that standpoint \$50,000 is a mere bagatelle.

"Extravagant? Why, certainly, society is getting to be more extravagant every minute. Entertainments which my wife thought very elegant ten years ago she turns her nose up at now. Her dinners alone now cost ten times as much as they did then.

"Of course I and a good many others are able to stand the racket all right, but I often wonder how some of my associates manage to foot the bills their families run up for this sort of thing. I have done a good bit of globe trotting of late years, and there can be no question but New York's wealthy people live more luxuriously and spend more lavishly than the grandees of any other land.

"When Americans go in for anything they don't know how to pull up nor where to stop. Take the automobile, for example. It is the Americans who now spend the biggest pile on them and demand the finest models in the market.

"Some New Yorkers are spending every year on motor cars alone what would have been called a small fortune in the old days. But a manufacturer can tell more about that phase of New York extravagance than can I."

When one of the so called smart set was asked for an opinion as to the relative cost of a fashionable woman's wardrobe now and a score

of years back, she answered reminiscently:

"Strange that question should be put to me. It was exactly twenty years ago that one day when in a small company of friends I asked an older woman, who was looked up to as an authority in dress, how much money she thought a woman in fashionable society need spend in order to be suitably gowned, and I remember her answer was that, taking one year with another, she could manage well on \$1,000 per annum.

"On another occasion about ten years ago the same question came up at a luncheon, and one of the guests remarked that \$3,000 a year was all that a fashionable woman need spend for wearing apparel. Now here is the question again, when it is harder than ever to answer.

"In fact it is impossible to answer that question offhand, for the reason that in these days it is not so much a question of what a woman needs to spend as of what she thinks she needs to spend. In other words, the attitude of most society women now is not how much they can save on clothes or the least sum with which they can manage to present a suitable appearance, but how much money they can get hold of to spend on their wardrobe.

"It is true that ten years ago some women did make quite an elegant appearance on \$3,000 a year. To-day a society woman's lingerie, negligees and slippers alone cost that much often.

"This may not be right. I am not defending it. I frankly admit that New York society women are getting to be outrageously extravagant. At the same time they need ten times as many clothes as their grandmothers

needed, for the reason that they entertain continuously and are on dress parade all the time.

"Besides this, the standard of elegance in dress has gone up tremendously. Who considers a black silk dress elegant now? No one, not even a housekeeper. One elegant costume and a few quite plain ones were considered sufficient for a fashionable woman of olden times, whereas now fashionable gowns must all be elegant and they must include costumes suitable for morning, afternoon, evening, for formal and informal occasions.

"Instead of a woman having one gown suitable for dinners and the opera, she must have at least ten such gowns to get through the season without looking shabby. At least, I find I must have that many. Of course it all depends on the standpoint. I don't care to wear the same gown more than half a dozen times in a season, and I have friends who will not wear the same costume often—than three or four times.

"The cost of a handsome dinner or opera gown? Anywhere from \$300 to \$700. Real lace will bring the price in some cases up to \$1,000. Average eight evening gowns at \$100 and \$3,200 is gone at once. Add to them eight more evening gowns for the Newport season or the season at any watering place and there goes another \$3,200, and nothing done about reception and street costumes, tea gowns, cloaks, wraps, furs and hats, either.

"There are plenty of tea gowns seen in New York drawing rooms which cost \$500 each or more. The materials are the most exquisite of foreign fabrics, hand wrought and trimmed with superb lace; and one

ten gown doesn't make a season's outfit by any means.

"Very few of the carriage and reception gowns worn by fashionable women cost less than \$300. No, the price is not exorbitant. The fabrics used in such creations justify the price.

"Many of the smart street costumes consisting of a cloth skirt and short coat cost almost as much if made by the best costumers, and a well dressed woman must have at least two of the latter and four reception gowns in her outfit. This means an outlay of at least \$1,200, to which sum add another thousand for tea gowns and lingerie.

"Five hundred dollars is not an exorbitant price for an opera cloak, and the two long carriage cloaks which are necessary in addition to the opera cloak will cost from \$100 to \$200 each, the price depending largely on whether they are trimmed or not with expensive fur.

"Then the women who go to a southern resort when Lent sets in must get a fresh summer wardrobe, including at the least six or eight hats and as many parasols, and practically duplicate this wardrobe afresh for the summer campaign, because there is no one place on earth where a woman's clothes get old so quickly as at a resort like Palm Beach, for example. A three or four weeks stay at a place like that will leave one's kowns looking like old duds."

"What is the minimum sum a fashionable New York woman can dress on?"

"A woman who attends the opera, goes to dinners, entertains and is entertained constantly cannot, in my opinion, manage on less than \$10,000, and then she will have to scrimp. I

have one friend who manages with \$8,000, she says, but she told me in confidence, it was never possible for her to order more than eight new gowns in the spring and the same number in the fall, and that she couldn't think of getting a new fur coat or jacket oftener than once in two or three years, which must be a trial, considering how very fashionable short jackets of all sorts of furs are this winter."

"How much do you spend for clothes in a year?"

"Generally in the neighborhood of \$20,000, which does not cover, of course, jewels or some sets of furs. For example, my husband gave me a \$20,000 sable coat and muff for a Christmas present. A big price, yes, but any furrier will explain that sables cost twice as much as they did ten years ago, and are scarce at that."

In contrasting the expenditures of the fashionable woman of to-day with her predecessor of twenty years ago a New York furrier said that among his customers are women who own \$50,000 worth of furs and that twenty-five years ago the woman who owned a seal coat trimmed with sea otter valued at \$500 thought she had something quite while.

"We find ready sale for Russian sable coats worth \$20,000," said he. "There are a few in the city which cost \$40,000. We sell a very great number of sable sets at \$5,000 to \$10,000 each.

"To be sure, twenty years ago furs cost only about half as much as they cost now; therefore customers got twice as much for their money. Nevertheless, it was the exception then for even a fashionable woman to have more than one fur garment

or set of furs, and of these she took such care that when it was damp or rainy, she was chary of putting them on.

"To-day, many fashionable women have ten or twelve sets, and four or five sets is about the minimum number. We have sold sets of ermine, chinchilla, black fox, baby lamb and mink and sable, all to one person this winter. Some of our customers have bought Eton fur jackets with muff and stole to match as if they were made out of ermine."

"But," it was suggested, "these furs will last a long time, surely? The wearers will not be likely to want anything more in the fur line next winter?"

"It used to be like that, but not now," was the answer. "Old fashioned people took great care of their furs. As soon as the spring came they were swathed in layer after layer of paper, lastly a sheet, and then packed carefully in a box, and they didn't mind at all wearing a fur garment rubbed at the edge or faded a trifle.

"Not so the women of fashion now. She takes no care whatever of her furs and for the reason that she travels about so much, going to cold climates in summer, and vice versa, that she keeps her furs in commission all the time. Women with handsome neck pieces of sable show them off at seaside resorts all summer long, and by October 1, sometimes sooner, they get out muffs and fur jackets.

"Such treatment as this tells on even the best of furs, which in less than a year begin to look faded. This

seals their fate with the fashionable New York woman, who refuses to wear a fur garment, no matter how much it cost, which is a hit off color even, let alone rubbed at the edges. Neither will she wear it if the cut happens to be behind the top notch of style; and, of course, in fur garments as in silk or cloth costumes there are new styles every year.

"Few of the wealthiest of our patrons care to have the average run of furs made over, preferring to select the newest designs and combinations of furs in the market every season. This is one reason why New York women of means spend twenty times as much on their furs as did the wealthiest women twenty years ago."

"What becomes of all the costly gowns, hats, furs and cloaks which society turns down after a few wearings?" an opera box owner was asked.

"Sometimes they are given away by trunkfuls, oftener they are sold to second hand dealers for a fraction of what they cost," she replied.

"Every spring and fall many of my friends send for a dealer, who comes and inspects a dozen or more costumes, hats and cloaks, and a hargain is struck for the lot then and there.

"Most second hand dealers pretend to pay a third of the original cost of a gown, but they never do unless it is absolutely new, which happens occasionally. I myself have sold a gown after wearing it once because it was unbecoming. The proceeds of a sale like this often are enough to purchase one or two new imported costumes."

Crossing the Ocean in a Palace

BY SAMUEL MERWIN IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

It is one thing to read an unimpaired description of an ocean liner before she has gone into commission. It is quite another thing to have a traveler tell you his actual experience in crossing the ocean by sea. This is why Mr. Merwin's graphic description of his voyage across the Atlantic and back on the greatest American mailer such an absorbing story.

EVERY six months or so a big new liner steams up the North River, to the west of New York City, and displays a great many flags; and the ferryboats and lighters whistle the conventional three-toot salutation, and the steward's hand blares its brassiest as the leviathan—it is always a "leviathan,"—works laboriously into her dock. Before noon, we may be sure, certain newspapers will come out with imaginative pen-drawings of the "monster of the deep" supposedly reposing in Broadway at City Hall Park or standing upright on her twin screws beside the Park Row Building. Then, for a morning or two, those of us who are so fortunate as to sleep in New Jersey will make it a point to step outside of our ferryboat cabin and stand among the baggage trucks and the coal wagons and try to pick out the new liner by the markings on her funnels—for your true sleeper in New Jersey, though he may not understand what David Belasco is so excited about, or who wrote "Prometheus Unbound," or why Arthur James Balfour resigned, is pretty sure to know that the Cunarders have red funnels with black tops, that the White Star funnels are buff with black tops, and that the American and the Red Star funnels are black and white.

Then, when we have made out the two buff funnels of the "Amerika," which identify the latest new ship as the property of the Hamburg Ameri-

can Line, we of New Jersey are likely to remain, of a morning, in the ferryboat cabin, and to bury our noses in the very respectable "New Jersey edition" of a very respectable New York newspaper. But the "Amerika" demands, and deserves, a closer look. She marks the goal of a ship-building contest in which close to half a dozen great lines have been long engaged. She is a movable hotel in which four thousand persons can live in greater or less comfort (and some of it very great, indeed), during the seven-or-eight-day voyage from New York to Plymouth and Hamburg. Every known device which contributes to the comfort, the safety, the health and the recreation of ocean travelers may be found aboard this wonderful ship, and some devices which were never known before. The system of water-tight bulkheads has been brought to a point where it insures nearly absolute safety. The organization of the ship and the co-ordination of the different departments center so completely on the bridge that the captain has the control of it all at his fingers' ends. She runs almost as closely on a track as does the "Twentieth Century Limited." The navigating officer, by merely holding a receiver to his ear, can hear the under-water signals of the coast lightships. The lookout communicates with the bridge, from his crow's-nest on the foremast, through a "loud-speaking" telephone. Below decks there is a very

humorous Swedish gymnasium where you may lie on comfortable sofas and be vibrated and twisted and jolted by cunning electrical machinery, and where you may ride horses and camels whose varied motions closely approach verisimilitude. There are electric light baths and a florist's shop and a ladies' hairdressing parlor and a children's room, with charming colored panels from "Mother Goose" and Grimm's "Fairy Tales"—and so on and on.

When I first saw the "Amerika" steaming up the North River I thought about these things, for I had been reading about them in my newspaper. But, on a later day, when I had boarded her and had stowed away my luggage and had stretched out in a steamer chair and settled down to looking back across a strip of ocean toward the dim Highlands of the Navesink, which were fading slowly out in the twilight—back to where the Sandy Hook light was flashing bravely against the dying splendor of the afterglow—I found that my thoughts were running deeper.

It is a little difficult for a casual reader of newspapers to picture to himself how really big these new liners are. When you see the "Amerika" in her dock you can not estimate her size unless you know the dimensions of the dock structure and of the lighters that flock about her and of the longshore buildings. Even when I went down from London to Dover, for the return voyage, stood on the Prince of Wales Pier, and watched this highest of ships in that small artificial harbor, where she stood out boldly against the channel sky, I could not take in the facts. That is why I am not going to bother the reader with many facts and fig-

ures—mere facts and figures, that is, such as that she is six hundred and ninety feet long and that she displaces forty-two thousand tons of water. It is much more important to know that six turns around the "kaiser deck" make a mile, although this deck extends but little more than half the vessel's length, and that you might hunt about the ship, as I have, for an hour or two, in a vain hope of finding some one whom you might wish to see. There are six decks which are used by the cabin passengers, with an electric elevator connecting five of them; and, when Captain Saemann, to satisfy his curiosity and mine, laid a ruler on a blueprint diagram of the ship, he found that she is ninety-one feet deep from the ceiling of the wheelhouse to the keel.

It had been arranged that we should visit the engine room at five o'clock. When the hour arrived I was reading in a corner of the smoking room balcony. I descended one flight of stairs to the main floor of the smoking room, which is on the "kaiser deck;" another flight to the "Washington deck," where the gymnasium is, and where, also, are the "imperial suites;" a third flight to the "Roosevelt deck," which brought me to the bookseller's shop; a fourth flight to the "Cleveland deck," and around to the sitting room of the chief engineer. This officer opened a door and led the way along a narrow steel gallery. I found myself in what appeared to be a vast machine shop. To eyes which had grown accustomed to the ship as the passengers see it, it seemed incredible that so immense a space could have been reserved for the engines. After descending four full flights of stairs I seemed to stand

almost at the top of this great room, which extends, at the bottom, of all two hundred feet by seventy-five, and which gradually narrows upward for eighty or ninety feet. Imagine, if you can, the block in Fifth avenue between Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets lifted out and placed within the hull of a ship, and you will have some notion of the size of this engine room. As for height it will be necessary to imagine that some seven or eight stories of the Flatiron Building have been lifted out with it. Then we began descending long steel stairways. The men below looked small, to my eyes, as we started downward. Finally we stood on the floor and looked up through the steel gratings, and wondered again. There was so much noise that talking was all but impossible. The smooth steel shafts which turn the twin screws were spinning around, one on each side of us. The great piston rods were thrashing around and around with a force which, to inexperienced eyes, threatened to tear out the heart of the ship. Rangd along the side walls were the dynamos which supply the light.

We walked a long way, stopping carefully between the engines, and passed through a steel doorway into the boiler room. There, as in the engine room, the most surprising thing was the purity of the atmosphere. Instead of the conventional stokers, stripped to the skin, shining with sweat and half dead with thirst and heat-exhaustion, there stood before me a row of fully clad laboring men who appeared to be about as comfortable as laboring men ever appear to be. Even with the furnace doors open the heat was not intolerable. This condition may be explain-

ed, perhaps, by the fact that the season was late October; but I am inclined to think that the remarkably effective ventilating system of the ship had a good deal to do with it. The "Amerika" does not rely at all on the old-fashioned above-decks ventilator, which scoops in plenty of air when the wind is ahead, but next to none when it is astern, but on a set of fans or wheels which force fresh air into every part of the ship, all day and all night.

Perhaps I have succeeded in giving some notion of the size of the engine room. It is necessary to remember, also, that the greater part of each of five decks, running nearly the full length of the ship, is given over to the comfort and the recreation of her more than three thousand passengers and to the accommodations for the six hundred men who make up the ship's company. Now, with a realization in mind of the vast space required for these purposes, we have left one of the most important considerations of all, that of the space required for the freight.

The full cargo of the "Amerika" is sixteen thousand tons. These figures convey little to the reader. But if it is recalled that a fair average load for a freight car is, say, twenty-five tons, it will be seen that the "Amerika's" cargo, if put on trains for land shipment, would require six hundred and forty cars, or sixteen trains of forty cars each. Allowing forty feet to a car, inclusive of the space between two cars, and one hundred feet to each locomotive and to the necessary space between trains, the 16 trains would extend, end to end, more than five miles. After considering all these great departments, it should be kept in mind that we

have made no mention of the space required for the thousands of tons of coal (the furnaces consume three hundred and fifty tons a day) or for the ship's stores, a very considerable item. The largest anchors of the "Amerika" weigh sixteen tons. The systems of pipes and of telephone and electric light wires are as intricate as those of a small city. There are five completely appointed kitchens. A passenger can purchase on board tickets from the port where he is to be landed to any point in the world which can be reached by railway, his daily newspaper, which is handed out to some which can not, and, in to him as he lies in his sterner chair, he will find, not scanty wireless bulletins, but a pretty complete survey of the news of the world.

I sat in the balcony of the smoking room, by the railing, where I could look down, at the great brick fireplace. The pillars of carved oak, the cozy alcoves, the padded leather wall seats, and the gayly-flowered curtains at the windows made up a very pleasing picture; but there was really nothing of the sea about it all. The dark woodwork and the bubbly panes of glass were those of a baronial hall of long ago. Around the walls of the balcony was a carved wooden frieze illustrating, very quietly and vigorously, the life and works of St. Hubert.

It was late afternoon, and dark as night, outside. I walked slowly down the wide oak stairway, buttoned up my coat, pulled down my cap, and threw my weight against the outer door. It gave slowly against the wind, and banged after me with terrific force, when I had finally managed to slip out, with a report like that of a six-pounder.

A southwest gale was screaming through the rigging, threatening, every moment, to bring down the Marconi wires. It was a boisterous wind, and I leaned on the rail and let it dash into my face the spindrift which it had snatched up from the white tips of the waves. There could be no doubt that, in the matter of steadiness, the new sort of ship is a success. The "Amerika" is so large, and her engines work so quietly, that she runs, even in moderately stormy weather, with less than the swaying and jolting of a railway train. I had to lean far out to see where the steel side plates entered the water, fifty feet below. Then I walked a hundred yards along the promenade and stepped into a warm hall which was all plate glass and white enamel, left my coat and cap on the very comfortable window seat in the corner, and passed through the writing room into the drawing room. I was thinking of the fat man and his sentimental anger. "Is it true," I asked myself, "that they have destroyed the charm of the sea?" Is the fine old salty romance dead and buried?"

It almost seemed as if he was right as I looked about the great room with its white woodwork, its Wedgwood plaques, its fireplace and broad mantel, its grand piano, and its rose-colored satin upholstery. In a corner, fifty feet away, some women were busy with gossip and fancy work. One of them had laid her library book, face down, on a table. At another table four young women were playing bridge. Two children were cuddled up in a corner seat, listening, big-eyed, to their nurse's story about the little boy who didn't want to grow up and be president, but to live away off in the Never, Never, Never

Land, with Indians to guard him in his underground home. I involuntarily raised my hand to my stinging cheek, which was still wet with the spindrift, to convince myself that we were really in mid-Atlantic.

I retreated down the passage, and, on opening a door which is all plate glass and white enamel, found myself in the Carlton Restaurant, and passed again to look around. The walls are of polished mahogany and chestnut, inlaid with rare woods and ornamented with bronze work. The outer portholes are concealed by inside windows and curtains, so that there is nothing whatever about the room to suggest the sea. I should say that the ceiling is of plaster, were it not that, on a ship so large, a ceiling cannot conceivably be of plaster. The carpet is rich and soft. Most of the tables are small, and they are lighted by shaded lamps. The knives and forks and spoons and match-holders are of gold plate, and the china is really dainty and pretty, and not at all the stout ware of ship tradition. While I slowly ate my dinner, and looked about at the jolly little parties of two and four and six, at the daintily clad women and the severely clad men, and at the freshly-cut flowers and the sparkling cut glass, and while I listened to the low-pitched laughter and talk and to the music of the gay little red-coated orchestra—it seemed very much as if I had strolled over from Piccadilly Circus to Pall Mall, of a cold, foggy evening, and had turned in at the Carlton Hotel. I grew sober as I thought about it. We did these things very differently a little while back. Even a very little while back—as the history of human-kind runs—life at sea meant more, for it seemed to

bring a man nearer to his God than we of to-day very often get.

It was with misgivings that, later in the evening, I mounted the stairs to the bridge deck—with misgivings which were hardly allayed by the reception which our little party met with in the captain's parlor. The room is larger than some I have seen in city apartments, and is as luxurious as anything below decks. Off to the right there were glimpses to be had of a very comfortable bedroom and of a bathroom in snow-white tiling. And, when Captain Sauermann greeted us pleasantly, quite as if we had been sitting in his own home library, wherever that may be, the situation seemed to have passed all legitimate bounds. The last time I had been entertained in a captain's cabin there was a big mast which came up through the floor and went on through the ceiling; and around this mast there was a rack of rifles, and above the rifles was a rack of cutlasses. Even this display, I recall, was not enough for us on that occasion, and we had expressed regret that our host did not wear bucket-top boots and earrings and a sword. I recall that he added, with good humor, "And a knife between my teeth!" "Perhaps," I thought, as we took our seats in the "Amerika's" cabin, "the fat man is right. Perhaps the charm has departed, and sailing has become that sort of business which may very well be conducted by a trust."

But, after a moment, Captain Sauermann opened a door, and, as we filed into a plain, narrow room, with a long table and with what I prefer to think were nautical instruments about the walls, my heart gave a bound. Here was the brain—here

was the soul of the "Amerika!" Now we should see something in the romance way! Sure enough, the captain opened a wide drawer, drew out his charts in long rolls, and spread them out on the table with iron weights to hold the corners down.

When man is thrown back on maps and charts, he can not, whether he knows it or not, be very far from that subtle thing which we call romance. Your most familiar and commonplace map, printed in Chicago on businesslike presses, by members of the pressmen's union, is just as surely made of dead explorers as the Islands of Bermuda, with their winter tourists and their very matter-of-fact shopkeepers, are made of dead coral polyps. "Treasure Island" sprang from a map. On this wild evening, the first glance at Captain Sauermann's North Sea chart, which lay before us, brought to every pair of eyes the glow and thrill of the sea. It was speckled gray with sounding marks. It was dotted with red-and-yellow indications of lighthouses, each supplemented with cryptic elucidation, such as: "Lt. Fl. 4 quick fl. ev. 30 sec. 36 ft. via. 11 m.—Fog Siren, 4 blasts ev 2 min." All along the Dutch coast were black crosses and the letters, "L. B. S.," which I knew to mean "Life Boat Stations." Here and there, in the open seaway, masts of ships were represented as projecting above the water, each followed by the ominous word, "Wreck." The shoals, too, which were indicated by dotted lines, bore picturesque, seafarer names—"Outer Gabbard," and "Sand Head" and "Gallopers."

"You see," said Captain Sauermann, in his quiet voice and quiet accent, "the passage here, between

Sandettie Bank and South Falls Shoal—just before you reach Dover Strait—is only five miles wide." We bent over the chart. "And two weeks ago, when I brought the ship over to Southampton for some refitting, we ran a hundred and eighty miles down through the North Sea in a thick fog. We could see nothing and hear nothing, and if I had missed this passage the ship would have been wrecked. But we came very close to the Sandettie Lightship, so that I knew that we were all right. But after we had got through I could not tell where we were, and I tried to find the lightship at South Sand Head."

"Don't the English lightships carry the underwater signaling apparatus, Captain?" was asked.

"No; the American and the German lightships do, but not the English—yet. So I headed north, running very slowly, until I could hear the bell. It sounded louder and louder, and then suddenly the fog opened a little and we could see her right in front of us, only a few lengths off. I backed away, but I had my bearings and headed off to clear Dungeness."

He spoke so quietly that it was not until we had passed out through the navigating room and into the wheelhouse that I realized what it was that he had been telling us. The "Amerika" was built at a cost of four and one-half million dollars. With cargo and passengers aboard she would represent a value of, perhaps, six millions. From the Lizard to Cuxhaven the English Channel and North Sea are strewn with shoals and reefs and sunken wrecks. It is not many years since the "Paris" struck on the Needles and brought the career of

Captain Watkins to an end. And twice a month, all around the calendar, Captain Sauermann must take his ship through, and must stand responsible for six million dollars in property and for four thousand human lives.

It was dark in the wheelhouse, except for a faint glow from the binacule lamp. A seaman stood at the wheel; but, somewhat to my surprise, he was looking, not out toward the sea ahead, which, indeed, could hardly be made out through the high, narrow windows, and down into the binacule where the compass was swinging continually this way or that as the ship yawed in the sea. He was occupied in keeping a certain black mark on the compass card against a black line on the encircling frame. That was all he had to do. He was not responsible for the ship's course or for her safety; it was his whole duty to keep two marks in line on a card. Outside, on the bridge and forecabin and in the crow's-nest on the foremast, stood the second and the fourth officers and the two lookouts, who were the eyes of the ship; a great many feet below us, where the two sets of quadruple expansion engines were pounding and crushing and driving her along, was the heart of her; under the cap of this blackbearded captain was the brain; in far-away Hamburg were the financial springs that nourished her; and all this that Americans and Englishmen and continental Europeans might come to understand one another better, and that this world of ours might go careering on where no world has ever traveled before.

The wind was blowing very hard when, at length, we stood on the open bridge. I was glad that the structure

was walled in, five feet high, with canvas; and I was glad, too, to hutton my overcoat up to the ebin and to turn up the collar. When I turned back and looked over the ship I was surprised to see that she was dark with mystery. Somewhere or other aboard her thirty-five hundred electric lamps were burning, but their light was shut out at every point from the watchers on the bridge. The funnels stood out dimly against the clouds, almost as dimly as the smoke which was trailing off down the wind. The line of canvas-covered boats extended aft for hundreds of feet and finally blurred off into the night. Up forward the black bows were rising and falling with slow, majestic dignity; and, sixty feet below us, the foam-waves were rolling away from the ship at each slow plunge and slipping off astern in swirling, bubbling patches of white.

Standing there looking out over the waves toward a handful of low-lying stars, I knew that the romance of the sea is an undying thing. What we have lost is no more than our old notion of it. The Spanish galleon has gone out with the rapier and the dagger. We no longer, the boys among us, haunt the wharves for glimpses of Spanish sailors with bearded lips. The six-shooter is not what it was, and the tall clipper ship has followed the stagecoach into the junk yard of the things that were. But the new romance runs deeper. It is more complex. It is the wonderful story of the awakening, the rousing, and the stirring to action of a drowsy old world which has only begun to find itself and to feel its magnificent strength.

From Paris to New York by Rail

WORLD MAGAZINE.

Written five years ago according to a French Capitalist, it will be possible to board a train in New York, and without changing cars to ride into Paris in a brief over fourteen days. The route will probably be by New York Central, Great Trunk Pacific, Alaska and Behring Strait, Trans-Siberian and the southern European system. In addition new lines will extend from New York to Cape Horn, and from Paris to the Cape of Good Hope.

The Czar has issued an imperial ukase approving the all-rail route to America. The ukase contains his sanction of the Russian commission, already named, to make the final survey of the route to Behring Sea.

Thus what a few years ago would have been a dream challenging the imagination of a Jules Verne approaches an accomplished fact.

The railroad from Paris to New York will be built. And this is by no means all. Within a few years, in all human probability, a continuous railway will extend from Cape Horn at the tip of South America, to the Cape of Good Hope, at the southern point of Africa.

This railroad across five continents will pass from the Western Hemisphere to the Eastern Hemisphere through a tunnel under Behring Strait in the Arctic Ocean.

The men, the plans and the money to complete this great world railway are ready to begin the work.

The line will be 25,000 miles long. Over 15,000 miles of this distance trains are running to-day. All the remaining portion—10,000 miles—has been surveyed, and great capitalists stand ready to rush the work.

Andrew Carnegie, who is one of these capitalists, predicts that the various railways that, connected, will form this complete world system through five continents will all be completed within 10 years. A French

capitalist, who has been even more active in the great undertaking than Mr. Carnegie, declares that the ride by rail from Paris to New York will be made within five years.

The cost of completing this round-the-world trunk line is estimated at \$500,000,000, an amount but little exceeding that involved to-day in projected engineering schemes in and around New York City—in subways, bridges, tunnels, suburban railroads, railway terminals, etc.

This half-billion dollars is all subscribed, say the promoters of the various railroads. Mr. Carnegie is ready to finance the New York to Buenos Ayres section, for the preliminary surveys of which he gave \$50,000.

M. Loieg de Lobel, the projector of the trans-Siberian-Alaska line, first interested Parisian capital in his plan a few years ago, and a survey was made at an expense of \$500,000 of a strip sixteen miles in width from Irkutsk, on the trans-Siberian Railroad, to East Cape, 3,800 miles, the route following the rich agricultural and mineral regions. M. Lobel's original project was a ferry or bridge across Behring Strait, but his present plan is to tunnel the strait, a strip of water thirty-six miles wide, divided by the Diomed Islands.

Already the railway south from New York has reached Central America, and is hastening its progress toward the Panama Canal zone. There two lines of rails are in process of extension across Ecuador. From

Buenos Ayres northward to join these links the work has progressed across Bolivia and a large part of Peru.

Southward from Peru the survey follows the lofty crest of the Andes to the very tip of South America.

Taking the direct through trip from Cape Horn, at the southern end of this hemisphere, to Cape Town, in South Africa, the traveller will pass in quite a straight northern line through Western South America and Central Mexico, and along the Pacific slope of the United States and Canada into Alaska. Then through the thirty-six mile tunnel under Behring Strait and its two dozen islands, that will afford ventilating openings to the tunnel, and working points through shafts in building it. Then southeasterly the line will pass through 3,600 miles of Arctic Siberia. To Paris it will go by way of Moscow, and from there through Spain and by way of tunnel at Gibraltar, to Africa. A route also is projected that will pass from the Siberian line through torrid Central Asia to the Holy Land and Egypt. There, as by the first route, it will continue over the rails of Cecil Rhodes's Cape to Cairo Railroad in course of construction.

The trip from New York to Paris by rail through the Behring Strait tunnel, as an express train running forty miles an hour, will occupy a little more than two weeks. The traveler who fears seasickness and particularly enjoys life on a railroad train may prefer this journey to that on the fast ocean liner, which makes the trip to Paris an expenditure of but six days of time.

This also will allure the traveler: the overland route will be a great spectacular life experience. He will have laid before his eyes a variety of

scenes, in the temperate, torrid and frigid zones, that has never been combined in any other railway journey on this earth.

And in this respect what cannot he said of the trip from cape to cape, round the world, over this entire trans-continental system? It will, in fact, be a liberal education, a world revelation.

He will pass through the lands of all the races of mankind, and see the people of every degree of civilization. He will see their towns and their farms, their palaces and their huts. He will view the marvelously changing panorama, transforming the spectacle from the car windows through every grade of landscape from the lands of the Equator to the frozen wastes where the Esquimaux dwell.

On a train of cars, with an average speed of twenty-five miles an hour, forty-one days would be occupied continuously in this 25,000 mile journey, through South America, North America, Asia, Europe and Africa.

The cost of this trip will be about \$650 for railroad fare, with \$80 added for sleeping cars. Stopover privileges will be in demand.

The three great railway lines that are to complete the gaps in the system of around-the-world travel, and which are now to be built, are these three:

The Pan-American.

The Trans-Siberian and Alaska.

The Cape to Cairo.

On the first and the last of these three work is well advanced.

The prospect for an early beginning of work on the Siberian and Behring Strait tunnel-end of this Siberian-Alaskan line has brought from engineers and others who have followed its progress, much recent

comment on the great world railway project. Alexander Hume Ford discusses it very fully in the *New York Independent*.

"The 'New York to Paris Special,'" he says, "will doubtless begin its westward trip over the tracks of the New York Central, and then via the new Trans-Canadian railway, now under course of construction, to a seaport on the border between British Columbia and Alaska. Colorado capitalists have organized a company capitalized at \$50,000,000 to carry the railway through Alaska to Behring Strait, from which point M. de Lohel will continue the construction, with money partly raised in America, via the route originally surveyed by our own Kennon for the overland New York to Paris telegraph line. M. de Lohel has spent years in Siberia, and even wintered at Behring Strait, while his engineers were surveying a route for the thirty-six mile tunnel under the waters dividing America

and Asia, and the 3,600 miles across the Arctic regions to Lake Baikal and the Trans-Siberian Railway, over which the New York to Paris Special will continue its run to Moscow and Warsaw, across 7,000 miles of Russian Steppes."

The Cape Horn-Cape of Good Hope Air Line would place every city of the old and new worlds possessing a railway station, at the mercy of the ubiquitous Yankee drummer.

"It is being built, and will doubtless be completed, for our financiers seem to believe that commerce follows the cross-tie as well as the flag, and within the last month the manufacturers of rails in Europe and America have apportioned the part they are to play in the future construction of intercontinental railways—our home Steel Trust to supply all the rails used in the two Americas, while the European rolling mills are to turn out similar products called for in Asia and Africa."

How Lancashire Makes Money

ANSWERS.

The life of the weavers of Lancashire is a strenuous one. They have long, extended from 6 a.m. to 3.30 p.m.; their work is trying and their pay is small. The dock laborers of Liverpool work another, even more strenuous life, and their work is also very hard, and they work the week. Conditions among the shipbuilders are brighter and seek a career on a better and healthier surroundings.

OVER half a million people, employed by 2,000 firms, cheerfully face the dangers and din of factory life in Lancashire for the sake of a pittance which barely maintains their independence. It is the hardest working county in the kingdom, this Lancashire. In times of exceptional trial it is the most patiently suffering; in times of prosperity, the most generous.

The great, black factories, ugly by daylight, but almost attractive when lit up in the dark winter mornings and the early winter evenings, are hedged around by the huddled cottages of the factory hands, who have very good reason for living as near the mills as possible. The half hour granted for breakfast scarcely allows time for a half-mile tramp home and back again, and the disaster which

follows being late at the factory is so serious as to make the bands chary about living "too far from wahrk."

Excepting on Sundays and holidays, the engine which drives all the machinery in a mill starts at 6 a.m. to the second, and at 6 a.m. to the second, too, the weaver is expected to be at his or her looms. Should he be late, by any chance, he dashes off to the factory in fear and trembling, buttoning his clothes and tying a scarf about his neck as he runs; for to be ten minutes late means that he may find his looms "shopped." That is to say, if not turned back at the door he may reach his looms, only to find them in charge of another weaver who, seeking work, had risen earlier than himself and applied for employment on the off-chance of a weaver being late or ill, in which case he may get an engagement for the day, week, or, it may be, "for regular."

From 8 to 8.30 a.m. is, with thousands of factory hands, the most enjoyable period of the day, for then it is that the engine stops for breakfast, and two hours of hard work, after turning out hurriedly from a warm bed into the biting morning air, has given them a ravenous appetite for the meal.

The Lancashire weaver has not yet got his eight hours' day. From 12.30 to 1.30 is his dinner-hour, and at 5.30 p.m. the engine stops for the day. So his day's work lasts ten hours, and for his week of 55 hours he gets from 20s. to 32s. To earn this princely income he has to mind four looms, although, if he be an exceptionally good weaver, he may manage six, and so earn from 27s. to 43s. per week.

To follow six looms, however, he

generally needs the assistance of a full-time "tenter," or of two half-time "tenters." The "tenter," who may be either a boy or a girl, gets from 3s. to 4s. a week if a half-timer, or from 6s. to 8s. a week if a full-timer; and this is paid by the weaver whom he assists.

There is no pride to heat that of the little lad or lass, aged twelve, who, for the first time, gets up at 5.30 a.m. and jauntily struts off to the mill to start wage-earning at six—a full-blown, if only half-time, "tenter." School in the afternoon of the same day seems to be a very childish place indeed, and his joy knows no bounds when, at the age of thirteen, he becomes a "full-time tenter," and turns his back upon the school for ever.

After a year or two, perhaps, of work as a full-time "tenter," the lad will be promoted to the care of a couple of looms of his own, when he will earn from 10s. to 16s. per week.

To keep a careful watch on six running looms a weaver needs to have all his wits about him—or her, for many a woman proves herself equal to the task—but even after ten hours of the strain the average weaver is glad of a chance of "time cribbing"—running his looms after 5.30 p.m.—in order to earn a little extra. It is very rarely, however, that a master ventures to allow his engine to run after the regulation hours, except in a very out-of-the-way place, for his Majesty's inspectors of factories are for ever "seeking whom they may devour," and the penalty for infringing the Act is too heavy to be ignored.

There must be no dawdling in the mill, after the engine stops, on any pretext. Women and young people of both sexes must be out of the shed

within five minutes of the stopping of the machinery, and even the men are only allowed to remain behind, at the manager's discretion, to sweep and clean. Saturday is the only exception. Then the engine stops at 11.30 a.m., and women are permitted to stay till midday for cleaning purposes.

It is not an ideal way of earning a living, this monotonous following of looms in a cotton mill. It brings many ailments in its train, most noticeable among which, perhaps, are the decay of teeth and toothache; for the weaver has to be constantly putting the shuttle to his mouth to draw the weft thread through the eye of the shuttle, and the impurities thus conveyed to the teeth do their work with a thoroughness which the weavers themselves, unfortunately, too often ignore.

Liverpool forms a very big slice of populated Lancashire, and Liverpool lives largely by its docks. The total number of dockers there, supplemented by Fleetwood, Heysham, and Barrow, is estimated to be 20,000, of whom about 3,500 are constantly unemployed. This big proportion of workless dock laborers causes the dockers to lead a very precarious existence. He may be perspiring in a coal-bunker for a couple of days, scarcely having time, and probably no money, for a bite of food while he works.

Then for the rest of the week he is a moneyless idler, and one day he mysteriously disappears. He has "stowed away" in some dreary old tramp steamer, and when he returns to Liverpool he haunts the docks once more—haunts them until hunger and despair drive him again to hide in the donkey-boiler or among the

cargo of a ship which has refused him work.

One of the biggest industries of Lancashire is to be found at Messrs. Vickers, Sons, & Maxim's shipbuilding and armament-making works, which support virtually the whole town of Barrow. This bit of Lancashire—the extreme north—earns its living under conditions which provide a pleasing contrast to those which exist in most of the factory districts.

Barrow is a breezy town, with plenty of sea-front, and the workers—skilled mechanics—are as healthy-looking and cheerful a lot of men as could be found anywhere. They are largely employed in the open air upon the hulks of battleships, cruisers, and other vessels, so that they get the best combination of good working conditions to be found anywhere in the world—healthful exercise and constant exposure to the breezes from the sea. And so the construction of ships and ships' guns keeps the Furness portion of Lancashire comfortable in pocket and in mind.

If Lancashire is the hardest worked county, it also the most persistent playing county.

It is a Lancashire town—Blackpool—which draws bigger crowds than any other watering-place in the world. Morecambe, also in Lancashire, runs it very close, and even then the list of seaside pleasure resorts in the County Palatine is far from exhausted.

Southport makes its living out of visitors all the year round, for, although only a few miles from Blackpool, its climate is mild and soothing when the breezes blowing upon its less dignified rival are too cutting to

be bearable except by the most robust of people. Blackpool and Morecambe, however, have to earn enough in the summer months to keep them through the winter, and are the hardest-worked pleasure resorts in the land. The landlady who hanks her surplus of £200 or £300 at the end of each September has fully earned her money, for the holiday months of June to September have been anything but a holiday to her.

In central Lancashire there are thousands of men and women—pit-brow lassies, the latter are called—who get their living from the bowels of the earth. There is no more striking picture in English industrial life, by the way, than that presented by the pit-brow lass of Wigan, clad in a close-fitting pitman's cap, a jacket,

a short skirt, moleskin trousers, and wooden-soled clogs. At one time they worked in a pit, but Government put a stop to that, and since then they have been employed on the surface in unloading, screening, and sorting the coal into cobbles, slack, and so forth.

The collier's wage-earning day is not a long one. He goes down into the earth at 6 a.m., and, with a brief interval for "snap," works until 2 p.m., when he finishes for the day. The organization of the miners has resulted in their obtaining conditions of labor immeasurably superior to the conditions of, say, fifty years ago, when the ventilation, haulage, and pit-lighting arrangements were very inferior to those of the present day, and the dangers far greater.

statesmanship, bigger than the official honors that he has had; and it will outlive all these. A man who is known at all, who stands out bigger and clearer than the men about him, is known for some dominating quality or achievement. It is this quality or achievement that the mind sees at the mention of his name. And as character with Mr. Cleveland is the dominating, towering force of his nature, the finished product of more than half a century of growth, it is character—a great, rugged, staunch, unyielding character—that we see when his name is mentioned.

Brilliance, much as we admire it when it scintillates, does not last like character. The best friends of Mr. Cleveland, his strongest supporters, would not claim for him brilliancy in any phase of his career as lawyer, as Governor of New York, or as President of the United States. The fact that he occupies so big a place in our country to-day is unique. It certainly has no parallel among ex-Presidents within more than half a century.

It is a singular and regrettable fact that our ex-Presidents, on leaving the White House, fall so suddenly and so far from their plane of official influence and power that comparatively they drop out of sight. It must be that there is something wrong with our system of government, or with the temperament of our people and our habits of thought, when this thing is possible.

These men, of good mind and good fiber in the outset, grow big and useful in the Government school, that greatest of all schools for human development, the Presidency of the United States. But under our constitution and system of government

no provision is made for a continuance of the service of these trained men, either in an advisory way or any other. Thrown suddenly out of the sphere in which they have grown to great stature—thrown out into a different world, into simple private life, where they are out of touch with everything, they cease to be the personal power that they have been, and would in large measure continue to be were they so placed that their abilities and acquisitions could have proper range.

But now and again a man has within himself that which stands out ruggedly against the sky. Such a man is Grover Cleveland, and the quality that has made him retain the big place his official position gave him, is character.

Retiring unostentatiously to a quiet home in Princeton on leaving the White House, he has nevertheless rather gained than lost in the measure of his stature. Few great questions of national concern arise on which his judgment and advice are not sought. This was signally the case in the great coal strike of four years ago, which threatened temporary annihilation to many of the industries of the country, and serious and awful suffering to the people. In this emergency, President Roosevelt applied to Mr. Cleveland for his advice before proceeding as he did in his great work of arbitration.

And as in this case, so it is and has been in a good many other matters of great importance since Mr. Cleveland's retirement to private life. In the recent insurance upheavals he was first among the men of known character and position sought out to give confidence and a sense of security to the policyholders of the country.

Grover Cleveland, ex-President

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY IN MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

No more gratifying tribute to the worth of a great man in colored obliquity, could be paid, than this brief and forcible little sketch from the pen of Mr. Munsey. In a few terse sentences he has summed up Mr. Cleveland's character, and has touched off the essence by which he has been forced to withdraw from a life for which he was possibly unequalled.

FEW men in recent years have had as strong friends and as strong enemies as Grover Cleveland. This is because he is himself a strong man. A weak man rarely awakens either intense liking or dislike. He is too stoic in temperament and character, too fiberless. But the rugged-natured man of positive ideas and of positive acts magnetizes his followers and holds them with a grasp that is sure and certain. And these very rugged qualities embitter and irritate and estrange those opposed to him.

Grover Cleveland is emphatically of the strong, self-reliant type. He is

a man of deep convictions and deep honesty. When he reaches a conclusion it is fixed. Few men are less susceptible to persuasion or influence.

The Puritanism of New England is structural in his nature. His ideas of right and wrong, his sense of honesty, his high-mindedness, his abhorrence of dishonesty, graft, deception, and insincerity, give acute expression to his New England blood.

The son of a Presbyterian minister, he grew up under the teachings and influence and in the atmosphere of high standards of character. Character, with Mr. Cleveland, is the biggest thing about him—bigger than his

No man in recent years, out of political office and independent of great business connections or great wealth, a man with the exception of Samuel J. Tilden, has had the silent, quiet, most sterling influence wielded by Mr. Cleveland.

Marrying at the age of forty-nine, he is a conspicuous example, among the rich and well-to-do people, of Mr. Roosevelt's theory of large families. He now has four living children, having lost his eldest daughter, Ruth.

He is also a practical exponent of "the simple life." No man among us—no well-known man, at all events—so nearly approaches the life of the best type of English country gentleman as does Mr. Cleveland in his quiet Princeton home, where he has time for reading and thought and writing—time to put into lasting shape the ripened fruits of his experience and observation, time for the mellowing and finishing and perfecting of character, that character which gives dimensions to his stature.

Two Remarkable Railways

BY ARTHUR H. BURTON IN ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Engineering feats in the construction of railways are being performed every year. Among the latest triumphs is the bridging of Salt Lake by the Southern Pacific. This work was successfully accomplished after many trials and tribulations. A short account of how the engineers carried through their scheme occurs in this article.

AT a short distance from Grenoble, in the midst of that most picturesque part of France known as the Dauphine, is a railway that is counted amongst the most daring engineering feats of modern times. It lies between the small towns of La Mure and St. George de Commiers, and is known by the name of "Chemin de fer de La Mure." The last named town is situated at the top of a high and steep hill, overlooking the turbulent river Drac. The railway consists of a single line which curves round the hill, and at a place called "Passage de la Rivoire" runs across a precipice more than a thousand feet deep, with the Drac at its base. In order to test the solidity of the hillside, with a view to a possible downfall of the upper part of the precipice, three hundred shots of considerable size were fired into the rock above and

below the line. The bridge work, firmly cemented into the rock, was quite unaffected by the shock, and the railway, which was built in the late seventies, has stood the test of time, which reflects great credit on the skill of the constructors, the French firm of Fives, Lillo, who were responsible for this engineering marvel.

When the Central Pacific Railway, now a branch of the Southern Pacific system, was first built across the United States, the engineers found that the Great Salt Lake of Utah lay directly in their path. It was a formidable obstruction. In those days engineering had not been brought to its present pitch, and the constructors shrank from tackling the difficulties which lay before them. So, instead of attempting to bridge the wide expanse of water, they had recourse to the simpler and less costly plan of

running the line around the northern shore of the lake.

The saving in cost, however, did not prove so great in the end, for there was the increasing yearly expense of carrying goods and passengers over a longer distance; on which, in addition, there were some extremely heavy gradients. As years went on, and time became more and more valuable, the question was taken into serious consideration by the directors of the Southern Pacific. It was determined, if possible, to dispense with the roundabout route, and connect the town of Ogden on the east of the lake with Lucien on the west by means of a great bridge. The distance saved would be forty-three miles, and, taking other matters into consideration, it would shorten the run from Chicago to San Francisco by seven hours. This was enough to put the engineers entrusted with the work on their mettle, and they determined to spare no effort in order to bring about the complete success of the undertaking.

They mapped out the new tracks in almost a direct line from Ogden to the shores of the lake, then across the water to a tongue of land which divides the lake into two parts, and then straight to the opposite shore. From this point the train, on dry land once more, would have a straight and easy run into Lucien.

To carry out the plans of the engineers something like 3,000 men were employed. Even before the actual work of construction was begun, some years had to be spent in collecting material. Mountains of rock were blasted for foundations on the muddy bottom of the lake, and whole forests of trees were felled to make the piles on which the trestles were to rest. Not even the engineers

themselves could estimate properly the amount of rock required, nor were they able even to do so when the work had actually begun. The lake is very deep in parts, and seemed to swallow everything dumped into it without showing any apparent difference.

In constructing the bridge the principle followed was to build embankments as far out into the water as safety permitted, and then to bridge the rest of the line on piles. In some places the depth of water was found to be twenty-eight feet, and gigantic piles, sixty feet long, were firmly driven into the mud. Gravel was obtained from pits some three miles distant from the lake, and relays of men were kept busy for many months, working the steam shovels to a depth of twenty-five feet. Long trains carried cargoes of sand to where the laborers were making the road-bed in the water. The work was sometimes carried on under very great difficulties, and occasionally had to be suspended altogether. The Salt Lake is liable to sudden and heavy storms, which frequently interfered with the progress of the enterprise. Gales were, indeed, so common that material and machinery valued at over £30,000 were lost during the period of construction.

Seven tow-hauls, several smaller craft, and a stern-wheeled steamer, specially constructed on the lake, were required in building the bridge. On an average, the work proceeded at the rate of one and a quarter miles of trestle per week. The longest stretch built in any one week without interruption was one mile, and this was accomplished in five days, working in daylight only. The rate of progress depended greatly on the supply of material, a difficult matter

owing to the distance from which it had to be brought.

Across the eastern arm of the lake—that is, on the Ogden side—an embankment supports the bridge for nearly its entire length, a gap of six hundred feet being left for the waters of the Bear River to flow through. The western arm of the lake is spanned by a stretch of trestle eleven miles long, with an embankment approach of four miles at either end. The total length of trestle on the lake is just short of twenty-three miles.

On the eastern arm a temporary structure was first thrown across, from which the gravel trains dumped their loads to make a permanent foundation. What were known as "pile stations"—that is, little groups of piles driven firmly into the mud—were constructed in the deeper parts. Upon these, pile-drivers were erected which moved continuously forward on piles of their own driving. On this triple row of piles heavy caps of timber were placed, with great "stringers" or heavy logs, on top of them. Then followed the cross ties and rails. Where possible, this temporary structure has been filled in, the "stringers" removed, and the ties laid firmly on the earth.

The track was laid both from the east and west, and the workmen met in the middle of the lake. "Stringers" were brought to them on rafts and lifted to the bridge by heavy cranes. Thousands of logs for piles were kept in huge "booms" on the shores of the lake, and towed when

needed to the place where the pile-drivers were at work.

The most serious difficulty encountered by the engineers and workmen was at a spot known as the "bottomless pit," or "sink," discovered about a mile from the eastern shore of the lake. At some remote period there was here a colossal cavity, which had since been filled up by the slime and mud of the Bear River. For over six months tons and tons of solid rock were poured into this cavity, only to disappear completely. The soft mud oozed away from under this enormous weight of stone, allowing it to sink deeper and deeper, and the engineers and laborers began to lose heart.

Their perseverance, however, was finally rewarded. For a whole month over 2,500 tons of material were tossed every day into this slimy pit. The filling-up process was at last completed, but a slight depression in the road-bed at this spot still remains to show the difficulties which had to be overcome. The engineers, however, assert their belief that the foundations are absolutely firm and can never be disturbed.

In some places the trestles have been built wide enough to allow for the passing of trains, and on one portion a double track has been laid. A railing breast-high has been placed on both sides of the permanent trestle, and into this refuge have been built for the benefit of workmen and others passing along the line.

The entire cost of construction, it may be added, fell little short of £1,600,000.

A British-American Advertiser's Romance

BY THE EDITOR OF THE YOUNG MAN.

The British-American advertiser is Mr. John Morgan Richards, who, though still an American citizen, has long made his home in England. He has recently written a book with the title "With John Bull and Jonathan," in which he gives interesting impressions of his life in England and America. The writer of this article has drawn liberally from this book.

JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS was born in 1841 in Aurora, a lovely village on the shores of the Cayuga Lake, where his father was a Presbyterian minister. They were days of stern Puritanism, when "children loved their parents less but feared them more." The pastor's salary was supplemented once a year by the holding of what was called a "Donation Party," when the more well-to-do members of the congregation called and left second-hand suits for the boys, past season's dresses for the minister's wife, and firewood, flour, and groceries. School days over, John and his brother went to work on a farm in New York State, where they received no wages but had their board and "keep." They rose at five, milked the cows, watered the horses, fed the cattle, and on certain days attended the markets with eggs and butter. His father removing to New Orleans, John Morgan entered an agricultural implement and seed warehouse in New York at a salary of 10s. a week. And after his sixteenth year he never again had to ask his parents or friends for any pecuniary aid. At nineteen he was appointed manager of a branch for the same firm in Boston, and was there when the great Civil War broke out. At twenty-three he married Miss Laura Hortense Arnold, and the year after entered the service of Messrs. Demos Barnes & Co., a firm of wholesale druggists. It was when traveling all over the States and Canada, visiting Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and California as the firm's repre-

sentative, after the war, that Mr. Richards picked up that large knowledge of men and cities that he possesses, and first had experience of the new art or science of advertising, in which he is to-day such an acknowledged expert. A hundred adventures fell to his lot. At one time he drove mustang ponies for over 2,600 miles in order to gain time, and at others, such was the disturbed condition of the country after the war, that in order to prove his identity he was accustomed to have his right arm and exhibit his name tattooed there. At the age of twenty-six he became tired of the wandering life of a traveler, and joined Mr. Van Duzer, a well-known wholesale druggist in New York, who sent him to England to take charge of his branch in Holborn. From that time, though never becoming "naturalized," Mr. Morgan Richards has remained in England, with the exception of frequent visits to America. In 1875 he commenced business for himself. As to what this business was, let Mr. Richards speak for himself. "To more nearly explain the nature of the business I had surrendered and was now taking up on my own account, I should state that this was what is known as a proprietary one, the result of which depended on the intrinsic merit of the article, real usefulness, and publicity. My chief training in the United States was the preparation of advertisements. Following out this experience, I set to work in London on a poster for wall space, and devised the first sixteen-sheet double-demy poster

ever seen in England in connection with a proprietary article. My next work was the endeavor to bring London and provincial newspapers to allow display advertisements such as were appearing in American journals, and to give further facilities to large advertisers. This was a difficult task and a sad disappointment, so strongly were the newspaper proprietors enmeshed behind the barriers of what they considered to be the proper and seemingly method of English advertising. The Illustrated London News was the first to grant the privilege of inserting an illustrated advertisement with blocks. No paper would accept copy they did not first edit. In the Times no two lines exactly alike could appear in any advertisement. If you wanted a column advertisement, about cooco, as soon as the word appeared in a line there must follow different explanatory matter or descriptive words, as 'Grateful, comforting.' Nothing whatever in the way of display was allowed. . . . In conjunction with another American firm, I believe I was the first to engage a full column in a single issue of a London daily and a whole back page of several London weeklies."

Further Mr. Richards tells us: "Before the early seventies, in the United States, posters in colors or of large dimensions were unknown, or only used by circus companies. Commercial posters rarely exceeded a two-sheet double-demy, with words in black letters on a white ground. There was then no system of protecting stations, and posting was done with the knowledge that possibly the poster would be covered up within twenty-four hours. Posting was then usually done at night, to avoid the possibility of encountering an opponent. A common form of posting was

called 'Gutter snipes.' These were composed of narrow strips of paper which would be found in the morning lining the gutters. In England the 'snipes' in the gutter would probably disappear about midnight, but before that hour every foot passenger would have read and remembered what was advertised."

What Mr. Richards says of advertised patent medicines in general will cause many to smile and wonder: "In the United States there is no prejudice against the advertising of medicines, but at one time in England the opinion was held that the advertisement sells the article, and not the merit of the medicine." Again: "Those engaged in advertising campaigns know that nothing is more wasteful or would lead more quickly to financial ruin than a large expenditure upon a worthless article. No proprietary article has any lasting value nor enriches the inventor unless possessing undoubted merit and in a marked degree accomplishes the purpose stated. This is the history of every patent medicine of renown in the United States and Great Britain."

"Things that are most largely advertised are usually well worth buying," is another of Mr. Richards's statements that takes one's breath away. But it prepares one to receive another statement, viz., "After an experience of over fifty years, I consider that advertising as a profession is the most fascinating form of speculation in existence." In this connection it may be well to quote "Ten General Commandments for Business Men," which Mr. Richards gives from a booklet written by his friend Dr. Parker some years later:

"(1) Thou shalt not in any wise hoast, brag, hounce, or hluster, or the wisest man will hold thee in low esteem,

(2) Thou shalt not permit thy wife to be living at the rate of £300 a year when thy business is not yielding more than £199; nor shalt thou withhold from her the business information which as a helpmeet she is entitled to receive. (3) Thou shalt not mock the unsuccessful man, for he may be richer in his poverty than thou art in thy boasted abundance. (4) Thou shalt not carry the counting-house into the domestic circle, nor in any wise spoil the children's hour by recapitulating the bankruptcies of the day. (5) Thou shalt not hobnob with idle persons nor smoke with them, nor encourage them, nor approve their evil life. (6) Thou shalt not keep company with an unpunctual man, for he will certainly lead thee to carelessness and ruin. (7) Thou shalt not forget that a servant who can tell lies for thee may one day tell lies to thee. (8) As to the hours of slumber and sleep, remember the good old rule:

'Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven.'

(9) Neither a borrower nor a lender be, but give where well-bestowed right cheerfully. (10) Be honest in copper, and in gold thy honesty will be sure." To which Mr. Richards adds: "These are the commandments truly which will ensure success in business."

On the chance of American goods being sold in England Mr. Richards's words are very appropriate just now. "I am convinced," he says, "that no American article can succeed in England in any direct competition with an English-made article of the same character, quality and price. The American articles which have succeeded in England are not great in

number, and in every instance contained some element of originality or superiority. Take, for example, American furniture, which has been largely imported on account of its cheapness. With the exception of roll-top desks, letter-file cabinets, and rocking-chairs, nothing has succeeded. Advertising American sideboards, sofas, and the like has yielded only a loss. The reason for this is that they could not compare in quality and finish even with the cheapest British-made articles. American furniture is glued where it ought to be mortized, and nailed where screws should be used, and nothing carefully finished except what is visible to the eye." It is somewhat surprising to learn from Mr. Richards that "the best-fitting and best-looking boots and shoes now worn in this country are of American make," and that "the machinery employed in boot and shoe making by all the large manufacturers in Great Britain is of American invention."

On the relative richness of Englishmen and Americans Mr. Richards desires to somewhat disillusion us, to our own advantage. He says: Americans are not richer than, nor nearly so rich, as wealthy men in England, nor are they so numerous. If there is any difference between the two classes, the more prudent man is the Englishman, because as a rule he limits his expenditure to his means; while an American does not hesitate to spend his capital. In England men are spoken of as having so much per annum; in America they are spoken of as being worth so many millions of dollars. An American will spend the whole of his income if his purpose would be served. An Englishman, as a rule, with those with whom he is intimate, will plainly make known his

circumstances in a perfectly natural and honest way. "Oh," he will say, "I have only got £300 a year," but wild horses would not drag out of an American any admission of that character."

Here is Mr. Richards's comparison between the London and the New York office boy and clerk: "In New York the average office boy would have a beginning salary of 6s. a week, which would be increased to 10s. or 12s. before the end of one year's service, if he was bright and smart. Salesmen, bookkeepers and department managers are all well paid, and have larger salaries than men doing similar work in England. I was struck, on entering business in London, with the appearance of some employees. The junior clerks came to their office work in top-hats and often even carrying a walking-stick. When asked to go on some errand one of them, I remember, would immediately proceed to wash his hands, brush his hair, put on his gloves, and take stick in hand before starting, wasting several minutes in preparation. Should a direction be given a junior clerk in a New York office he would be off in double-quick time, without any thought of gloves or walking-stick. The ordinary clerk goes to business ready to begin, without any of the accessories of his English prototype. A young fellow would be greatly prejudiced in his work in New York if he ever appeared in a top-hat and carrying a cane. There is much more time allowed in America a clerk is allowed half an hour for midday lunch, in England an hour. In New York work begins at

7.30 a.m., in London 8.30 or 9. Closing time is 5.30 in New York, in London 6. A clerk in England will spend from 1s. to 1s. 6d. upon his lunch; in the United States he is able to get a satisfactory lunch for 6d. to 10d. Nothing in the form of intoxicants is ever taken by the American youth in business hours. This may account for the greater activity of the American lad. The boy who smokes is altogether a modern invention in the States."

Do American methods of business succeed in England? Mr. Richards thinks not. "I have often been asked as to the possibilities likely to follow when a young American comes to London with a view to acquiring a knowledge of business and ultimately establishing himself in England. Long observation has led me to the conclusion that an American's chances are by no means favorable in any line of business. American friends have often urged me to take their sons into my employ as clerks or travelers, and in no instance has the trial resulted in a satisfactory way. The whole conduct and habit of business in England are entirely different from what is current in America. The currency differs, the methods of the people differ. American youths are subservient enough, but greatly fail in the matter of reverence for their elders and for those who are really set in authority. They have no intention to be discourteous or rude, yet they invariably seem to be regarded by Englishmen as too full of 'bounce.' In my judgment, tact and good manners are good capital, and are as important as a good banking account."

Delivering Goods by Pneumatic Tube

THE HERALD MAGAZINE

To such a degree has the pneumatic tube been developed, that it has been demonstrated possible to convey live animals for long distances through it without injury. It only remains to show the practicability of carrying human beings in this way. For the delivery of letters and goods, the system is inflexible, an order of groceries having been transmitted in Philadelphia over a mile in less than two minutes.

WHEN the new double lines of pneumatic mail tubes were tested at the Central Post Office and two branch offices in Philadelphia recently it was satisfactorily demonstrated that living animals may be enclosed in metallic carriers, whisked at high speed for miles underground and emerge none the worse for the experience.

In no case has an animal been made ill or injured by its ride through the tube. Two puppies, two guinea pigs, a rooster and an aquarium of goldfish have experienced the novel trip, not once, but several times.

It remains only for a human being to undertake this exciting new method of rapid transit. When the concern operating the tubes installs a twelve-inch tube, somebody will be given an opportunity to ride in it. A very small man or a young boy might do so.

Only one serious danger would beset him—the cartridge enclosing his body might become stuck in the tube. Such a thing has happened to a cartridge of mail more than once.

The tube men say there is enough air in the tubes to sustain life indefinitely, and should a human being ride in a cartridge the lid would be so fixed that it could be opened from the inside. Then, there is a clever device by which the exact spot where a carrier is stuck may be determined, making speedy rescue possible.

Every commercial establishment of size in Philadelphia has agreed, the

company says, to install the twelve-inch tube under conditions. It is promised that by this means within five years all packages not too large will be delivered from stores to stations of the transit company, and thence by peddlars to homes of purchasers.

After the practicability of the idea shall have been proven in Philadelphia it is proposed to install the system in New York provided that merchants there are favorable to it.

As a foretaste of what the pneumatic delivery system will mean, the company is testing the mail tubes transmitted a large assortment of provisions—breakable, liquid and otherwise—fifty-seven varieties in all—from a branch station to the Central Post Office.

Eggs, bottles of milk, jars of olives, dressed chickens, glasses of jelly, china and silverware, packages of biscuits—almost every kind of articles that one would be apt to order in a hurry from the grocer or butcher—were delivered from a point over a mile away in less than two minutes after they had been ordered by telephone.

As a cheerful climax, a pot of tea was made at the other end of the line and two minutes later was served hot to the guests in the Central post office after it had passed through the tube.

It would be too much to suppose that the pot of tea should go through the tube without spilling, unless it

were subjected to some special preparation. It was necessary to place it in the carrier right side up and to seal the spout.

Even if left unsealed the leverage might make the trip without being spilled, but the jolt at the end of the journey, when the cartridge plunges with terrific force into an air cushion, would be too much for the equilibrium.

Under ground the tube is horizontal, and, in most places, straight. To be sure a curve is necessary when going from the street into a building, and again when ascending from the ground to the room where the exit is; but these curves are gradual, having little effect on the smooth running of the cartridge.

The test of the new service between the Central Post Office and stations "S" and "O" was made on February 9, before the service was turned over to the government by the Pneumatic Transit Company.

A few speeches were made and then a Bible wrapped in an American flag was sent over the route to station "S" and return. The guests in the Central Post Office waited, watches in hand, until the return of the hook. It took just six minutes and one second to make the round trip.

Next, John E. Milholland, who was superintending the tests, announced that he would give a demonstration of the improvement in the special delivery service made possible by the pneumatic system.

For the purpose of the demonstration an address was desired to which a special delivery message might be sent, and it was arranged to use the office of W. Atlee Burpee, Fifth and Buttonwood streets, for the purpose.

The letter addressed to Mr. Burpee, consisting of forty words, was transmitted from the Central Post

Office just as if it had been received in the regular order of business. Simultaneously a message of eleven words was sent by telegraph messenger boy to be transmitted from the nearest telegraph office.

The telegraph was placed at a disadvantage at the start on account of the boy having to go several doors away to give the message to an operator; but at the other end of the line the telegraph office and post office were at about the same distance from the office of Mr. Burpee.

Victor T. Bradley, Superintendent Railway Mail Service, who was present, said he had figured up the distance and that ordinarily it would take a special delivery messenger, using street car or bicycle, an hour and five minutes to deliver the letter to the addressee and return with an answer. So the real contest was evidently between the pneumatic tube and the telegraph.

The letter that had been sent through the tube reached Mr. Burpee first. He answered it with a note of forty words dictated to a stenographer and transcribed on a typewriter, enclosed it in an envelope and gave it to the boy to be returned to Station S.

In ten minutes and five seconds the reply was in the central office. In twenty-one minutes a reply of ten words to the note sent by telegraph was received. The tube had done the work in less than half the time of the telegraph.

Then came the live stock tests. Despite the misgivings expressed by some of the persons present, Mr. Milholland declared that this test was robbed of the nature of experiment, as all possible obstacles had been considered and provided for. He announced that a rooster and an aquarium of goldfish were about to be transmit-

ed through the tube from Station S, one and two-tenths miles away.

The misgivings of some spectators were emphasized by a study of the carriers in which the live stock was to be shipped. These carriers resemble mammoth cannon balls and appear just as formidable. They are cylinders of half inch iron, seven inches in diameter inside and twenty-four inches long. A lid at one end is shut and clamped with a device resembling a safe lock before the carrier is placed in the breech of the tube for transmission.

"That rooster will surely die in such a closed contrivance," said a member of the party, who had looked in vain for an air hole.

"No, it won't," replied Mr. Milholland. "There is plenty of air in a carrier to sustain the life of a bird for three minutes; or, in fact, a much longer period."

"Yes, but if it should get stuck?" It was agreed that in that event it would be the rooster's misfortune; but the system had been so thoroughly tested, Mr. Milholland said, that there was practically no danger of congestion.

The telephone bell rang. "The rooster's on the way," was the announcement repeated by the man who held the receiver. All was breathless silence for two minutes.

A whistling sound made by the forcing of the air from the mouth of the tube was followed in a moment by the steel carrier, which whizzed along the twelve feet of circular "table" and humped its nose into an air cushion spring with an impetus that made it recoil four feet.

"Goodbye rooster!" was the doleful comment of a spectator.

There was a general craning of necks as the carrier was placed on the floor and the top removed. First a

quantity of waste was taken out—it had been inserted to provide against just such a hump as the carrier received—and then the colored attendant pulled out a hantam rooster and handed it to Secretary Riffe, of the transit company.

"Is he dead?" asked a half dozen persons at once.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" replied the rooster.

Next came the aquarium of goldfish. There were six fish in the glass globe, swimming gracefully while being whisked under the busiest part of the city. To guard against spilling the fish or water a piece of rubber cloth was fastened tightly about the top of the jar.

By this time all scepticism regarding the ability of living animals to travel with immunity in closed carriers under ground was removed, so that the demonstrations that followed were in the nature of cumulative evidence.

Two puppies a month old and two adult guinea pigs later passed through the tube successfully—apparently with pleasure. One of the puppies wobbled a bit when taken from the carrier, but promptly regained his equilibrium and began to play with a piece of twine on the floor.

The new line of pneumatic tube extends from the Central Post Office to Station S, at Sixth street and Fairmount avenue, a distance of 6,396 feet, or a little over one and two-tenths miles; thence to Station O, at Tenth street and Columbia avenue, a distance of 7,454.75 feet, or a little over one and four-tenths miles, making the total length of the line 2,6231 miles.

Carriers may be dispatched at intervals of six seconds, going usual at the rate of thirty miles an hour

The Philadelphia Post Office has set out to have the best pneumatic mail tube service in the world. Further extension will be made as soon

as appropriations pending in Congress are secured. Such a service when completed would give the city over ten miles of pneumatic tube.

What is the Liberal Policy?

BY SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANERMAN IN THE WORLD TO-DAY

In free and open terms the new British Premier sets forth the policy of his Government. Freedom, he maintains, is its keynote—freedom in all things that affect the life of the people. His frank statement of policy will win for Mr. Herby the esteem of all British people.

WHAT is the Liberal policy? Our very name gives the answer. We stand for liberty. Our policy is the policy of freedom in all things that affect the life of the people, freedom of conscience, freedom of trade, internal and external; freedom of industry, of combination and co-operation; from class ascendancy, from injurious privileges and monopolies; freedom for each man to make the best use of the powers and faculties implanted in him; and with the view of securing and guarding these and other interests, freedom of Parliament, for all to elect to the governing body of the nation the representatives of their own choice.

That is the Liberal policy.

Set against it in contrast the policy of the past government during the last nine years! It was a policy of exaltation of the executive power and depression of the representatives of the people, a policy of high expenditure, of great military establishments, a policy of favoritism toward privileged classes and interests.

Mr. Balfour says we have no program, but only a policy of negations. Even if that were the case, the rectification of the mischief of the last ten years is a pretty good program of itself. But I do not regard as a nega-

tion the endeavor to place the system of national education on a permanent basis of public control and management. Nor do I regard as a policy of negation the abolition of tests or the removal of schools from the sphere of sectarian strife, which is incompatible with secular efficiency. I do not regard as negation the attempt to which we are committed to reassert the control of the community over the liquor traffic, which control Mr. Balfour went far to stultify by that most pernicious and shameless measure for converting an annual license into a permanent freehold.

Again, is economy a negation? I will answer that by another question. Is the raging torrent of expenditure of the last ten years a constructive policy? If not—if it represents, as indeed it does, a diversion of wealth from useful and profitable channels to channels which are useless, unprofitable and mischievous—then a policy which seeks to recover some of these wasted millions for the community is not a policy of negation. That, now we are in power, will be our aim.

The difficulties before the Liberal government are threefold. In the first place, there is the multiplicity of the subjects to be dealt with; in the

second place, there is the condition of the national finance; and in the third place, there is the reawakening activity of the House of Lords. This last is a gigantic problem and the first thing to do is to strengthen the people's House; then you can try conclusions with the other.

There is a cardinal, abiding, necessary difference between the Liberal party and our opponents which is as a chasm yawning between us abetward almost every public question. Where the interest of classes, or of individuals, of what calls itself society, or of the Church, or of a branch of the public service, comes in conflict with the public interest, we will, with firmness and generosity, but without fear or scruple, stand by and uphold the public interest and make it supreme. Survey the whole field of Liberal deeds and doctrines, all the achievements of the past, as well as the ambitions of the future, you will find this to be universally true.

It may accurately be said that there is practically but one great impediment in the way of a sweeping improvement which would elevate the physical and moral welfare of the people. This is the interest, and the overdue regard the interest, of the landowner, and the political and social influence that he and his class can exercise. Let the value of land be assessed independently of the buildings upon it, and upon such valuation let contributions be made to those public services which create the value.

What is our rating system. It is a tax upon industry and labor, upon enterprise, upon improvement; it is a tax which is the direct cause of much suffering and overcrowding in the towns. Overcrowding is not a symp-

tom only, but a cause of poverty, because it demoralizes its victims and forces them to find relief in excesses. By throwing the taxes on site values, communities which have created these values will be set free, free in the sense that they can expand, free to direct their own destinies.

Foremost among our domestic duties is the succor of the masses who are in poverty. If it can be shown that poverty, whether it be material poverty or poverty of physique and of energy, is associated with economic conditions which, though supported by the laws of the country, are nevertheless contrary to economic laws and considerations and to public policy, the State can intervene without fear of doing harm. Is there any lack of such conditions among us? I fear not. The country is still largely governed by castes, and it has to compete with nations which have shaken off feudal ways and privileges which we continue to tolerate.

It can not be too often repeated and enforced that the way to go to work to organize the home market is not the crude and unequal and exploded method of setting up tariffs. It is to raise the standard of living, abolishing those centres of stagnant misery which are a disgrace to our name, and when once the home market is so organized the demand for labor will be larger and more sustained, and more capable of ensuring itself against fluctuation.

The wisest course is to attack these bad conditions boldly and fearlessly, to abolish them, or, if we can not do that, to modify them; deal rigorously with vested interests and monopolies which cause public injury or stand in the way of improvement; enlarge the powers of local authorities, read-

just our taxing system, and so alter our land laws as to increase the supply of houses and of available land in town and country alike; equalize burdens local as well as imperial; give—as far as laws and customs can give it, give a chance to every man.

Give every man a chance; those are the lines of progress and development. It is along those lines that lies the path of prosperity, happiness and strength. There lies the true wisdom, and not false, sham wisdom; true patriotism, and not tinsel patriotism; true imperialism, and not treacherous imperialism.

I am not prepared to erase from the tablets of my creed any principle, or measure, or proposal, or ideal, or aspiration of Liberalism. First of all the whole range of reforms which seem to be necessary in order to simplify and complete our electoral and legislative machinery is the simplification of registration. The abolition of the plural vote, the reduction of electoral expenses, the removal of every bar to the free choice of electors, and above all, the adjustment of the relations between the two houses of Parliament, are changes which the workman ought to claim as his birthright. It is those that will give him the power to obtain, with the consent and co-operation of other classes of the community, changes which he especially desires and demands, without waiting upon the condescending benevolence or the grudging necessities of the hereditary House. We have long been anxious that the representation of the people of this country should be as full, as real and as simple as possible; that the workman who follows his work and changes his house should not be hustled and chivied out of his vote.

The condemnation of the Education Act, as ignoring popular rights, as excluding from their proper share of influence the parent and the taxpayer, the two classes most concerned, and as writing upon the door of entry to a great and honorable and beneficent profession a sectarian test—that is a standing condemnation which time can never wither. It must be put an end to as soon as possible, and the public, whose money is taken, and who as patriots and as parents are intensely interested in the character and quality and nature of the education given to children at the most receptive period of their lives, must have the command in this matter, and not any self-constituted body of managers, or any man, whether he be parson or layman.

One of the first things we have got to do—the most urgent, but no easy thing—is to repair as far as possible the damage that the Licensing Act has done. The first is to restore the local licensing authority to the full powers and discretion originally possessed, and to extend those powers considerably; the best and the supreme judges are the inhabitants of a district whose daily lives are affected by the liquor traffic. That is the cardinal principle to bear in mind. The next thing is to impose a limit of time to the artificial provisions of the Act. Those two things of themselves will be of great difficulty to carry through any House of Commons, and the House of Lords perhaps still more. But it is one of the first things we have got to do.

Another great object will be to improve our land system and our agricultural conditions so as to keep more men on the soil and take others back to it. It is not in our colonies only,

and our dependencies across the seas, that we have a great estate to develop; we have it here under our eyes. Let us try the experiment of getting the people on the soil and encouraging them to engage all their energies in its improvement. We must try to get rid of anything that hinders the development of agriculture, restrictions that we have outgrown and habits that belong to a patriarchal state of things.

There is a general awakening and broadening of view on this subject. There is a growing belief in co-operative methods, both in purchase, transit, dairying, and in the application of scientific processes, in the adoption of what may be called a forward policy to meet the changes and surmount the difficulties which time has brought with it. If our system of tenure in this country hinders this development and cramps in any way the freedom of the cultivator, then such changes must be made in our system as shall give the requisite security and independence to the cultivator, and enable him, to the great benefit not only of himself, but of his landowner and the nation at large, to take full advantage of the new methods. These are the general lines on which legislation will have to move forward to bring our agricultural system into harmony with the latest methods, in whose adoption lie our best hopes of agricultural prosperity. These are the ways to encourage enterprise and good farming, to bring labor and capital both in larger quantities to be applied to the land, and to build up a healthy rural population.

I hold that there are three main divisions of operation for the amelioration of the condition of the rural population. First of all, it is

necessary to provide healthy, comfortable homes in the country. Secondly, there is the furnishing to the laborer in the country the opportunity of a career, so that by industry and intelligence he may raise himself. Third, there should be freedom in that career.

I stand by my ideal and I object to that of the past government as to the armaments which we need. The difference between us is crucial and fundamental. I claim that we are not called upon to vie, and it would be the height of folly for us to attempt to vie, with our great military continental neighbors. We do not want 70,000 men to launch upon Europe. I am thoroughly opposed to the whole idea. I am opposed to it on strategic grounds; I am opposed to it as a conception of international relations, and provocative of unnecessary friction and of war. I remember what a witty Frenchman once said of the Kingdom of Prussia—that Prussia was not a country with an army, but an army with a country. I don't want such conditions to be realized, or even approached in England. I do not want to see a military England, still less a military Scotland, or Wales, saturated with military ideas, regarding military glory, military aptitude, military interests as the great thing in life.

It is necessary for our position, for the nature and character of the Empire, for our immense trade, as well as for the protection of our shores, that we have a very strong navy, having the full command of the sea. But the increase of our navy estimates has been ninety per cent since 1865. Is this race forced upon us by the ambitions and actions of other powers, or is it in any degree our ambitions,

our actions that are forcing it upon them? There used to be a standard that we should have as many ships as any other two powers, but last year France, Germany and Russia combined spent £32,000,000, and in this year we are spending £34,500,000, so that we are exceeding the expenditure of the three powers. This may be proved to be necessary, but one would think that so great an increase of navy estimates would be accompanied by a corresponding diminution of army estimates, because if we have command of the seas, our shores are therefore all but absolutely safe and there would seem to be surely room for a large reduction in army expenditure.

The navy is not only our first line of defense, it is our second and third as well. But there is another line of defense, which comes before the army and navy, and that is "friendly relations with other countries." Would to heaven that Great Britain, in the years to come, might regain something of its old fame, when it stood among the nations for the belief that right-doing and honest-dealing are the surest tower of strength, and that no object to be sought by human statesmanship transcends in importance the cultivation of relations of mutual confidence and respect between the families of mankind.

The insane race and rivalry of armaments does not conduce to the strengthening of these friendly relations. The authoritative unanimous voice and opinion and direction of all the great powers of the world demanded at the Hague their limitation for the material and moral welfare of humanity. Overtures to this effect have been made and rejected. Let

us make them again and again until we succeed. I can not express my views on this more forcibly than by quoting the solemn warning and advice of Lord Salisbury, in November, 1897: "The one hope that we have to prevent this competition from ending in a terrible effort of mutual destruction, which will be fatal to Christian civilization, is that the powers may gradually be brought to act together in a friendly spirit on all subjects of difference that may arise, until at last they shall be welded together in some international constitution which shall give to the world, as a result of their great strength, a long spell of unfettered commerce, prosperous trade and continued peace." A great step was accomplished for civilization and humanity when a shrine was set up consecrated to the common interests, common conscience and the common purposes of the human race.

The question of the better government of Ireland directly and imperatively concerns both parties. The principle of self-government, the principle that the elective element shall be the governing element in Ireland, remains, in my view, the only principle consonant with our constitutional habits and practice, and above all, the only principle that will ever work. I am for adopting such methods and such a plan as may appear most likely to bring a successful issue to this principle and the policy arising from it. For twenty years of effort and sacrifice the Liberal party, amid misrepresentation and vilification, has contended for the cause of good government in Ireland, and as time and circumstances allow we will prosecute the same beneficent cause, not without hope that both parties in the State,

as the goal to be reached becomes better realized, will unite in a sustained effort to attain it.

Freedom is our keynote. Freedom and equality. And if it be the lot of the Liberal government to give the country ten years, or five years, of Liberal administration, let them not be years of compromising or of temporizing, but let them be years of resolute action. Then at the end of that time—so many of us as shall

survive to see it—we may not have created a new heaven and a new earth, but we shall be able to point to burdens removed, to liberties extended, to opportunities equalized, to the resources of our country more fully developed, comfort better diffused, independence encouraged, and by these peaceful and quiet methods an accretion of strength given to the Empire through the happiness and welfare of our people.

The Spanish-Speaking World To-Day

BY HUBERT H. REISSNER IN THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

The Spaniard and the Anglo-Saxon. It would seem, have always been at loggerheads. Ever since the days of the Armada and before, there has been a contempt of the Spaniard in the mind of the Englishman. And yet there is little reason for this attitude of mind. In sciences, in wealth, in its literature, art and science, the Spanish-speaking world is developing rapidly to-day.

IT is time for us as a people to re-cast our opinions of the Spanish-speaking world, since these are mostly traditional and—as far as they were ever correct—have not taken sufficiently into account the significance of the trend of the past few decades.

For more than three centuries the men of English speech have been at odds with the men employing the language of Spain. In the "mother country," England, Henry the Seventh competed with Ferdinand and Isabella in the exploration of the coast of the newly discovered western world. His grand-daughter Elizabeth, shocked at the cruelty of the Spanish conquest and enslavement of Mexico and Peru, did not hesitate to seize the treasure ships on which the ill-gotten gold of these dominions was loaded for transportation to "the Peninsula." It was Protestant and Catholic at war in those days. The

English aided the Netherlands in their war for independence of Spanish control. England and the Netherlands led in the opposition to the causes which was dearest of all to the Spanish heart in the days of warring creeds.

In the New World the Spaniard has been our competitor and adversary from the earliest Colonial days to a time within the memory of school boys. Florida, Texas and Cuba have been successive subjects of contention. The enmities of our ancestors were perpetual, while the causes changed from religious and personal to territorial and political. From the time of the Armada (1588) hatred has been mingled with contempt for the Spanish. Shakespeare expressed this feeling in a single line when he spoke of the man—

"From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate."

The contemptuous epithet "tawny" had reference primarily, it would seem, to the yellow of the Spanish flag; but it contains, also, perhaps a suggestion of the faded tints of Autumn, the season of the dying year. The "world's debate" signified not so much the war of worlds as the argument of cannon, like the recent "debate" in the Korean straits, between Togo and Rostovskiy. In such a contest, Spain was deemed already "lost" in Shakespeare's day.

Antipodes alike in theories of government and of religion, in social life and in the development of their literatures, the English-speaking world and the Spanish-speaking world have never understood each other. We have held the Spanish to be given over to besotted bigotry and tyranny. With the exception of their immortal "Don Quixote," we have known nothing of their literature, nor have we bothered ourselves to inquire if they possess any. In the Americas the principle of political union triumphed in the North and of disunion in the South. There was stability on the one hand and anarchy on the other. The puny, half-barbarous Spanish republics, like their mother land, have seemed "lost in the world's debate."

We have seemed to see the decadence of Spain reflected in her former world-possession. We have deemed it but a matter of time when the "Saxon" should spread over the vast regions where the Spanish flag once floated and the Spanish element should be absorbed in the stronger life current of northern blood.

We have reasoned but superficially. While noting the misdeeds of the government of old Spain, we might have inquired what were the sentiments of the Spanish people as reflected in the

utterances of their representative authors. While counting, with amusing contempt, thirty revolutions in Mexico within the space of twenty-eight years, we might have questioned with ourselves if this state of affairs was really to continue. While assuming that the Spanish element in America and the Philippines is destined to be absorbed by stronger race elements, we might have asked if this Spanish element is of a nature to be absorbed, or if, on the other hand, it is the most persistent and tenacious of all race elements. While ignoring Spanish literature, as a subject scarcely worthy of idle inquiry, we might have learned something about its rank in merit and its presumable influence upon the world of the future. Instead of assuming that the Spanish-speaking world is really decadent, we should have questioned if it were not really in a stage of transition, with vast possibilities for the future.

The events of the past seven years have opened the way to a better understanding of the actual status. And these are some of the facts which we are beginning to learn:

1.—The Spanish-speaking world is much larger than the French-speaking, and nearly as large as the German-speaking. There are perhaps fifty millions of people in all who make use of the French language, and seventy millions, all told, who speak German in some of its forms. There are probably sixty-five millions or more who speak Spanish; and if we include with them those who use the closely related Portuguese, the number will be about eighty-five millions.

2.—The Spanish-speaking world is growing steadily in numbers. Its destructive wars have ceased. The love of children is characteristic of Span-

ish-American lands. In these times of peace and in this western world of boundless resources, there will be a vast increase in the population with every succeeding generation. The birth rate of the French is to-day but a fraction of one per cent. above the death rate. The population of France is already stationary, and will soon decline actually, as it has long been declining relatively among the populations of the world. The Germans are a feckless people, but Germany is already crowded and its surplus population goes to foreign lands, to blend with their people as a drop of water melts into the sea. The Italians are increasing, but are wholly out of consideration as compared with the peoples of Spanish origin.

3.—The Spanish-speaking peoples are growing prodigiously in wealth. Thirty years of peace in Mexico have wrought miracles of development, and the work is yet in its infancy. A great mart of more than a million people has grown up at Buenos Ayres, in the Argentine—a city more than twice the size of Rome or of Madrid; a city of great warehouses, elevators, factories and wharves; a city of splendid boulevards and elegant mansions; a city rich in works of art and in luxurious adornment. Chile has always been progressive and thrifty. Is there a nation in all South America that is not advancing in material wealth? The "pearl of the Antilles," Cuba, is believed to have entered upon a career of affluence. The Philippines, likewise, have come to a turning point, whence, freed from the burdens which have borne so heavily upon them in the past, they will achieve the objects of no ordinary ambition.

4.—The Spanish literature far sur-

passes the French, the German, the Italian. It is second only to the English in the literatures of the world. Calderon is the only dramatist to be compared with Shakespeare. The classic drama of the Spanish is much greater in volume than the English. In its variety and in the splendor of its diction, it is a matter of amaze to every American who investigates it. In the realm of humor, practical philosophy, graceful lyric and sonorous declamation, the Spanish writers have scarcely any equals in the world.

It is an error to suppose that Spanish literature consists simply in the finished work of a by-gone age. New forms of literature are apt to have their origin in Spain. Lope was the precursor of Washington Irving and George William Curtis. The opera practically began in Spain. The newspaper "paragraph," the modern "short story" and the "funny column" are all of Spanish origin or suggestion. Spanish literature is full of the noblest sentiment, of practical wisdom relating to all the affairs of life. The standard dramas abound in sentiments which might have been uttered by Washington or by Gladstone. Spanish authorship is not confined to Spain. All Spanish Americans teem with authors of prose and verse of no small degree of merit.

The splendid fabric of Spanish classical literature is well worth preserving. With the future growth of Spanish-American nations in wealth and culture, it will be popularized as never before. More and more will it become the possession of the populace, with the multiplication of cheap and accessible reading. Of the real merits of Spanish literature we have been in no position to judge. The summaries contained in our cyclo-

pedias, and the specimen "translations" found in "collections" of the world's literature are apt to be farcical. Even the books of the late Butler Clark of Oxford and John Owen of London betray an utter want of sympathy or of knowledge of the subject on the part of the writers.

5.—As to the elimination or absorption of the Spanish race element by the assimilation of the "Saxon," this is out of the question. There is no race element so persistent, so ineradicable. Facial feature, temperament, inherited tendencies of the Spanish persist in the offspring of Spaniards by French, Indian, Aztec, Peruvian, German or American mothers—persist through long generations of utter isolation or of close contact with other elements; persist in the cool North or in the torrid South; persist in the mountain lands, in the vast forests, upon the grassy plains; persist amid the most varied scenes of city and country life, of active labor or of luxurious ease. This is the testimony—willing or reluctant—of all intelligent observers.

It is not meant that the persistent Spanish inheritance is unmodified by the mingled blood of other races. The hundreds of thousands of Germans and Italians who have been pouring into South America in the stream of westward emigration from Europe will have their influence in Spanish America as the like accessions have with us. But they will become absorbed. The cooler blood of the northern peoples gives only a steadier direction, a greater force, to the Spanish impulses of their mixed descendants.

As to what really constitutes the Spanish type, we have been much in error. The "grave, taciturn, and dis-

tant Spaniard," of whom we have studied for generations in our school geographies, is a myth. Quick, witty, alert, responsive, merry, volatile, the Spaniard is the very opposite of the imaginary character of our textbooks.

The West Indian pirate of our old dime "novels" (written in New York garrets) and the slaver of our antebellum days do not represent him. The former never existed in life, and the latter was exceptional. It should be remembered, moreover, that Spain is much diversified in its population; that the idler in tattered silk and velvet, who sings his serenades in Andalusian moonlit groves is very different from the thrifty, methodical, theorizing, inventive, Yankee-like Spaniard of Barcelona. It is claimed, in explanation of the thrift and order of Chile and the Argentine, that the people of northern Spain gave principal direction to the development of these commonwealths. Yet with all their differences, the several varieties of population in old Spain are all Spanish in a way; they have much in common.

6.—There has been a marked change in the general public sentiment regarding the Philippines. It was supposed that they would prove remunerative commercially as a colonial possession; that the memory as of centuries of misgoverning would lead them to prefer American life and thought to Spanish. Of the five millions who speak Spanish in the islands, but a small part, it was said, are Spanish. No genuine love of Spanish literature, no strong pride in Spanish history and achievement, it was claimed, exists among the populace. The recent magnificent celebration at Manila of the tercentenary

of "Don Quixote"—a celebration so unanimous and enthusiastic, so elaborate and elegant, so striking in every respect, that it would have done credit to Madrid—is an emphatic answer to one who questions the existence of a strong and enduring pride in the Spanish language and letters on the part of the people of Luzon. Few Americans now expect or desire a perpetual prolongation of the present political status in the Philippines, or look for a future "assimilation" in language and in blood.

In conclusion, let us consider for a moment the present outlook for the century upon which we have entered.

From Santa Fe northward to the Arctic Circle extends the English-speaking world of America, in an unbroken line. From Santa Fe, or at least from El Paso, southward, extends the Spanish-speaking world to Cape Horn, through ninety degrees of latitude, in an unbroken line. While Spain cuts but a small figure in Europe, as compared with Germany or with France, or even with Italy, there can be no German nation, no French nation, no Italian nation in this western world. The English language already spoken by more than one hundred and thirty millions of people in all the world, is expanding by leaps and bounds. The Spanish language is expanding far more rapidly than any other continental language of western Europe. The Pacific is to be the theatre of great activities in this new century. South America, Central America, Mexico, the Antilles and the Philippines will participate in the affairs of the great world. The

"Saxon" and the "Spaniard" of the future will have more and more interests in common; will, to an ever increasing degree, take account of each other; will learn to work together for their common interests.

The first duty of each is to recast his inherited opinions of the other; to estimate the other at his true value. Cultured Spaniards everywhere are inslating a knowledge of English among the essentials of their education. The new demands of the diplomatic world and of the commercial world alike render it desirable for ambitious young Americans to acquire an accurate and ready knowledge of the Castilian tongue. Already our great commercial houses are learning why we have failed to secure our share of the South American trade. Our inherited beliefs and prejudices, belonging to a bygone era, have prevented us from grasping the situation—from understanding the peoples with whom we would deal commercially, and with whom we must have much intercourse in all the future.

We love to think that the blending of Saxon and Norman in English history was the greatest of all historical events in its ultimate results for the world; that each of these race elements supplemented the other in the precise manner and proportion required to achieve the highest civilization of the world. What may not the proximity, the co-operation, and, in a measure, the mingling, of "Saxon" and "Spaniard" accomplish in the new era upon which we have entered?

Ranch Life in the Calgary District

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER IN *REBELL MAGAZINE*.

They struts are those about the remittance men, pugilists and settlers of the North West. It is a great free country, whether all sorts and conditions of men are looking. Some are shrewd, some are easily fooled, some come to have good time and some to make their fortunes. In their lives there is much material for the writer of romance.

If you want to see a live frontier town come to Calgary. It is the ranching capital of the Canadian cattle country, and it has for years been a sort of Keeley cure for the younger sons of English lords and dukes. Lying in Western Canada, a hundred miles or so north of the American boundary, it is a sort of a cross between Denver and Cheyenne, peppered with the spice of Monte Carlo and London. There is no more sporty town on the American continent. It is business from the word "go," but at the same time cowboys gallop through its streets, and fine looking Englishmen in riding trousers, leather leggings and Norfolk jackets play polo on the outskirts.

There are a number of hotels, and every hotel has a well patronized bar. There are two clubs, one known as the Ranchers' and the other as the Alberta. The Ranchers' Club is largely composed of the sons of rich English families. It is independent and awfully swell. The Alberta Club is mostly business men, comprising the real estate dealers, merchants, wholesale and retail, and other prominent characters who want to make Calgary great. As for the Ranchers, they do not care a cent for Calgary and are more interested in polo than politics.

Among the characters of Calgary are the remittance men. They are the younger sons of wealthy or noble English families, who are out here to make their fortunes and grow up with the country. Some have come because their people did not want them

at home, and others because they liked the wild life of the prairies, which until recently has corresponded somewhat with Kipling's description of "the country east of Suez": "Where the best is like the worst—Where there aren't no Ten Commandments,

And a man can raise a thirst."

These remittance men get so much money every month, or every quarter, and most of them spend it in drink and carousing. Many are "me'er do wells," and they fall lower and lower, relying entirely on their remittances to keep them going. I know, for instance, one son of an English lord whom you may see almost any day here hanging over the bar, and another who has dual blood in his veins who will gladly borrow a quarter of you if he strikes you in the lean days prior to the next remittance.

The stories of how some of these remittance men take in their parents are interesting. They are sent out here with the idea that they may make their fortunes, and they frequently bring large sums to invest. As soon as they arrive they go into crazy speculation and wild extravagances, sending back to their parents for more money from time to time. One character of this kind was Dickie Bright, the grandson of the man for whom the disease of the kidneys was named. Dickie's father was rich and he had supplied Dickie with money and sent him out here to grow up with the country. Dickie invested in

a ranch and asked for large remittances from time to time on the plea of increasing his live stock.

At the same time he sent home florid stories of the money he was making and how he was fast becoming a cattle king. Shortly after one of his most enthusiastic letters he received a despatch from New York saying that his father had just arrived there and that he was coming out to see him. The boy was in despair.

"He had spent his remittances in riotous living and he had no cattle to speak of. Adjoining him, however, was one of the largest cattle owners of the west. He confided in him and persuaded him to lend him a thousand head of his best stock for one night. When he made this request his neighbor asked what he wanted to do with the cattle. He replied:

"I shall put them in my corral, and when the old man comes I will show them as my herd. Dad can't stay but a day, and I will see that they are driven back safe to you the next morning."

The rancher was something of a sport himself, and he finally consented to help the boy out of his trouble. The cattle were sent over. Old Dr. Bright duly arrived, and he was driven out and shown the herd, which Dickie said was only a sample of his stock which he had brought in to show to his father. The boy added, however, that it was not good to keep the cattle penned up and that they must go back upon the range right away. The old doctor was delighted and gave Dickie a check for \$10,000 to increase the business before he left. When he returned to England he boasted about the clubs how his boy had built up one of the biggest stock ranches in the west and was making a fortune on the Canadian plains. In the meantime Dickie

was luxuriating on his \$10,000. It soon disappeared, and a little later he wrote to his father for more, saying that cold and disease had ruined his herd. As a result he was called back to England.

Another remittance boy added to his income by pretending to have a gopher farm. His father had no idea that the word "gopher" meant much the same as ground squirrel, and when his boy wrote an enthusiastic letter saying that he had now a stock of 700 blooded gophers on his range he thought he was doing well. When he added that the animals were in good condition, but that it would take a thousand dollars more to keep them in shape for the market next Spring the father sent on the money, evidently thinking that the gopher was some new breed of sheep or cattle.

Another young Englishman came here with an intense desire to learn ranching, and he had no sooner arrived than he got a place as a cowboy. He was anxious to begin work at once, so the second day after he came he was told to go out and round up the lambs and get them in the corral for the evening. The young man started enthusiastically. Dinner time passed and he had not returned. The hour for supper arrived, and he was still absent. A little later he dragged himself into the house, dead tired. He was asked why he had stayed so long, and replied that he had had a lot of trouble with the lambs, but that he had finally succeeded in getting all but two into the corral and that those two ran so fast that he could not catch them. The other cowboys considered this strange, as the lambs are not hard to drive, so they took a lantern and went out to the corral. As they opened the door about a score of jack rabbits dashed past

them. The young nobleman had mistaken jack rabbits for lambs, and had finally managed to get them inside the enclosure. I will not vouch for the truth of this story.

This young man was a pupil farmer. Scores of such have been sent out from England to the United States and Canada to learn farming. There are men who make a regular business of drumming up such students. They go to the rich families in different parts of Great Britain and persuade them that there is great money in ranching and undertake to teach their sons the business for a consideration. The boys are charged all the way from a thousand dollars upward a year for their instruction, and in some cases they are made to do the dirty work, to clean up the stables, wash the dishes and labor early and late. As soon as they find out the deception they run off, but the money has been paid in advance and the agents always come out ahead. I heard of one young pupil farmer who was met the other day by a man who knew him when he first arrived in Calgary. He asked the boy how he liked the work and if he was still studying. The reply was quick:

"I am not. I chucked that job six months ago and I now have two pupil farmers myself."

This same game was played in Iowa and Minnesota by several Englishmen some years ago. One of them brought over large numbers of boys at good prices. He had games and amusements to get money out of their pockets, teaching them to play polo and selling ponies to them for the purpose. He made a small fortune before his frauds were discovered.

Speaking of the young Englishman's jack rabbits reminds me of a story that Peter Naismith, the manager of the Alberta Railway and Irrigation

Company, of Lethbridge, tells of his experiences at Frank, Alta., where one of the Rocky Mountains tipped over, burying a town and killing a large number of people. This mountain was so delicately poised that an excavation at its foot caused it to crack, and some millions of tons of earth slid off, covering the railroad track and changing the whole face of the country. The earth continued to rumble for days, and people from all parts of the country came to see the great convulsions of nature. It was just after the disaster that Peter Naismith went up to take a look at the ruins. As he stood in the midst of them a great growling came from below him, and it looked as though a second slide was about to occur. All of the party ran for their lives, and Naismith faster than any. I asked him if he were frightened. He replied:

"I should say I was. I ran down that mountain as though all the furies were after me. Indeed, I ran so fast that one of the local papers said that on the way I overlooked a jack rabbit going at full speed and gave him a kick, exclaiming as I did so:

"Get out of the way, blank you, and let somebody run who can run."

When it is remembered that a jack rabbit can outdistance the ordinary horse the strength of this remark is apparent.

As a rule, order is good in the ranch country and confidence men comparatively scarce. The old stagecoaches here are on the outlook for swindlers, but nevertheless some of the best of them are badly taken in. A recent story is told concerning the selling of a gold brick to a bank manager and newspaper editor of Calgary for the sum of \$12,000. The Canadian bankers are the shrewdest of their kind, and the manager of this branch at Calgary has been long in

the business. Nevertheless when an old man came into the bank a few months ago and told him he had discovered a gold mine in the Rockies and taken therefrom enough dust to form two large bricks he listened. He also mentioned the fact to the editor, and the two again heard the story.

It was so full of details that they concluded it was true, and they went with the old miner to his shack, far away from the railroad in the wilds of the foot hills. When they reached there they found an Indian with a rifle guarding the cabin and saw unearthed two big bars of gold. They were made to believe that the Indian meant business, and that if the gold was not taken as per contract their lives would probably be lost. The

result was that they paid over the \$12,000 and took the bricks back to Calgary. Before describing their find they carried the gold to an assayer, who reported upon it as pure. They

then announced their discovery, but others suspected that there might be a trick, and at their suggestion the gold was tested again. The second assay by another scientist, showed that the bricks were nothing but copper with a thin wash of gold on the outside. The first assayer had been fixed, and the supposed Indian was merely one of the swindlers dressed up for the occasion. As a result the manager of the bank lost his job, and I have been warned not to mention the wonderful "gold brick" in the editor's hearing.

Advent of the Motor Car on Railroads

BY H. M. BIRKIN, IN AMERICAN INVENTOR.

Successful experiments have been conducted on the Union Pacific Railroad, with gasoline motor cars, and now one of these cars is on a regular schedule, run. More cars are being designed and built, especially for branch lines, where there are no passenger cars. Regular motor cars are also being constructed for hauling freight.

THE performance of the gasoline motor car invented by Mr. W. R. McKeen, Jr., superintendent of motive power of the Union Pacific Railroad, during the past six months or more since it has been in service, has proved so satisfactory to the officials of that company that another car, to be known as Union Pacific R. R. Motor Car No. 2, and the peer of the first No. 1 in many ways, has recently been completed, and it is stated on good authority that still other cars of the same general design are in course of construction.

Motor Car No. 1 has been in actual service since March, 1905, and apparently has thoroughly demonstrated the practicability of the gasoline mo-

tor as a transportation medium. It was built at the Omaha shops of the Union Pacific R. R. primarily as an experiment, and was first tried out in and around that city. Subsequently it was sent out on various trips between different points on the line, where it maintained the regular schedule of passenger trains in a most satisfactory manner. The car is now in regular service between Kearney and Calloway, Neb., and is very popular alike among patrons and owners.

In appearance these cars look something like a racing yacht inverted. The front end of the car is tapered off to a sharp point and the roof is rounded off at each end so as to present no flat surface to the resistance

of the atmosphere. The body of experimental car No. 1 is 31 feet in length and has a seating capacity of 25 persons. It is mounted on single trucks, and its weight is a little over 20 tons. The motive power is a six-cylinder gasoline engine of 100 horsepower. The cylinders are 8 by 10 inches of the upright type, placed at right angles to the centre line of the car. These six cylinders are arranged and connected up in opposed sets of three cylinders, resulting in three power-giving pulsations at each revolution of crank-shaft.

The engine speed has a wide range of control, thus affording great economy under variation of load. Spark current is furnished by eight cells of battery, with a "make and break" spark device. The car is intended for service on four per cent. grades, with frequent stops, and is therefore geared to a maximum speed of thirty-five miles per hour, but if desired it can be easily speeded to sixty miles per hour. An excellent system of ventilation is secured by means of roof ventilators, and the heating apparatus is also an interesting feature. Water from cylinder jackets of the engine is run around the sides of the car, so that in cold weather the heat is radiated to the interior, and in warm weather the water is piped to coils underneath the car. Thus if the car is too warm the water circulates below, and if too cold the water circulates through the interior coil.

In an official pamphlet gotten out by the Union Pacific R. R. it is stated, with respect to the various tests made with car No. 1 before it was assigned to a permanent run, that "the car was coupled to two passenger cars—a standard mail car weighing 52,100 pounds, and a standard coach weighing 60,000 pounds. These cars were successfully started and ac-

celerated, both on a descending grade and on a one-third per cent. ascending grade, the motor thus starting a total load of 152,100 pounds."

"Pulling standard mail car weighing 52,100 pounds, trip was made to South Omaha and return. This is up a 1.6 per cent. grade, which was ascending at the rate of 11 miles per hour, the total load pulled being 94,000 pounds.

"In another test the motor car successfully ascended a sharp grade of 7.8 per cent. or about 400 feet to the mile, the car being stopped and started repeatedly on the grade.

"On April 2, 1905, car was given its initial long distance run. Leaving Omaha at 10 a.m. the run was made west to Valley on the main line of the Union Pacific Railroad, a distance of 34.8 miles, and the performance of the motor car was most satisfactory, especially on the return trip, when the schedule for passenger trains was easily maintained.

"April 10 a second test trip to Valley and return was made, the entire run—both east and west bound—being practically on high speed. * * * April 17 to 22, inclusive, the motor car was in regular service on branch line between Grand Island and St. Paul, Nebraska, making two round trips, or 89 miles each day. * * * April 27 to 29 car was in regular service between Denver and Greeley, making one round trip of 107 miles each day." After several other similar trials with uniformly satisfactory results the car was finally put on the run between Kearney and Calloway, where it now is.

Motor Car No. 2 recently completed was also built at the Omaha shops of the U.P.R.R. under the supervision of Mr. McKeen, and is of the same general design as Car No. 1, with the exception that it is much larger,

having two four-wheel trucks, a seating capacity for 57 passengers, and being 55 feet in length. Its weight is 56,000 pounds, but it is believed that future cars can be turned out equally strong with a weight not exceeding 50,000 pounds. It is constructed almost exclusively of steel, making it lighter, stronger and better than No. 1. Even the wheels are of special rolled steel design, combining great strength with limited weight.

"One of the unique features of this car," says the Sunday World-Herald of Omaha, "is the water-tight floor and other sanitary arrangements by which the car can be thoroughly cleaned by the most improved methods of cleaning," as, for instance, flushing the floor with hot water, destroying all germs and disease. "The inside of the car is antique mahogany, with a cream white ceiling, the decorations being in gold and sepia, giving it a very rich interior appearance. The seats are particularly comfortable, being finished in leather, and the rear semi-circular tufted seat, with its back entirely of glass, makes an ideal viewpoint for purposes of observation.

"The absence of smoke or dust, and the opportunity for inhaling the fresh air, makes a ride on these cars particularly attractive. The exterior of the car is finished in maroon and striped in gold, while the trucks beneath are finished in olive green. The acetylene gas lighting system is used and the car is equipped with twenty-five opalescent panel lights, which while giving a gorgeous illumination, at the same time the light is of such a mild and diffused character as not to be objectionable or wearisome to the eye."

At this writing it has not yet been decided just where Car No. 2 will be used. Car No. 1 between Calloway and Kearney is having all the business it can accommodate and will probably soon have to be supplemented or superseded by a larger car. Mr. McKeen describes car No. 2 strictly as the commercial car, being built especially for passenger traffic. He states that it is intended to construct all the cars on the model of No. 2, with the exception of such new features and improvements as may from time to time be found expedient. Car No. 3, now building, is to have a mail compartment, and still another will be built large enough to haul trailers. Other cars in contemplation will be built for both baggage and passengers, and also one with a compartment for both mail and baggage. Another model, designated as No. 6, is designed exclusively for freight, and will consist of a motor car and two trailers.

Information is also given out that work on a 200 horse-power engine motor car has already been started which is intended to haul not only express and baggage trailers but a limited amount of freight as well. Indeed, the field of the motor car bids fair to be a large and increasing one. A great many branch lines, forming integral parts of large railroad systems, are now operated at very small profit, or in some cases at a loss, under the present steam engine regime, so that if the gasoline motor car affords the needed relief in the way of economy of operation which it now seems likely to do, their extensive use will revolutionize traffic on suburban and branch lines.

Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: :: ::

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED.

Photographs of birds taken in their natural haunts form an interesting feature of the March number. The stories in the number are good, especially "A Burns Recital," "The Race of No. 19" and "The Bruik of Destruction." The serial, "Prisoners," by Mary Cholmondeley, continues its interest. Among the leading articles may be noted:

The Eden Makers. The Work of the U.S. Reclamation Service. By Julian Willard Helburn.

The Case of Mabel Parker. By Arthur Train.

Cotton Growing and Cotton Gambling. By Henry Kitchell Webster.

Postal Carditis and Some Allied Manias. By John Walker Harrington.

The Story of American Painting. VI. French Influence. By Charles H. Caffin.

APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS.

The March issue opens with a touching story of a dog entitled "The Habit of Work." This is followed by a strong piece of work by Sir Gil-

bert Parker, "Watching the Rise of Orion." There are several other stories in this number. In the more serious section we find more revelations from Rex E. Beach about the seizure of Alaskan mines by unprincipled politicians. The magazine is as usual admirably illustrated. Contents:

Through the Clouds to Cuernavaca. By Clair Driscoll.

Barrie: A Triumph of Personality. By Jesse Lynch Williams.

The Looting of Alaska. III. The Receivership Business. By Rex E. Beach.

The Wild Animal Industry. By William T. Hornaday.

The Northwestern Wheat Trek. By J. Obed Smith.

The Most Exquisite Building in the World. By Frederic C. Penfield.

One Hundred Times a Billionaire. By Harold Bolce.

The Repertory Theater and Herr Conrad. By John Corbin.

ARENA.

Quite an interesting series of articles on "The Economics of Moses,"

by George M. Miller, president of Ruskin University, is at present running in the *Arena*. The third part appears in the March issue. A notable contribution to this number is "Main Currents of Thought in the Nineteenth Century," by Professor Robert T. Kerlin. Other articles:

Human Liberty or Human Greed? By Hon. Robert Baker.

The Economic Struggle in Colorado. By Hon. J. Warner Mills.

David Graham Phillips: A Twentieth Century Novelist of Democracy. By B. O. Flower.

The Menace of Plutocracy. By David Graham Phillips.

Economy. By Stuyvesant Fish.

The March of Direct-Legislation. By Eltwed Pomeroy.

The Heart of the Race Problem. By Archibald H. Grinke.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The March Atlantic has some interesting features. Among them may be noted an excellent character sketch of the Emperor of Germany by A. Maurice Low, a review of "The Letters of Horace Walpole," a second installment of Andrew D. White's essay on "The Statesmanship of Turgot," and a paper on "Some Equivocal Rights of Labor" by George W. Alger. Contents:

The Love of Wealth and the Public Service. By F. W. Tansig.

The German Emperor. By A. Maurice Low.

The Red Man's Last Roll-Call. By Charles M. Harvey.

The Letters of Horace Walpole. By Gamaliel Bradford, jr.

The Statesmanship of Turgot. II. By Andrew D. White.

Some Equivocal Rights of Labor. By George W. Alger.

Shakespeare and the Plastic Stage. By John Corbin.

Preparing our Moses for Government. By R. L. Bullard.

Man and Beast. By Samuel H. Drury.

BADMINTON.

To the sportsman the Badminton, is a treasure-house of entertainment and instruction. Printed on high-quality paper, the illustrations show up with exceeding clearness. The March number is as good as any we have yet seen. It contains:

Some Great Hunts. By Major Arthur Hughes-Outslow.

This Amazing India. By D. S. Skelton.

A Week on a Sind Jheel. By Captain W. R. Walker.

Modern Lacrosse. By C. E. Thomas.

Country Life in Canada on \$200 a Year. By "Canadensis."

CANADIAN.

The March Canadian is a particularly strong number, numbering among its contents some articles of more than passing interest. A tariff controversy is conducted by James A. Hobson, who recently toured Canada for the London Chronicle, and W. K. McNaught, M.P.P., ex-president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. A good sketch of James J. Hill, the railroad magnate, has been prepared by Norman Patterson and appears in this number. Contents:

The Guardians of the North. By H. A. Cody.

A Canadian View of European Affairs. By W. H. Invern.

Canadian Celebrities. No. 68.—James J. Hill. By Norman Patterson.

Canada's Trade Policy. By James A. Hobson.

Protection, and Canadian Prosperity. By W. K. McNaught.

An Envoy to Venezuela. By G. M. L. Brown.

The Search for the Loon. By Bonnycastle Dale.

The Nemesis of War. By Henri Restelle.

Reminiscences of a Loyalist. Edited by Stinson Jarvis.

CASSELL'S.

A charming colored plate is included in the March number of Cassell's Magazine, entitled "The Rising Generation." H. Rider Haggard's new romance, "Donita," reaches its third installment. There are quite a number of short stories. Other contents:

Concerning Mr. Cecil Aldin. By Randolph de Cordova.

On Some Portraits of Henry Irving. By Tighe Hookins.

Winter Cricket. By Walter T. Roberts.

Some London Street Names. By F. Crippen.

Like Father, Like Son. By David Williamson.

CENTURY.

The late William Sharp's impressions of Sicily begins in the March Century, with many pictures by Jay Hambridge. The number also contains installments of the three serial features, which the publishers are providing for their readers, "Fenwick's Career" by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, "A Diplomatic Adventure" by S. Weir Mitchell, and "Lincoln the Lawyer" by Frederick Trevor Hill. Contents:

The Garden of the Sun. Route Notes in Sicily. I. By William Sharp. Art in the Street. By Sylvester Baxter.

The New York Custom-house. By Charles de Kay.

Lincoln the Lawyer. IV. By Frederick Trevor Hill.

A Friendship with John Hay. By Joseph Becklin Bishop.

The Jews in Roumania. Why the Country was not Hospitable to Them. By Carmen Sylva.

How the Antelope Protects its Young. By H. H. Cross.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

Chambers's Journal is always so uniformly good that it is out of the question to pick out this or that article and say it is the best. The March number contains many good things both grave and gay, fact and fiction. Here is a list of the more serious contents:

Chinese Cities. By Rev. E. J. Hardy.

A Veritable Magnum Opus: London Post Office Directory. By W. B. Robertson.

Father Rhine.

Domestic Service.

American Gold Prospectors.

A Winter Shore. By R. A. Gatty.

English Public School Education from a Colonial Point of View.

Bishops as Legislators.

Relics of the Inquisition.

Mercantile Pin-Pricks.

Spitzbergen for a Summer Holiday.

By E. H. Parker.

The Cobra and the Mengoose.

Persian Irrigation Channels.

CONNOISSEUR.

To the art lover the Connoisseur is a veritable storehouse of gems. From the admirable colored reproduction of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Lavinia C. S. Spencer, which appears as a frontispiece, to the last page of the notes, every section is full of interest. The illustrations

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are especially good, being accurately reproduced. The following are the titles of the March number:

Hispano-Morro Lustré Ware at Warwick Castle. By Rev. J. Harvey Bloom, M. A.

About Some First Editions of Thackeray. By Lewis Melville.

Lace, Alençon. Part II. By M. Jourdain.

The Pictorial History of Skating. By Martin Hardie.

Furniture... Louis XVI. Part II. By Gaston Gramont.

The Story of the Twiced. By Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell.

The Furnishing of Hampton Court in 1699. By Edward F. Strange.

Stamp Notes. By William S. Lincoln.

Thomas Whieldon, the Staffordshire Potter. By Frank Freeth.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

H. W. Massingham occupies the first place in the March Contemporary with a rather severe attack on the Balfourian method of strangling Parliament and an advocacy of a reform in the system of the House of Commons. Another instructive article in this issue is on the "Shipbuilding Industries of Germany." Two members of Parliament are to be found among the contributors. Contents:

The Revival of Parliament. By H. W. Massingham.

The Transvaal and the New Government. By W. Wybergh.

The Shipbuilding and Shipping Industries of Germany. By J. Ellis Barker.

Health and Education. By T. C. Horsfall.

Revivalism and Mysticism. By W. F. Alexander.

The German Drama of To-Day. By

The Amendment of the Education Acts. By T. J. Macnamara.

Federation in Fiscal Anarchy. By Professor Pennett.

The Unemployed. By G. P. Good, M.P.

The Foreign Policy of Italy. By An Italian.

Chinese Labor and Imperial Responsibility. By H. C. Thomson.

Foreign Affairs. By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

CORNHILL.

The Cornhill for March is as interesting as ever. The two serials, "Sir John Constantine" by A. T. Quiller-Couch, and "Chippings" by Stanley J. Weyman, are still appearing, and the delightful cassette, "From a College Window," is continued. Among the other contents of this number we note:

Mr. Gladstone as I Knew Him. By Sir Alcegon West.

About Solutions. By W. A. Shensstone.

General Romer Younghusband in Scinde. By Sir Francis Younghusband.

Some Forgotten Admirals. By W. J. Fletcher.

COSMOPOLITAN.

In the March Cosmopolitan there begins David Graham Phillips' seathing denunciation of the United States Senate. This he has called "The Treason of the Senate." Accompanying an article by Elbert Hubbard on "The Girl of the Middle West" appear several interesting drawings of girls, printed on special paper. H. G. Wells' serial, "In the Days of the Comet," maintains its interest. Contents:

The Treason of the Senate. By David

The Girl of the Middle West. By Elbert Hubbard.
What Life Means to Me. By Jack London.
Famous Forgeries. By Samuel Woods.
The Day of Discontent. By David Graham Phillips, Alfred Henry Lewis and W. J. Ghent.

CRAFTSMAN.

There are some choice illustrations in the March Craftsman, particularly those accompanying the article on Albert L. Groll, the landscape painter. These pictures are reproduced on special paper and are extremely well executed. The articles in the number include:

The National Note in our Art.
Learning to be a Citizen. A school for all creeds, races and classes.
Social Work in British Factories. By Mary Rankin Cranston.
The Opera Singer and the American Audience. By Katherine Metcalf Roof.
Interior of the Minnesota State Capitol. By Grace Whitworth.
Town or Country. By Godfrey Blount.
Sculptured Jewelry of an Austrian Artist.
Porches, Pergolas and Balconies.
Telling History by Photographs. ..

CRITIC.

One can always depend upon finding interesting photographs in the Critic. The March number has as its frontispiece a portrait of Dr. Edward Everett Hale and a little farther on we come across portraits of Mrs. Craigie and Mr. Swinburne. Among the contents are:
The Self-Hypnosis of Authors. By Morgan Robertson.
The Paris of the Human Comedy. By W. H. Helm.

Edwin Booth and Ole Bull. By R. Ogden Doremus.
A Concord Note...Book VII. The Women of Concord. By F. B. Sanborn.
Reminiscences of a Franco-American. By Joanne Mairat.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

Reproductions of some of the best paintings of George E. Robertson form an interesting feature of the March number of the English Illustrated Magazine. In the department devoted to the London stage, page portraits of several favorite actors and actresses are shown. There is a good collection of short stories. Contents:

Mr. George E. Robertson. An Interview. By John S. Parcell.
Remarkable Railways. By Arthur H. Burton.
Stories of H.M. The King. By Walter Nathan.
Impressions of Stranburg. By Charles Hiatt.

EVERYBODY'S.

One of the best sketches of the late Marshall Field, which we have seen, is to be found in the March number of Everybody's. Thomas W. Lawson is again to the fore in this number with an article on the insurance question, entitled "The Black Flag on the Big Three." The department devoted to the players is unusually interesting this time, containing photographs of stage favorites. Contents:

Marshall Field: A Great Mercantile Genius. By John Dennis, jr.
The Invisible World. By Vance Thompson.
Soldiers of the Common Good. By Charles Edward Russell.

The Old-Time Revival. By Eugene Wood.
The Black Flag on the Big Three. By Thomas W. Lawson.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The March Fortnightly has a lengthy table of contents, embracing many interests. Henry James gives his impressions of Boston after an absence of a good many years. The Countess of Warwick discusses "Physical Deterioration." There are the usual number of articles on politics, both home and foreign, art and literature. The serial story, "The Whirlwind," by Eden Phillpotts, continues. Contents:

Mr. Balfour and the Unionist Party. By "X."
Toryism and Tariffs. By W. B. Duffield.
Boston. By Henry James.
On the Scientific Attitude to Marvels. By Sir Oliver Lodge.
The Advent of Socialism. By E. Hume.
William Pitt. By J. A. R. Marriott.
Physical Deterioration. By the Countess of Warwick.
The Press in War-time. By a Journalist.
The Servo-Bulgarian Convention and its Results. By Alfred Stead.
Women's Opportunity. By G. M. Tuckwell.
The Case for the Lords. By D. C. Lathbury.

GENTLEMAN'S.

The February issue of The Gentleman's Magazine was the first under the regime of Sir Alfred Harmsworth (Lord Northcliffe). The new editor, Mr. A. H. Bullen, has attempted to restore to the magazine its old-time style, for the Gentleman's is a very

ancient publication. The first article in the February number is a sketch of its career from the time it was founded in 1731 until the present day. This makes most interesting reading. Other contents are:
The Papyrus Treasures.
Socæ Recollections of George Gissing.
The Adventure of the "Mongovo George."
The Day's Doings of a Nobody.
The Real Claverhouse.
Dames at Eton.
Legendary Lore in Recent Fiction.

GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

Several excellent articles are to be found in this magazine for March. We were particularly interested in an interpretation of the results of recent Antarctic expeditions, contributed by Dr. G. Von Neumayer. The leading article on "Anthropogeographical Investigations in British Guiana" is a valuable contribution to human knowledge in this direction. Contents:
Anthropogeographical Investigations in British New Guinea. By C. G. Seligmann.
British East African Plateau Land and its Economic Conditions. By Major A. St. Hill Gibbons.
Recent Antarctic Expeditions: Their Results. By Dr. G. Von Neumayer.
The Rivers of Cape Colony. By Prof. Ernest Schwarz.
The Areas of the Orographical Regions of England and Wales. By Nora E. MacMunn.

GRAND.

As usual the Grand is full of excellent reading matter. The serial, "The Dream and the Business," by John Oliver Hobbes, and the life of Sir Henry Irving are continued. In

the series, "My Best Story and Why I Think So," Egerton Castle brings forward his "Endymion in Barrecks." A large number of theatrical stars contribute to the discussion of the secret of success on the stage. Contents:

Health, Strength and Beauty. A Symposium by Eminent Physicians. **From an Old Bookshelf.** Books and Gardens. By Alexander Smith. **The Secret of Success.** No. 2. Success on the Stage.

Under the X-Rays. No. 14. Election Expenses. By a Parliamentary Candidate.

The Natural and the Supernatural. By Frank Podmore.

How the Empire Should be Colonized. By Beekes Wilson.

Both Sides. Is the British Army Fit to Fight. "No," by T. M. Maguire, "Yes," by Howard Hensman.

IDLER.

The most sensational feature of current issues of the Idler, edited by Robert Barr, is the story of the Druece case or the claim of George H. Druece to the Dukedom of Portland. In the March number an account is given of the double life of the Fifth Duke. The other contents of this number are for the most part about short stories, of which there is an interesting collection. Contents:

Martignies—The Provencal Venice. By Francis Miltoun.

The Idler in Arcady. X. The Black Republic. By Tickner Edwards.

The Druece Case. Written and Illustrated by G. H. Druece.

LONDON.

The London Magazine is decidedly on the up-grade. Its March issue commences favorably with one of the

other current periodicals, both in the excellence of its contents and in its topographical appearance. A new story, "Poison Island," by A. T. Quiller-Couch, starts in this number. Among the contents are:

The Sin-Dance of the Priests. A weird experience in Tibet. By Prince Pierre d'Orléans.

Winston Spencer Churchill. By A. MacCallum Scott.

Fortunes Spent in Furs. By Gordon Meggy.

The Richest Man in the World. III. By Ida M. Tarbell.

Ascent of the Grindewatterhorn. By George A. Best.

A New King on an Old Throne. By William Darban.

Work That Goes On Forever. By Edouard Charles.

The Amateur Dictators of our Destiny. By Harold Begbie.

McCLURE'S.

The March McClure's is a good all-around number. Beginning with an attack by Ida M. Tarbell on "Commercial Machiavellianism," it contains another installment of Anthony Fiala's graphic narrative of Polar adventures, still more of the interesting reminiscences of Carl Seburz and a plentiful supply of fiction. Contents:

Commercial Machiavellianism. By Ida M. Tarbell.

Two Years in the Arctic. II. The advance North in the Darkness. By Anthony Fiala.

Looking Backward. By Clara Morris.

Reminiscences of a Long Life. V. The Escape from Rastatt. By Carl Seburz.

Railroads on Trial. V. How Public Opinion is Being Formed. By Ray Stannard Baker.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

A satisfactory table of contents is given in the Monthly Review for March. The election interest having died down, attention is directed into other channels. The controversy over Lord Byron began in the last number is continued by Rowland E. Prothero. There is a course review of Lord Curzon's term as viceroy in India and a forecast of the New Education Bill to be introduced in the British Parliament. Contents:

Dehacie. By Walter Freeman Lord.

Lord Lovelace on the Separation of Lord and Lady Byron. By Rowland E. Prothero.

The Coming Education Bill: A Forecast. By Beriah G. Evans.

Socialism and Democracy in Germany. By Louis Elkind.

The Officer Question. By Lieutenant-Col. A. Pollock.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. By A. E. Keeton.

Lord Curzon in India 1899-1905. By "Anglo-Indian."

A Servant of the Crown. By Theodore Andrea Cook.

Some Account of a Stun. By A. Gleig.

Anti-Semitism in Russia. By C. Villari.

MUNSEY'S.

Munsey's Magazine has lately been greatly improved and enlarged. The March number is the first to introduce a new plan for placing reading matter of a departmental nature among the advertising pages. The series now running in Munsey's on the various foreign peoples in the United States is attracting considerable attention. In the March number "The Germans in America" are

The Treasures of Penway Court. Illustrated. By Anne O'Hagan.

The Question of Co-Education. By David Starr Jordan.

The Germans in America. By Herbert N. Casson.

The Greatest Living Tumor. By Emma B. Kaufman.

Emma Lyon, Lady Hamilton. By Harry Thurston Peck.

The Mastery of the Sea. By Rear-Admiral French E. Chadwick.

Grover Cleveland. By Frank A. Muncey.

NATIONAL.

Joe Mitchell Chapple's department on "Affairs at Washington" which appears at the front of each issue of the National is always readable and is always accompanied by interesting photographs. The serial story in the current numbers of the National is "The K.K.K.," by C. W. Tyler. March contents:

Adventures of a Special Correspondent. By Gibson Willets.

Lecturing by Limelight. By Charles Warren Stoddard.

The Spanish-Speaking World To-Day. By Hubert M. Skinner.

Togo at Close Range. By Yone Noguchi.

The Post Office Short Line. By Wilbert Melville.

Native Plays in Favor. By Helen Arthur.

NEW ENGLAND.

The New England Magazine is a solid publication, not overburdened either with pictures or stories. Such as there are of these are good. The literary contents are meritorious, giving indication of a desire to further historical research. The contents of the March number include

Facts About Santo Domingo. By Winthrop Packard.
Legends of Old Newgate. By George Henry Hubbard.
Worcester's Great Opportunity. By Frederick W. Coburn.
The University of Illinois. By Stephen Sheldon Colvin.
The Story of the Rug. By Pauline Carrington Bouve.

OUTING.

The March Outing is a voluminous publication, with many features both in the way of reading matter and of illustrations. A new serial by Stewart Edward White, entitled "The Pass" begins its course, and Alfred Henry Lewis' serial "The Throwback," ends. There are a number of characteristic photographs of Ireland and its people accompanying an account on "A Day in Ballymalley." Contents include:

The Builders or the Peopling of the Great West. By Ralph D. Paine.
The A B C of the Automobile. By Carrie Foote Weeks.
A Day in Ballymalley. By Arthur Goodrich.
On the Little Bull Rapids. By Emerson Hough.
The Poultry Show as an Educator. By H. S. Babcock.
On Snowshoes Among Snowsliden. By Arthur Hewitt.

PACIFIC MONTHLY.

The March number of the Pacific Monthly contains the first complete account published of the wreck of the Valencia off Vancouver Island. The article is accompanied by several interesting photographs. A large portion of the number is occupied with a description of San Diego. Contents:

Fond and Foray on the Oregon Range. By Wallis Nash.
The Future of Horse Racing. By William G. Melliss.
The Wreck of the Valencia. By Clarence H. Bailey.
Impressions. By Charles Erskine Scott Wood.

PALL MALL.

An exceptionally good number is the March Pall Mall, from the Canadian story by Lawrence Mott on the first page to the "Round Table" at the end. The sketch of John Burns, M.P., is particularly well done. The stories are numerous and of a high order of merit. Among the authors represented are Jack London, C. J. Costello Hynes, and Marie van Vorst. Contents:

From the Factory to the Front Bench. By Robert Donald.
Ministers and Caricaturists. By E. T. Reed.
Burma, the Lotus-Land of Asia. By Ian Malcolm.
The New Member: The Freshman in the House of Commons. By Alfred Kimmear.
French Housewives and French Cooking. By Mrs. John Van Vorst.
London at Prayer: Nobody's Children. By Charles Morley.

PEARSON'S (AMERICAN).

A new novel by a young American, Eleanor Gates, begins its serial course in the March Pearson's. The title is "The Plover-Woman." There are many good short stories in this number, and a few articles of a more substantial interest. Contents:

A Sailor of Fortune. By Albert Bigelow Paine.
Historic Weddings of the White House. By E. R. Porter.
The Story of the States—Maryland. By F. Robertson Jones.

"All's Well." By Maud Ballington Booth.

PEARSON'S (ENGLISH).

The cover of the March issue of Pearson's bears an extraordinary photograph, showing a crowd of over 111,000 spectators of a football match at the Crystal Palace. An article on football is among the leading contents of the number. The serial feature is the ninth installment of the second series of "The Chronicles of Don Q." There are several very good short stories as well in the number. Contents:

The Art of the Age. Illustrated.
The Frenzy of Football. By the editor. Profusely illustrated.
Where London has Tea. By Rudolph de Cordova.
The Cabinet in Caricature. By Henry Furness.
Pelican City. A Wonderful Bird Colony. By Herbert K. Job.
The American House of Lords. By David S. Barry.

RECREATION.

Magazines of outdoor life are always alluring about this time of the year and among them Recreation takes a foremost place. There is always a goodly number of interesting illustrations and the reading matter is short and bright. In the March number we note several beautiful photographs taken in Algonquin Park and the Yosemite Valley. Contents:

In Algonquin Land. By Arthur Howell Mahley.
The Alredale Terrier. By Hubert Reeder.
Game of California. By Charles W. Hardman.
An Elk Hunt in the Big Horn. By Richard Madison.

Camping on the Yosemite Road. By H. D. Howell.
College Men as "Tramp" Photographers. By E. A. Spears.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The articles in the American Monthly Review of Reviews possess the merit of brevity and conciseness. By this means it is possible to cover a wide field in an entertaining manner. The section devoted to "The Progress of the World" is always well written and gives the reader in short order a summary of all the leading events of the preceding month. In the March number we find:

The Late King of Denmark. By Edwin Bjorkman.
A Park of Patriotism: The Lincoln Farm.
Anatole le Braz, a Representative Cult of France. By Carroll Dunham.
The Imperial Chinese Special Mission. By Jeremiah W. Jenks.
What England can Teach Us in Athletics. By G. Upton Harvey.
The Children's Court in American City Life. By Frances Maule Bjorkman.
How Paris Provides for the Housing of Large Families.
The Philippine Labor Supply. By Geo. H. Guy.
What the People Read in South America.
Some Methods of Regulating Immigration. By Robert de C. Ward.
Tuberculosis Among the Sioux Indians. By Delorme W. Robinson.
ROD AND GUN IN CANADA.
 The March issue contains many pictures of Canadian scenery and some readable articles on outdoor topics. Among them we note:
A Camera Study of the Blue Winged Teal. By Bonycastle Dale.

The Railroad and the Forest. By L. O. Armstrong.

A Canoe Trip Through Algonquin Park. By H. R. Hyndman.

Two Thousand Miles Down the Yukon River in a Small Boat. By C. G. Cowan.

ST. NICHOLAS.

The March issue of St. Nicholas is well filled with good things for the children. An interesting feature is the pictures, some of which are very amusing. Three serials and "The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln," keeps up the connection with past numbers. Among the articles in this number are:

The Story of "Actaeon," a Virginia Deer. By Ernest Harold Baynes.

The Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Helen Nicolay.

Where Princes Played. By Grace S. H. Tytus.

An Animal Giant of Long Ago. By Walter L. Besley.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

February 10.—This issue contains the following editorials: "Mr. Baile's Opportunity," "The Moorish Senate," "The Trade Union Settlement," "The University Elections," and "A Liberal Quack and the House of Lords." Among miscellaneous articles are "Plato at Clarendon's" and "Mr. Piner's New Play."

February 17.—Leading articles: "A Happy Settlement," "The Church and Education," "The Shaping of the New Factor," "Conservative Organization," and "The Russian Calm." Miscellaneous articles: "As Others See Us," "Brutus as Villain," and "Bird Life on the Fens."

February 24.—Leading articles: "South Africa and Party Politics," "Morocco and Europe," "The Realities of the Parliamentary Poet," and "The London Association."

lor's Wing," "Chemist and Farmer" and "The Anodyne of the Kitchen Garden."

March 3.—Leading articles: "Lord Milner on South Africa," "The Indian Decision," "Unrest in China" and "The Professional Man's Education Bill." Miscellaneous articles: "England's Maytime," "New Arrivals in the Picture Market" and "Village Portraits: A Servant of the Public."

SCRAP BOOK.

The latest offspring of the Frank A. Munsey Company is The Scrap Book, which, as its name would indicate, is a compilation of all sorts of reading matter, collected from every possible source. As the publishers express it "The Scrap Book will be the most elastic thing that ever happened, in the way of a magazine,—elastic enough to carry anything from a tin whistle to a battle ship." There are no illustrations in the Scrap Book. It contains 200 pages of solid reading matter. The first number is that for March. From its table of contents we extract the following titles:

The Latest Viewpoints of Men Worth While.

The Beginnings of Stage Careers. By Matthew White, jr.

Roosevelt and the Labor Unions. By Elisha Jay Edwards.

Our Trade Triumphs in 1905.

A Horoscope of the Month. By Marion V. Banner.

Benjamin Franklin: A Typical American Citizen.

SCRIBNER'S.

The most notable and, at the same time readable, article in the March Scribner's is Henry Norman's account of an automobile journey

ful freshness and well illustrated. The best story in the number is undoubtedly Frances Lynde's "The Floating of Utah Extension." The colored illustrations in connection with N. C. Wyeth's description of the "Round-Up" are worthy of note. Contents:

The Flowing Road. A record of the perfect holiday of an automobile journey of 1,300 miles. By Henry Norman, M.P.

A Day With the Round-up. An impression. By N. C. Wyeth.

Jefferson and the All-Star Cast in "The Rivals." By Francis Wilson.

Some Impressions of Lincoln. By E. S. Nadai.

SPECTATOR.

February 10.—This issue contains editorials on "The Drift Towards Secularization," "The Situation in Hungary," "The Labor Party and its Programme," "Mr. Chamberlain's Inconsistencies," "The Young Catholics of France," "The Plaything of the Poor," "Mexico as a Winter Resort."

February 17.—Contains "Mr. Baile's Surrender," "The Bishop of Carlisle on Religious Education," "Lord Roberts' Manifesto," "The Native Peril in South Africa," "Temperance Legislation," "Valentines," "The Professional Woman" and "Shakespeare in a Surrey Village."

February 24.—Contains "The King's Speech," "The Algiers Conference," "Departmentalism," "The Report of the Royal Commission on Trade Disputes," "Pensions and Public Credit," "Political Wisdom in the Bible," "A Son of the Soil" and "Fruit Trees and Finches."

March 3.—Contains "The South African Debate in the Lords," "The Problem of Indian Military Administration," "Party Bids at the Poli-

tical Action," "The Latest Developments in Hungary," "The Making of a Member," "Pope's Ideal Woman," "Socrates in London" and "Blackbirds."

SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

David Graham Phillips' new serial "The Second Generation" begins in the March Success Magazine. There are also two other stories, many anecdotes, several poems and the following articles:

Crossing the Ocean in a Palace. By Samuel Merwin.

Five Million Women now Work for Wages. By Juliet Wilhor Tompkins.

Fighting the Telephone Trust II. By Paul Latzke.

Estimating our Giant Wheat Crop. By Frank Fayant.

Getting Around. By Orison Sweet Marden.

A Word to Stage-Struck Girls. By Sarah Bernhardt.

SUNDAY STRAND.

The opening article in the March number of this periodical is on "The National Gallery of Scotland," accompanied by several reproductions of famous paintings. The serial story is by Orme Angus and is entitled "The Master of Minerva." It is the tale of a strike. There is also a good juvenile serial "Peggy Pendleton's Plan," by E. M. Jameson. Contents:

The National Gallery of Scotland. By A. T. Story.

Island as I Saw it. By Jessie Ackermann.

A Bible Portrait Gallery. By Ernest G. Harmer.

Christians and the Theatre. Views of eminent preachers.

Roads that Pass Through Churches.

SUNSET.

The March Sunset Magazine pays a good deal of attention to gold mining in California, there being several articles on this subject. An article of interest to Canadians tells about the all-American cable to Alaska. There are a few good stories, while the number is filled with interesting pictures. Contents:

- California's Treasure Beds.** By Charles G. Yale.
Rivers of Buried Gold. By Carrie Stevens Walter.
Social Life Among Western Miners. By A. Burrows.
Silver State Gold Surprises. By K. R. Casper.
Under the Sea to Alaska. By John F. Tinsley.
The Juvenile Court of Denver. By Ella Costello Bennett.
Western Boys Beat the World. By Thomas B. Smith.
California's Norseland. By Arthur W. North.

WATSON'S.

- Tom Watson occupies the first twenty-eight pages of the March issue with a series of editorials on the politics of the day. This is followed among other articles by,
Assessment Insurance. A homily on the Royal Arcanum. By Michael Moroney.
The Philosophy of Money. By J. B. Martin.
Repeal the Land Laws. By Hugh J. Hughes.
Election Reforms. By J. C. Rappenthal.

WINDSOR.

The editor of the Windsor Magazine can always be counted on to supply its readers with an elaborately illustrated paper on the work of some great artist every month. A large

number of reproductions are given, which are splendidly executed. In the March number we are treated to an article on "The Art of Mr. Herbert Dicksee." The Windsor also contains in this issue a number of cartoons in color of British statesmen. Contents:

- The Art of Mr. Herbert Dicksee.** By Enoch Seribe.
Chronicles in Cartoon; a Record of Our own Times. By B. Fletcher Robinson and Wilfrid Meynell.
The Relations of Civilized to Backward Races as Respects Labor. By James Bryce, M.P.
The Victoria Falls. Illustrated by S. R. Lewison.

WORLD TO-DAY.

The illustrations in the World To-Day are always good and we enjoy looking over each number as it arrives for this special reason. Among the page portraits in the March number may be noted Clement Armand Fallieres, the new President of France, Senator Bailey of Texas, and Lyman Abbott. A striking article is on "Deserted Ireland," in which the author shows how the Irish are leaving their native land for America and indicates what this means for Ireland. Contents:

- Birds that Nest in Colonies.** Illustrated. By William L. Finley.
What is the Liberal Policy? By Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.
The President and the Railroad. By Cy. Warman.
Measuring the Earth. By Edward Russell.
The Girl Behind the Counter. By Mary Rankin Crawston.
The New Rival of the Steam Engine. By Frank A. Wilder.
Commercializing Amateur Athletics. By Charles J. P. Lucas.

Deserted Ireland. By Plummer F. Jones.

The Society of Western Artists. By James Spencer Dickerson.

Shall the Chain-Gang Go? By Geo. Herbert Clarke.

The Rights of the Automobilitist. By John Parson.

Why China Boycotts us. By Charles Chaille-Long.

WORLD'S WORK.

"Texas and the Texans" is the most important contribution to the March number of the World's Work. The article is by M. G. Cunniff and it is most elaborately illustrated. He shows how Texas is marching forward towards a great future. Another article of interest is that on "Capt. Baker and Jamaica," which shows how a Cape Cod fisherman has redeemed Jamaica from ruin by encouraging the export of fruit. Contents:

- The Average Man and His Money.**
Texas and the Texans. By M. G. Cunniff.
Captain Baker and Jamaica. By Eugene P. Lyle, jr.
The German Army. By William G. FitzGerald.
Life Insurance Corruption V. By "Q. P."
The Growth of "Fletcherism." By Isaac F. Marcusson.
Growing Oranges in California. By Bertha M. Smith.
A Lesson for the Public Schools. By Adele Marie Shaw.
"Industrialized Politics." By A Student of New York Politics.

YOUNG MAN.

In its thirty-six pages the Young Man gives more good reading matter than many magazines three and four times its size. The March number is replete with good things. The editor himself, Rev. W. Kingscote Greenwood (W. Scott-King) contributes the serial "God's Englishman." Among the articles in this issue are:

- A Young Man's Point of View.** By the Editor.
The Awakening of Labor. By Philip Snowden, M.P.
Self-Made Men in Parliament. By Arthur Porritt.
Ishen's "Brand." By J. E. Rattenbury.
Are Working Men Irreligious? By Rev. Herbert M. Nield.
The Sermons of a Physician. No. 2. By George H. R. Dahls.
The Politics of Jesus. By Rev. Moffat Logan.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

March 1.—The special article in this number is "Our Foreign Policy," by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. A good boys' serial "Harry Harding's Last Year," by Arthur Stanwood Pier is in course of publication.

March 8.—"The Farm-Hand in England" is the title of an interesting sketch by Lady Henry Somerset. There is also a short paper telling "How to Identify the Sugar Maple."

March 15.—"The Prison Donna as a Business Woman" is discussed by Gustav Kobbé in this number. In addition to several stories, there is an instructive paper on "Learning the Trade of Baking."

Month Reviewed



RECENT FICTION.

"Madame, Will You Walk?" By Beth Ellis. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25.

A charming book, dainty in style, full of sprightly wit, and a keen appreciation of the social amenities of the time of Queen Anne. With facile pen the writer has depicted the stately dames, the gallant gentlemen and extravagant wits of the period in a series of pretty stories in which the same characters are made to appear in separate tableaux.

The Passenger from Calais. By Arthur Griffiths. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

This is an odd story of the chase for the heir of a British nobleman, here and there through Switzerland, France and Italy. Variety is added by the fact that the different characters are each called on to give their experiences from time to time. The chase is the result of a divorce case, the mother determining to keep her child. She is aided by a sister, who resembles her closely, and a British officer. On the other side are the husband and several detectives.

A Prince of Lovers. By Sir Wm. Magway. Toronto: Poole Publishing Co. Cloth.

A rattling good story of the Zenda variety, with a beautiful princess, a

prince inognito, a plotting prime minister, secret meetings, assassinations, an elopement, a robber chieftain and all the other settings that go to make an absorbing romance. Without the story is ably handled, not a scene is overdrawn or horseshoe and the interest is kept up to the very end.

The Idlers. By Morley Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

In "The Idlers" Mr. Roberts presents a picture of modern high society life in London, with its gossip, its scandals and its evil influences. He plunges his hero—a fine looking but brainless young aristocrat—into this fast life, from which he finally emerges, sinned it is true, but none the less a sadder and a wiser man. The portrayal of the various characters in the book is admirable.

Strange Partners. By Gilbert Win-
tla. Toronto: Poole Publishing Co.
Limited. Cloth, \$1.25.

A story of two burglars who engage in several ventures with an amount of ingenuity worthy of a better cause, and in every instance are successful. Contrary to what they are not overtaken by retributive justice, but escape with their ill-gotten gains.

The Head of Gold. By Mark Ash-

ton. Poole Publishing Co., Limited. \$1.25.

A story of the Australian gold diggings. Rupert Layburne, through the commission of a crime, becomes possessor of a wonderful nugget. Though made rich his life proves a failure. His partner, Reginald Steele, after a varied career as digger, bush-ranger and London City magnate, is reclaimed through the devotion of his long-lost though ever-loyal wife, thus fulfilling a superstition connected with the famous nugget.

Barbara Winslow, Rebel. By Elizabeth Ellis. Toronto: The Musson Book Co., Limited. Cloth, \$1.50.

A tale of adventure founded upon incidents in the Mosmouth Rebellion. The heroine, Barbara Winslow, is endowed with beauty and courage. A merry heart and a ready wit carry her safely through unlooked for misfortunes, while her womanly sympathy and tact bring comfort to many

who, like herself, suffered unjustly in those troublous times.

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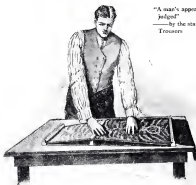
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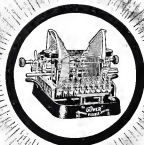
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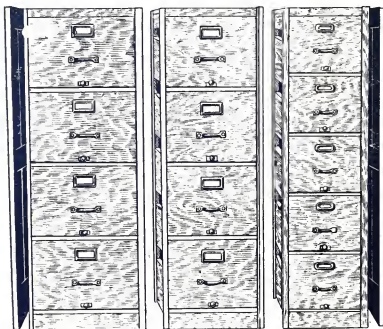


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